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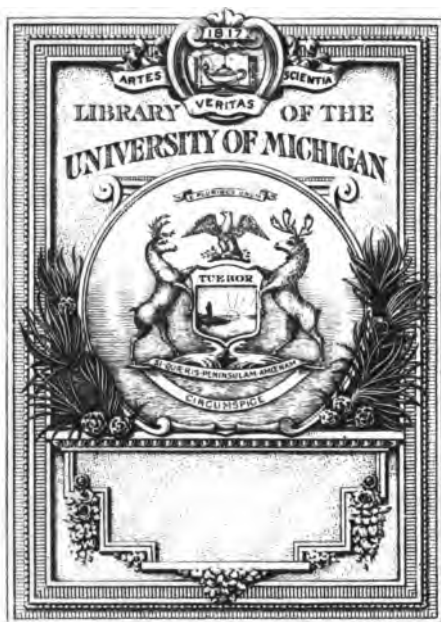
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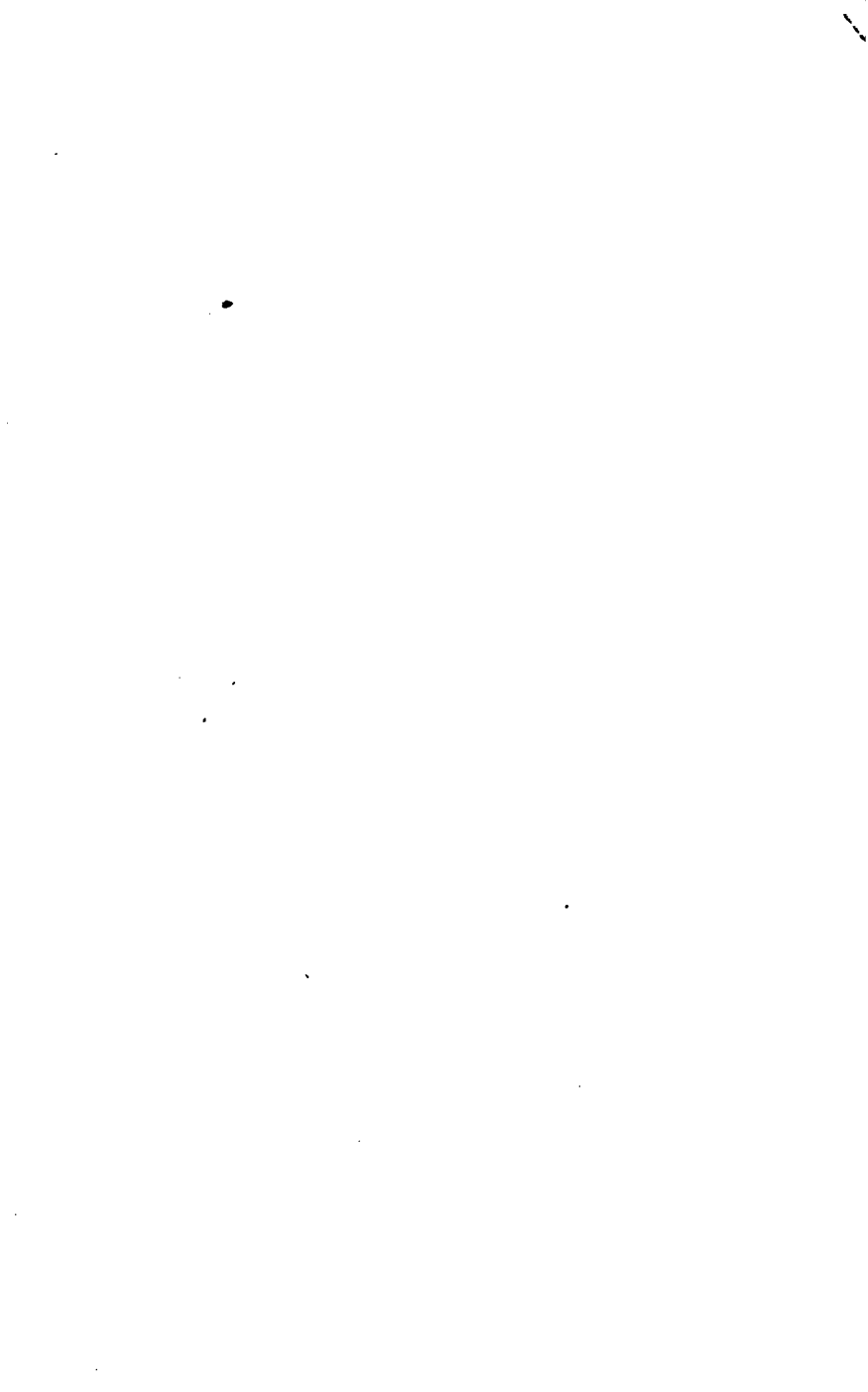
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Old China

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE 'FANKWAE' AT CANTON
BEFORE TREATY DAYS.

1825-1844.

With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

LONDON : KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO.

V.S.I

Bits of Old China

104955

BY

WILLIAM C. HUNTER

AUTHOR OF

'OLD CANTON'

LONDON

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1885

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PREFACE.

THE *Fankwae* spoken of in the following pages ceased to exist as a species by Treaty. The execution of the latter was his extinction, and since, no one can 'lay the flattering unction to his soul.' He has disappeared from the 'City of Rams,'¹ which was his only habitat during the whole course of his existence, as effectually as the *Deinotherium* from the face of the earth.

The species had but an ephemeral stay amongst the races of men, and it left no legitimate descendants. When therefore ethnologists in future ages would discuss its origin, its habits, and the colour of its hair, on this *latter* feature only could they hope to build even a guess. What possible light could be hereafter thrown on that unique race of men of which, in *Chinese* History and it *only*, may be read such words as these, viz., 'This ghostly tribe of barbarians, which through the favour and clemency of the Son of Heaven!' &c. &c. 'These uncouth beings, with fiery hair, full of unreasonableness and conceit! These red-headed demons!' 'A strange people

¹ An ancient name for the city of Canton.

who come to the Central Flowery Kingdom from regions of mist and storm, where the sun never shines ; whose heads and beards are of the colour of red ochre !' ' These wild, untamed men, whose words are rough, whose language is confused, whose manners are of an arrogance !' And these are the only distinctive references to that now defunct race whose existence was comprised between the year 1640 A.D. and the signing of the Treaty of Nankin in 1842.

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¹ MS. anonymous.

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The suicide of Ke-Ying by a silken cord was a *privilege* granted to his connection with the Imperial Reigning Family.

BITS OF OLD CHINA.

THAT part of the suburbs of the city of Canton called the 'Thirteen Factories' was the sole place where the Fankwae resided before Treaty days. It was assumed that *life* there was a heap of restrictions, a long conflict with the authorities, of trials, of threats, of personal danger, and of a general uncertainty as to what the morrow might bring forth. Certainly we were told to 'listen and obey,' to 'tremble,' and not 'by obstinacy and irregularity to court the wrath of the 'Imperial will'! Stereotyped phrases! We were reminded from time to time that 'we were sojourning in the land on sufferance, through the benevolence of the Celestial dynasty, whose commiseration for the distant-coming barbarian,' &c. &c.! Stereotyped phrases! We were threatened and re-threatened with the 'direst penalties if we continued to sell *foreign mud* to the people, whereby they were ruined in health and plunged in inanition, while the precious metals oozed out of the country. Truly, forbearance could be no longer exercised ;' and we continued to sell the drug as usual. Our receiving ships at Lintin were no longer to loiter at that anchorage, but 'forthwith to come into port or return to their respective countries.' The heart of the ruler of all within the *Four*

Seas was full of compassion. 'Yet now, no more delay could be granted, and cruisers would be sent to open upon them irresistible broadsides ;' and in spite of these terrors the ships never budged. In whatever direction we looked, it might have been thought that our lives and liberties were not worth a ha'porth ! Except on fixed days, three times a month, we were ' forbidden to wander about, and never without a linguist ;' but we walked when we pleased, and remained as long as we pleased, while on each occasion a linguist was the last person we ever saw. Every Fankwae was supposed to have left Canton at the close of each tea season, and to have *sailed away* for his own country, or at least to have gone to Macao, while he might never have been further from the Factories than Jackass Point. Each Factory was allowed eight Chinese to look after its inmates, to 'bring water, to sweep and to cook, and a compradore to keep all in order,' yet the number was unlimited. Smuggling between the Factories and the ships at Whampoa was prohibited under *serious penalties*, while those who were to guard against it, as the Hoppo's boatmen attached to each ship at Whampoa, and his officers in front of the Creek and Swedish Factories, were the mediums who for a fee relieved us of all embarrassment in the matter. We were ordered by the Regulations 'not to present a petition at the city gates in person, lest his Celestial Majesty's sacred glance should be turned from us,' but we went to the gates just the same, while the guard *protected us* from the crowd. The Mandarins would soon make their appearance, take us mildly to task for our 'wayward disregard of the will of the Son of Heaven,' and accept the petition ; a little pleasant conversation would pass between us, the officers

would offer tea and accept cheroots, then retire, ordering the *guard* to be *bamboosed* for *letting us in*, and we returned to the Factories exhilarated by the walk. And so, in numerous other ways, everything worked smoothly and harmoniously by acting in direct opposition to what we were ordered to do. We pursued the evil tenor of our way with supreme indifference, took care of our business, pulled boats, walked, dined well, and so the years rolled by as happily as possible. Life and business at Canton before Treaty days was in fact a conundrum as insoluble as the Sphinx. At the same time no one seemed over-anxious, in the words of a celebrated Chinese saying, 'to have been born in *Soo-Chow*, to *live* in *Kwang-Tung*, and to die in *Liaow-Chow*. *eat*

It was sanctioned by 'old custom,' after everything was made 'shipshape and Bristol fashion' on board ship at Whampoa, to give the crew 'liberty day' at Canton. This *one* and only day of liberty would be talked about and looked forward to during the whole passage out, and all sorts of plans made to the end of getting rid of one month's pay! Visions of yellow nankin trousers canvas shoes, and straw hats were mingled with black silk neckerchiefs, preserved ginger, and ricepaper paintings, as well as with 'strike a lights,' punk, and joss stick. The long wished-for day came at last; the ship had been put in 'apple pie' order, everything was squared by the lifts and braces, when one watch was entitled to a day on shore, the other one after a short interval. Taking advantage of a morning's flood, twelve or fifteen of the men, in charge of an officer, would leave the ship, all gotten up in clean apparel, and give way with a will

for the goal of their desires. Before ten o'clock the boat would have worked its way through a dense crowd of craft of all sorts and sizes, stretching from one extremity of the city to the other, and dash its bows on Jackass Point. There were three brothers who lived in boats or in wooden shanties at that renowned point, whose duties were to keep watch over ships' boats as they came from Whampoa, and who were licensed by the Mandarins. They were named 'Old Head,' Akae, and Asae; they had been for many years in the employ, principally of American residents, to look after their pulling and sailing boats, and it was their business also to procure 'passes' for ships' boats going to Whampoa, from the Chop House on the bank of the river in front of the Suy Hong. At the time I am now speaking of, no ship's boat went to Whampoa without one of these passes, as it secured her from molestation by small Mandarin boats on the river. The 'liberty' men, therefore, being relieved of all care anent their boat, made their way to that renowned thoroughfare called Hog Lane, which separated the Chowchow Hong from the wall of the Company's new Factory in its entire length. Along the opposite side of the wall stood a row of Chinese shops, kept by the greatest ruffians that can be imagined. They sold trashy things which took the fancy of Jack, but according to the signboards, their specialty was various compounds of strong drinks. One sign bore the name of 'Old Jemmy Good Tom,' and under it 'First Chop Rum,' whose component parts no chemical analysis could possibly determine. On another, 'Tom Birdman' offered No. 1 brandy, while a third recommended his 'Hard-a-Port,' which was always as great a mystery as a reply of the Delphic oracle; and particularly was it

brought to Jack's notice by the addition of the words 'No. 1 Curio.' Then there was 'Young Jemmy Good Tom,' and 'Old Sam's brother,' each bidding for custom by offering the allurements of canary birds, Mandarin gin, first chop crape shawls, and Nankin things. In short, the articles offered were of the most diversified kind, and these shops were the objective point of all sailors, as, in fact, there was no other place of resort for them. They were received with every demonstration of 'olo flen,' which many were, but whether they were or not, it was all the same. 'Jack, how you do? My savee you last voyagee,' or 'my savee you *two, te-lee* voyagee.' It was a feather in the cap of the one thus spoken to, whose hand was the while being violently shaken. An indiscriminate drinking then commenced, offers of breakfast being made and accepted, and in a twinkling, pork chops and boiled rice were smoking on the board. Old Tom, No. 1 rum, and Mandarin gin, were dispensed liberally, alternating with sales of shawls, canvas shoes, and nankins, of joss sticks and neckerchiefs, with other equally attractive articles. Soon the festive scene assumed the appearance of a fair. Jack found himself bedecked with all his 'fancy purchased,' and with copper dollars adroitly substituted for his good ones. These were pocketed with a double round of curses on the ruffian who had cheated him, 'whose blessed neck he would break if he could only *catch him!*' And so, delighted with Jemmy Good Tom, his chow-chow, and *cordial* welcome, after a shaking of hands all round, and chin-chin for 'next voyagee,' they shoulder their bundles and start off in a very 'how came you so' condition, to take a 'look at the town.' As they turn up Old China Street, gleefully singing 'Great Guns' or

'Betsy Blowers,' the shopkeepers, from experience, quietly close their doors and bolt them, while cautious wayfarers glide aside to avoid contact. On go the merry men, first to the right and then to the left, as the No. 1 rum takes effect. More and more uproarious, they catch John Chinaman by the tail, and country bumpkins, who innocently stop to 'make look see,' receive special attention. The ire of the 'outside barbarians' is aroused as passers by give way to laughter or cries of derision. This leads to a general scamper. The fleet-footed Celestials run from the noisy crew, only to fall under the whips of the soldiers from the corner, who cautiously approach, and to prevent a fight, lay about them right and left as a warning to loiterers, crying out the while, 'Kwo-loo, Kwo-loo,' 'pass on, pass on.' And so the Fankwae remains monarch of all he surveys. Cheers and shouts follow, while scattered about the street lie canvas shoes, ricepaper paintings, Nankin things, and boxes of punk, all which have escaped from the bundles during this jolly row. After perhaps an hour or more, every shop being shut and not a Chinaman to be seen, 'Old Head Brothers,' sent in pursuit of the riotous crew, make their appearance. With mild entreaty and cajoling, they induce the men to return to Jackass Point, while collecting together for them the wreck of the Hog Lane investments. Once there, it required a sagacious exercise of authority on the part of the mate to get all hands in the boat, but at length they are bundled on board. Two or three oars of a side from the less drunken of the crew manage to get them clear of the Chinese boats, and once in the fair way the chances were that, under Divine providence, at some time or other they would reach the ship. When half the journey

is made and Lob-Lob¹ Creek is entered, the rowers are reduced to two or three, the others having tumbled dead drunk in the bottom of the boat. At length they manage to reach the ship. Tackles are brought into requisition, and Jack is hoisted on board and staggers forward to the fore-castle !

Says Jack to Bill the next morning over their breakfast kid, ' We had good fun yesterday ; Tom Bird-man's brandy wasn't bad.' Says Bill to Jack, ' I believe you, mate, but Young Jemmy's rum was first-rate, just like a cordial. I could 'a drunk a bucketful.'

Chinese New Year being a general holiday, the younger members of the foreign community at Canton, in the good *old* days, would avail themselves of it to make an excursion to the Gardens, and dine there. These Gardens, called Hwa-Te (Flowery Lands), are just within the mouth of a branch of the Pearl River, a short distance from the Macao passage, and on which branch, about fifteen miles inland, stands the important city of Fat Shan (Happy Hill).[?] This custom of an annual visit to the Gardens had been observed for a long time ; they were also at New Year the resort of Chinese families and in their silk dresses of every colour they formed a brilliant sight. In opposition to the privacy of their ordinary life, these well-to-do classes would land from their boats and disperse about the grounds or sit in the kiosks with which they were ornamented, and seemingly enjoy themselves immensely. Foreigners would excite a deal of interest and curiosity. Our own parties would be made up of thirty or forty, one of the most gorgeous

¹ Corruption of Lăp-Tăp : ' Where stands the Pagoda.'

BITS OF OLD CHINA.

of those celebrated flower-boats would be engaged for the day, and as our servants and a cook or two were taken with us, the entire number would consist of sixty or more Fankwaes and Celestials. We made the most of these outings, amused ourselves in walking about the Gardens and firing off no end of crackers, or smoking and joking until summoned to dinner, tiffin having been discussed on the way. We would find the table prepared in a room of the flower-seller Aching, and spread precisely as if in the Factory, nothing being forgotten down to finger bowls, and everyone's servant, with some house coolies, in waiting. These servants were unequalled; at the same time they never considered themselves *menials*, but as *makee larn*; that is to say, serving in order to become familiar with pigeon English, that in due time they could become pursers or clerks in Chinese Hongs or shops trading with people of the Western Ocean. While in service of their foreign masters they were considered as and known by the appellation 'Se-tsae,' or *business* youths. They were usually relatives of the compradores, who provided them with places and *secured* them. It was the rarest thing to find dishonesty amongst them. Our New Year parties at Hwa Te were composed of foreigners of all countries trading at Canton; English, American, Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese, from India or Macao, and needless to say a deal of good fellowship existed where all were thrown together under the peculiar life that we led. Invitations were not by means of cards, or on gilt-edged paper—we made amusement out of every feature of the excursion. The invitation sent to a young Irishman for the dinner of February 1831, after one had already been addressed to him, but which he accepted under 'conditions,' was as

follows. 'The hilarity of youth disregarded criticism of these absurd expressions, crude abortive thoughts.'

Yes, honey, I accept, with this small proviso,
That you put in stately rhythm,
And verses *ten*, with 'suaviter in modo'
Your provoke—then Pat is with them.

It looked a tough job to fulfil these onerous terms
but we valued his company too greatly not to make the
attempt, and this was the result :—

Dear Pat,—

You wretch ! for verses ten you ask,
With 'suaviter in modo !'—why not say a canto,
Or a book ? But 'fortiter in re,' I accept the task,
As 'semper paratus' is the motto which you know.

I.

Off Jackass Point a flower-boat is lying,
High o'er her deck the flowery flag¹ is flying,
Sharp nine the hour, on morn of Tuesday next
We start—for 'time and tide'—you know the rest.

II.

Come, demon, across the gay river
To the gardens of Hwa let's repair :
Come, kick away care and be merry,
You'll find none but good fellows there.

III.

There never was jollier weather,
There never were livelier men—
Come, with us go over the river,
And see the small feet of *Sha Meen*.²

¹ The American flag.

² 'Sha Meen' contributed largely of occupants of the flower-boats.

IV.

Let us quit, then, our dull Hong of brick,
 Our ledgers and letter-books too,
 The jingle of dollars, bales of raw silk,
 Linguists, shroffs, and all of that crew.

V.

We will spread such a feast on the shore,
 Where the *mo-le*¹ perfumes the breeze,
 With *chow-chow* and wine a good store
 We'll pass the day each heart at ease.

VI.

In the quaint old 'hall of the Dragon,'²
 Whose columns, like sages of yore,
 Speak words of haziest wisdom,
 We'll feed, chat, smoke, and snore.

VII.

Though rooms of Celestials look grave,
 And sentry-like placed is each chair,³
 Will we not startle our friends with a stave
 That will convince them the *devils* are there?

VIII.

And if we o'erwhelm with disgust
 Aching,⁴ who 'sells flowers and seeds'
 (As his signboard, hung on a post,
 Tells those who of such are in need),

¹ The 'Mo-le' is a *scentless* flower, brought in here simply for euphony.

² A principal room is frequently thus named. The sayings of wise or learned men are carved and gilt on columns supporting the roof.

³ On either side of a room are placed symmetrically small tables known as 'teapoys' (*Cha-ke*, in Chinese) between two chairs. At the entrance of a visitor tea is immediately served on one; they are of a convenient height, about elbow high.

⁴ A well-known florist and gardener, who supplied fresh flowers to the Factories for ornamenting the verandahs, rooms, and tables.

IX.

We'll mind not his gestures nor threats,
 His cries of *Man-ta-le* come,
 But drown all in the clatter of plates,
 The chorus of 'Home, Home, sweet Home'

X.

So come, brother fiend, enjoy the bright day,
 Nor of *she-shin-pews*¹ take any note,
 Till we hear the *Tan-ka*² girl say,
 'My tinkee more better come boat.'

Patrick having read, mused awhile, replied 'All right!' and added:—

Oh, Misther Mahoney! bedad and you taught
 The muses were noine, so a Tartar I've caught:
 There's a *tenth*, by St. Patrick—his name, sir?
 It's double you see, and t'other half Hunter.

And this is the 'order of the day':—

Our New Year's feast, as custom, we begin,
 With bird's-nest soup and plovers' eggs within;
 Pomfret and sole, with samlye³ then succeed,
 With hen's-egg sauce, which either one will need;
 From Great Nankin⁴ the flavouroy mutton see;
 From Hō-Nam's Isle the capon fat, by Suy Pee.⁵

¹ Watches.

² A very useful class whose boats were always at the service of any one to cross the river, for the Gardens, or to go to the Hong's. The words *Tan-ka*, signifying the 'Egg Family,' have reference to the form of the boats, which are roofed in the centre with thick mats; they are propelled by oars and a scull.

³ Shad.

⁴ Our supplies of mutton were always of sheep brought from Nankin.

⁵ Suy Pee, for over thirty years head cook of Messrs. Russell & Co.

'Hav bilum no. 1, first chop,' with oyster sauce ;
 Next wildest duck, fly goosoo,¹ nimble teal, a course ;
 Once more the freshest oysters (curried) from Macao,
 With ducks² of Bombay and chutney from Lucknow.
 Lychee sun-dried, while *crimson* 'mandarin'³
 Confronts the *yellow* 'cooly' of a thicker skin ;
 Then *dates*,⁴ the very latest from Nankin,
 Are next discuss'd, and dried Wampee,⁵
 And Chyloong's ginger—'All man chow-chow he'—
 Goes round the Cheshire with Hodgson's ale so pale
 ('Tis Bobby Edwards⁶ has them both for sale) ;
 Throughout, '*Sampane*' in long-stemm'd glasses flows,
 Gordon's Madeira, and smooth Chateâu La Rose ;
 The fragrant Mocha now appears in sight—
 'Tis time, or else we'd see *some* brother Fankwaes tight.
 Follow Manilas no. 2 and joss stick boat,
 Whence o'er our heads thin clouds of incense float.
 Such prog! such tippie! but now, alas, the 'whitewash' shows,
 Our New Year's feast, as custom we do CLOSE!

Canton : 2 sun, 1 moon, 10 year of His Celestial Majesty
 Taou-Kwang: January 27, 1831.

In front of the Factories was *the spot* famous to
 all residents and new-comers, the Square with *Jackass*
Point. This was the landing-place for ships' boats from
 Whampoa, the place of departure for daily excursions

¹ Wild goose ; *tame* geese being called in pigeon English, 'Sit down, goosoo !'

² 'Bombay ducks,' a dried fish from Bombay, eaten with curry, called 'Bumelos.'

³ Oranges, the mandarin and cooly : the former a loose skin, large, and of a crimson colour ; the other yellow.

⁴ Dried dates : brought from Nankin, excellent, and received at New Year as presents from the Hong merchants.

⁵ A subacid fruit : the name signifies yellow skin.


⁶ From being a steward in the Honourable East India Company's service, established a shop in the Imperial Factory, and sold all manner of things from London for house and toilet use.

on the river, as well as to Hō-Nam on the opposite side of it. No one in my day knew the origin of the singular name of the *Point* ; it was probably in its being a general resort for a breath of fresh air, and for gossip over the topics of the day. Up to the Great Fire in 1822, the Fankwaes had the exclusive use of the Square, which was railed in and considered as their right in virtue of being the occupants of the Factories, but afterwards, the stout railing having been destroyed, the Chinese constantly made use of it as a thoroughfare, and it became the resort of itinerant pedlars and hawkers in a small way of business. There were sellers of pickled olives, ground nuts, pastry, tea, congee (hot rice water), with a host of other eatables and drinkables, but never any liquid stronger than tea, the Chinese being essentially a temperate people, and a drunken man amongst them as rare as the Dodo. Then again, a dealer in comic songs, to which after spreading them on the ground, he would call attention by singing one of them in a loud falsetto voice, with frightful quavers, which created great hilarity amongst his hearers. Not far from him might be seen a juggler astonishing a squatting audience with a limited number of tricks and a running accompaniment of what he intended to do next. There were cobblers patching the veriest of old shoes, tailors at work on garments whose lustre had long disappeared, and regenerators of paper umbrellas, while another wove strips of rattan in great round and shockingly bad hats. Add to these quantities of professional loafers, staring in a vacant way at any passing foreigner, and whose entire raiment consisted of a single garment, which came up to the waist, where it was secured by a cord ; rarely however without a paper or large palm leaf fan in his hand, which

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served as a sunshade or to set the air in motion. These and others, idlers and vagabonds, formed an animated if not a picturesque scene. These gatherings would go on with impunity for days together, everyone conscious that he was an interloper and liable to be driven away at a moment's notice. At length it would become tiresome, and interrupt our free access to Jackass Point ; notice would then be sent to 'Old Tom,' the chief linguist, with a message to cause the Square to be cleared. Suddenly from the corner of Old China Street and the American Hong the police would make their appearance, brandishing whips and bringing them down on such heads and shoulders as were first within reach. Although the police knew it was not 'lawful' that the Square should be occupied by these fellows, very rarely did they of their own accord disturb them. When called upon, however, they laid about and spared not. Like magic the intruders would gather up their wares and be off like the wind. Invariably some damage would be done to song-books or crockery, no resistance would be made, and only occasionally, when a fellow was too intent on picking up his fan or gathering together pickles or tea-cups, would he be aided in his movements by a thwack over head and shoulders. Quiet and solitude then replaced the singing and the sleight of hand, and we were left to a full enjoyment of the Square. After a week or two, however, presently, one by one, then in numbers, the same singers, the same tinkers, the same menders of cracked china, and the same jugglers would reappear, so would the police, when the scampering and the attempts to run the gauntlet of the whips were repeated, affording much merriment to the Fankwaes looking on but with little resentment. An invasion, however, of

a far more disagreeable kind, although at long intervals, was that of beggars the most loathsome that can be imagined. They were blind beggars, and a more sorry lot it would be difficult to find anywhere. I never saw their like, except in one instance, during a visit to Bombay. A friend took me to a small Hindoo Temple in the Bendy Bazaar to see a paragon of holiness, a fakeer whose devotion and piety, if they equalled his excessively disgusting appearance, must have been of the highest order. In raiment at least he was a perfect Beau Brummel compared with any one of those who, emerging from Hog Lane, would take the pavement immediately in front of the Factories, and slowly make their way towards Old China Street. They followed one another in Indian file, each holding on to his leader. As they advanced they struck the stone pavement with their sticks, keeping up a most doleful grunting, alternating with tremulous appeals of 'Cash, foreign devils, cash!' Luckily a well-known fellow, who had long practised the profession of begging, whom we had dubbed 'king of the beggars,' and whose duties consisted in keeping his 'subjects' *away from* the Square, would not be far off. His authority was sought for, and most effectual it was. What with orders to move on, backed by a vigorous application of rattan, the lieges would in a short time have disappeared around the corner of the American Hong. This 'sovereign' became a well-known character. He never failed, as Chinese new year approached, to waylay the compradores of the foreign Hong, and by a good-natured appeal, and reference to his arduous duties, secure from them a mace or two (twenty cents) towards strengthening his exchequer in reward for his 'constitutional' reign of the closing year.



But there were other nuisances of a kind not so easily gotten rid of. In the south-west monsoon we were pestered with flies, mosquitoes, lizards, centipedes, and rats. The bite of the centipede was extremely painful, as I know to my cost on two occasions, on one of which I was disabled for two days. They would be seen crawling up the wall of the room or running across the floor, as well as inside of the mosquito curtains of one's bed, or found under the pillow. We could protect ourselves in a measure from the attacks of mosquitoes by loose boots made of Nankin cloth during the day, and at night inside of the light gauze curtains with which the beds were invariably furnished, if one's servant had made a dexterous use of a fan before closing them. We rather favoured the lizard, and even conceded to it a cheap sort of gratitude, from its acting as an auxiliary in catching mosquitoes and flies, at which it was uncommonly expert. It took much to the ceiling, from whence in hot pursuit of a fly it occasionally lost its footing, dropped down on the dining-table or in one of the dishes, or, as I once witnessed, on the neck of a gentleman quietly intent upon the good things before him. These were trifling annoyances, however, compared with a very venomous snake, with black and white or yellow transverse bands, which, being washed into the river by heavy rains, would be carried by the water to the Square. In the rainy season this would be frequently overflowed to a depth of twelve or more inches, up to the gates of and inside the Factories, where the snakes thus found their way. Amongst the serious accidents that took place, two coolies of Chungqua's Hong, one of the Dutch and one of the Creek, were bitten, and all four died within three or four hours. One evening I received a note from Mr.

Keating, residing in the Creek Hong, telling me to 'come quickly,' the water being at the time about six inches deep over the Square. When I arrived he showed me a hideous black and white snake, measuring close upon five feet long, that had been killed as it was crawling into the comprador's room. The Chinese name for it is Pak-Hak-Shay, the same by which we knew it, translated into English. Another evening, by a very bright moonlight, walking in the Square a few hours after the subsidence of the water, with Mr. Hathaway and Mr. Nye (an old friend still residing at Canton), we came upon two snakes of four to five feet long. We immediately summoned the coolies of the Suy Hong, directly in front of the gate of which we made our discovery. They adroitly and courageously attacked them with bamboos and killed them both. The next morning they were sent to Mr. Reeves, of the East India Company's Factory, who was a clever naturalist, and he pronounced them to be cobras. This horrid serpent is found also on the island of Hong-Kong (once in the garden of Mr. Maximilian Fischer, agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Company), and has been captured in gardens at Macao.

Looking from the Square to the river, one beheld a ceaseless movement of boats of every description and of all sizes, which literally covered it. The scene presented an illustration of the same unremitting industry of these people which signalled them on land. Nine-tenths of the boats formed the sole habitations of entire families which never set foot on shore. Amongst them were not only tradesmen, mechanics, carpenters, and shoemakers, as well as tailors and sellers of old clo', of provisions, of personal adornments, but fortune tellers, quack doctors,

perhaps 'regular' practitioners as well; barbers, operators on corns, and those whose specialty it was to shampoo; in short, a floating population as complete in all its features as one on land. We would remark the expertness of the boatmen, and women as well, with their good nature, in the midst of craft rowing, sailing, and sculling in every direction. And their temperate mode of living, consisting of the perpetual rice, with divers vegetables, tea, and now and then *only* something more substantial, as fish or pork. On the Canton as well as on the Hō-Nam side of the river, great boats crowded with passengers were ever departing and arriving. Now would pass Mandarin boats with double banks of oars from twenty to thirty on either side, gaily decorated with flags of divers colours, bearing upon them the names of the districts to which they belonged, as well as the titles of the officers who were in them, these titles being repeated as well on lanterns at each quarter and on the taffrails; then 'chop' or cargo boats on their way to or leaving the Hong merchants' warehouses, from their peculiar shape called 'water-melon boats.' Moving majestically by is seen the splendid canal or inland river boat, with varnished sides and deck, the latter several feet above the water, the entire after part affording spacious quarters for the family of the patron, with cabins in front of it for supercargo, his purser and passengers. A conspicuous object in these boats was a tall pair of shears, stepped in the bulwark on either side about midships, from which to suspend the enormous square mat sail, to serve only with a fair wind. These were the boats which brought *teas* from the point where they entered the Canton province (after having been transported from the place of growth) a distance of several days' journey. They


were the cleanest looking and most remarkable craft to be seen. Closer to the shores of the river, anchored in long lines abreast of one another, forming streets as it were, but broader than many of the streets of the city or suburbs, were those gorgeously decorated flower-boats: their upper works entirely of carved open work in flowers and birds, with glass windows painted and gilt, music of the kin or pe-pa issuing from within, as well as sounds of revelry or of the game *mora*. Barbers' skiffs move skilfully amongst the crowd, making known their presence by the twanging of a pair of tweezers, besides lesser Mandarin or official despatch boats with numerous oars—in short, a floating world. Occasionally, towards dusk, with a fair east wind, could be seen rapidly and resolutely approaching in profound silence save the unintermitting plashing of three score oars, a 'scrambling dragon' from the 'outer waters' having in her hold, to judge from her draught, bags of opium worth tens of thousands of dollars. Then ships' boats coming from Whampoa would glide from within the moving maze and run their bows on Jackass Point. And thus this scene, so imperfectly described, went on from dawn of day till night. As evening closed the animation of the river became less, the boat people approached the shores on both banks and anchored by means of long bamboos thrust into the mud but a few feet from the surface. Then would be seen a few sticks of burning incense, which with clasped hands and a semi-prostration to the gods of the rivers and the seas, were placed at the bows of every boat, while innumerable lanterns spread over the surface of the river a soft cheerful glow. The frugal meal would now be partaken of, a pipe indulged in; after which, betaking themselves to their rattan mats

and wooden pillows spread beneath bamboo roofs or awnings, these hard-working, sober, good-natured people would soon be in the land of Nod.

On beds of rocks in the river stand two old forts, which include temples, the eastern one of which is called by foreigners the 'French Folly,' and the western one, much the largest of the two, the 'Dutch Folly.' They were never occupied by foreigners except when the city was bombarded by Sir Michael Seymour, 1856 (*Arrow War*). Their Chinese names are East and West Forts. In the published account of the Embassy of De Kaiser and Goyer from Batavia about 1650, to congratulate the first Manchoo Emperor of China, Shun-Che, is a view of Canton, with the two Dutch ships at anchor near the *Dutch Folly*. It is not improbable, therefore, that it may have taken its name through an occupation of it by the Dutch crews, while the Embassy was on its way to Peking and back to Canton, a period of several months. But what we have to do with these Follies is this:—Between them, for a distance of about a mile and a half, on the Hō-Nam side of the river, might be seen in 1825 and up to Treaty days, 1842, tiers of those enormous sea-going junks, which with the monsoons made regular voyages to ports on the coast of China, and southerly to the Malay Peninsula, to Luzon, Java, the Spice Islands, Macassar, Celebes, &c. (*one voyage* at least to the Persian Gulf with Marco Polo in the latter part of the thirteenth century), and such voyages, including the annual one from Cha-po to Nagasaki have been made according to Chinese accounts from the remotest times. These junks are now rapidly disappearing.

Still further down the river, and on the same side of it, was the anchorage of the salt junks, which composed

a large fleet. They belonged to a monopoly of salt merchants, who in official rank, social position, and wealth enjoyed an importance equal to the foreign Hong merchants. Cargoes of salt were procured on the south-west coast of Canton province, especially at Teen-pak. This monopoly was controlled by the provincial government, which kept up a special fleet of cruisers that smuggling might not be carried on, and in addition, a 'salt chop house' (as foreigners called it) on shore abreast of the junks. Within the city the managing officers were a chief superintendent, an overseer of transportation from place to place on shore, a secretary, an assistant secretary, a treasurer, and a host of pursers and runners. Just below the anchorage of these junks the broad stream of Junk River opens out. It washes the island of Whampoa on its north side, while Lob-Lob creek runs to the south of it, both leading to the foreign anchorage and both made use of by ships' boats in going to or returning from Canton.



The Chinese Government may not be the only one that humbugs its subjects, but the latter pay it off in its own coin. An amusing example took place at Canton in May 1837. In the previous year the following notice appeared in the *Chinese Repository* of October:—'A messenger arrived from the Lieutenant-Governor of Fuh-Keen having in charge a barbarian. This barbarian, we understand, is a Lascar seaman, but by whom and when left on the coast of Fuh-Keen does not appear.' The man, as usual in similar cases, was handed over to the Hong merchants, who sent him to the Consoo

House, where he was kept until the month above named! An official examination was then made as to his appearance on the coast. He had been simply found adrift on shore, and after being led about he knew not where, found himself to his surprise in his present quarters; a living example of that 'boundless compassion to all under the wings of the Son of Heaven, &c.' At length after *seven* months the Mandarins gave notice to the Hong merchants of 'their intention to look into the circumstances of a black devil having been found wandering about on the shores of the Celestial Flowery Land in a loose reckless way, in face of the unalterable law which, by Imperial condescension, decided that *Canton* was the only port of the Empire to which *demons* from afar were to be admitted.'

The examination took place, of course, at the Consou House; and, as it was the dull season and it promised a bit of enjoyment, several foreigners were present at the inquiry. It was presided over by the Kwang-Chow-Foo and the Che-Heen,¹ accompanied by other Mandarins. Two or three Hong merchants, our amiable horse godfathers, were necessarily on hand, as well as Old Tom, the chief linguist—one of the shrewdest, most impassible of men, besides being primed (in virtue of his office as *Government* interpreter between the authorities and foreigners) with *official* reticence and economy of the truth as a case required. Sundry scribes and followers of the Mandarins, chair bearers and lictors

¹ A *province* is governed by a Viceroy (officially Tsung-Tüh), sometimes called Che-Tae, and is divided into districts called *Foo*, *Chow*, and *Heen*. The chief magistrates of these, who have a staff of officers under them, take their official titles *from the districts*—as Kwang-Choo-Foo (the capital), Che-Chow, and Che-Heen. The word *Che* signifies knowing, as *knowing* the affairs of the *Foo*, the *Chow*, and the *Heen*.

(who precede official sedan-chairs, crying out their masters' rank and titles) occupied the background. The Lascar, who was guarded by a couple of jailers furnished with whips, stood in the middle of the floor, the foreigners being gathered together a few feet off behind him, as he looked toward his judges.

He was a tall, muscular man, as black as an ancient gentleman, said to have possessed horns and a tail, whose name I may be excused from mentioning. He was clothed in a surpassingly ragged pair of *fie-for-shames*, and the wreck of what had once been an astonishingly fine green silk garment presented by an officer up the country, which did duty for a tunic if worn *outside* his never-mention-'ems, or if *inside*, a shirt. So much for his person, so much for his dress, perhaps the reader thinks my description finished. He is mistaken. He had one *small* organ that would of itself have vindicated the better sex from the charge so often brought against it of an excessive perfection in the use of the tongue. The tongue! A *little* organ did I call it? If any gentle eyes should haply pass over this and see the ungentle allusion, they must understand that we poor Cantoners were cenobites perforce, and that the music of woman's voice, even when unloving, is a luxury which the Canton Government officers denied to their foreign fellow-men. For this, as the Persians say, 'may their gods confound them.' When we made our appearance in the judgment hall, the volubility of the prisoner knew no bounds; to describe the way he talked and gesticulated as he turned towards and looked eagerly at us, is beyond my powers, and in vain to discriminate in what language or in how many he spoke. Bengalee and Malay certainly were recognisable, but he indulged

in so many other strange sounds that he might have been the man who went to the feast of languages and ran away with the scraps. The poor fellow, in his evident satisfaction at seeing foreign faces, was no doubt giving an account of his wanderings, perhaps of his hardships, although physically he was in very good case and had evidently been well fed, but so confused were his words that they gave us rather an idea of what Babel might have been.

Old Tom, having the slight misfortune not to know one word of what he was called upon to interpret, got over the difficulty very cleverly by bringing with him from Carpenters' Square¹ a trunk and box-maker named Ashoe, who from supplying the crews of country ships with their private trade had managed to pick up some words of their language, just a little more than is said by the rooks, which in other lands we may have heard borne gently on the breeze through the stilly softness of a summer's evening, and as the linguist had taken the precaution to dress him up in the official conical cap and long blue gown, and to put a fan in his hand, he was metamorphosed into an aide or purser of his own linguistic establishment. Behind the Mandarins sat two writers, with paper and pencils to take notes of the proceedings, and presently they commenced, the prisoner *standing* before the officers, which he was allowed to do as a favour, no doubt, from the presence of a dozen foreigners. Near him were the interpreters, inveterate humbugs, Old Tom and Ashoe. The Mandarins, in their

¹ Carpenters' Square. A block of two-storeyed shops close to the foreign Factories, a favourite resort of captains, officers, and ships' crews. They were exclusively occupied by makers of dressing-cases, writing-desks, camphor wood trunks, &c., and by house carpenters almost entirely employed by foreigners.

calm, self-possessed way, gave attention, and offered us, as the case went on, good specimens of dignified humbug in return. The Hong merchant Mowqua, standing near us the while, laughing in his sleeve, saying quietly, 'All same sing-song,'¹ meaning that it was quite a comedy, with which we agreed, and in fact we vowed we had not been present at so enjoyable a farce for many a day. Quiet having been established, the chief magistrate said, 'Inquire of the barbarian whence he came, his name, age, and occupation.' At a glance from old Tom, Ashoe turns toward the Lascar and in Bengalee asks, 'Kea muncter, kea wa, pawnee muncter?' ('What do you want? Do you want water?') To this the latter replied with great clearness, 'No, he neither wanted water nor anything else.' Kneeling, Ashoe thus translates the reply:—

'Excellency, the devil says his name is Lam-Khan,² that he is thirty years old and is a water-hand (sailor) by occupation,' then rises and turns towards the foreigners with an air of great satisfaction.

His Excellency (not deigning any notice of the clever trunk-maker), to Old Tom:—'You reported this devil as having landed on the coast from a Fankwae ship. Where was she from?'

Old Tom, after a few words in pigeon English to Ram-Khan, which were of course Hebrew to him, looks at Ashoe, who inquires of Blacky:—'Camphor trunk wantchee? Chess board hav got. No. I first chop too muchee handsome. No. I cheap.'

¹ Theatrical representations went by the name of 'sing-song' between Chinese and strangers from the Western World. In Chinese, they are called *Hs.*

² R being unpronounceable by the Chinese, it becomes L.

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The Lascar makes many droll faces, replies in an incoherent manner, then looks at the foreigners, and says in good Bengalee, 'Kea wa, sahib? Hām nay junter.' ('What does he say, sir? I don't know what he means.') Quickly Ashoe throws himself again on his knees, and translates this reply:—'Excellency, the black devil says the ship was from Man-ga-la' (Bengal).

Old Tom was then directed to inquire how long the vessel had been on her voyage, where she was bound, how she happened to get on the coast, and what cargo she had. In pigeon English, seriously and quietly, to the bewildered prisoner the linguist said, 'Man-ta-le talkee you ship what time walkee, what cargo got inside, go what placee?' This was perfectly straightforward, but Ashoe aided him by adding, 'Tum junter my shop. My show you, Ka-pan-ta Squeea No. 9; he name Chang-Ho (perpetual concord). Too muchee cap-tan, too much chief mate come my shop.' With this tempting recommendation of his wares, he kneels and looks reverently up to the Mandarin, while Blacky breaks forth in a rattling way, uttering volumes of unknown words, some Malay and perhaps some Cingalese. He gesticulates wildly, and looks at the foreigners in a supplicating way. Old Tom himself now takes up the running and interprets Ram's answer to his Excellency (who looks on the while with official gravity) from his own brain, and out of the *rather* confused reply manufactures the following. 'Tā-Yin' (illustrious man), 'the devil says the ship was laden with rice and was coming from Man-ga-la to Canton. A great wind arose, furious head seas were met with, and as she was compelled to approach the coast of Fuh-Keen, she hoped there to procure a supply of fresh water and wood. For this purpose a boat was

sent on shore with five water-hands,¹ of whom this was one. They were filling buckets from a spring when Lam-Khan, overcome with fatigue, fell on the ground and was soon fast asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by some Chinese, who were tying his hands and feet, who then stripped him and gave him a *slight*² bambooing. He was next led away and put in prison. After a long time, a Wei-Yuen,³ being about to start for Canton, was ordered to take charge of him, and brought him here.'

The Kwang-Chow-Foo, turning to the Che-Heen on his left, says, 'Remark the advantage of being skilled in the barbarian tongue;' then towards Old Tom, 'Linguist, your erudition is creditable in the extreme, and proves you to be a clever man, but of what nation was the vessel?' The *clever* linguist looks at Ashoe, who thus to the Lascar, 'Mus come my shop, No. 9. Sam Shoo hav got No. 1 good, No. 1 cheap. Two dollar one bottlee' (which price in a *transaction* would be reduced to twenty-five cents). Poor Ram-Khan is half crazy at all this, he turns up the whites of his eyes like a duck in a thunderstorm, holds up his hands in despair, utters unknown sounds, and at length would fain sit down, but sundry lictors in tall rattan hats, by applying some not gentle touches of a long whip to his obtuse extremity, compel him to the upright position.

Old Tom, to his Excellency:—'The ship belonged to the country of the Red-heads.'⁴

'Not surprising,' said the great man, in a discursive

¹ Sailors.

² Knowing as I do the great liberality of the Chinese in this matter, I strongly suspect the exact correctness of *this* part of the interpretation.

³ A government messenger.

⁴ England.

way ; ' those people, like rats, ferret out every hole and corner. They would get by stealth in the Central Flowery Land. Did they not lately attempt the Min ? ¹ Had it not been that our thunder-bellowing dragons opened upon them their earth-shaking volleys, which startled the heavens and caused the Five Mountains to totter at their base, they would have entered the Middle Kingdom. They are not satisfied with Canton, which through the benevolence of the Son of Heaven is open to them. Is not this on record ? Were Canton rid of all barbarians, their forced deprivation for a few years of tea and rhubarb would lead them to appreciate the commiseration which our great Emperor showered upon them. Ask him, linguist, what treatment he has received since he had the happiness to be within our land.'

Ashoe, always with an eye to his shop and his wares, to Ram Khan :—' No can forget No. 9 Ka-pan-ta Squeea, where, at most reasonable prices, camphor trunks and sea-chests were sold cheaper and better than at any other shop.' More and more amazed, Blacky looks around, and in a plaintive voice utters some confused words.

' Excellency,' spoke up Old Tom, ' this barbarian is so impressed with gratitude for the favours showered upon him since he landed on the coast, that he is quite at a loss for words to express himself. Of this, too, all

¹ This expedition to the River Min took place in 1836, by a small party composed of Canton residents, amongst them the Rev. Dr. Parker, with the intention of visiting the capital of the province of Füh-Keen, city of Foo-Chow-Foo. Under the circumstances it was a very foolish thing to attempt, and could not possibly result favourably. After getting inside of Sharp's Peak, but before reaching the Kin-pae (fortified pass), the party was fired upon from the banks of the river and beat a hasty retreat.

the foreign devils here collected are witnesses' (then, of a foreigner standing near, he asks complacently, 'My tinkee have show he handsome story?' 'Yes,' said the foreigner, 'you have humbugged the old gentleman at no fool of a rate!') 'Tell him,' exclaimed the Mandarin, 'that the Inner Land, whose glories are resplendent throughout the universe, has supported and preserved him (as it makes a rule of doing to all nations and peoples), so that boundless compassion may be manifested! Tell him, when he reaches again his own country, thus to instruct his nation's king, that his heart may be directed towards civilisation. This will be good!'

Ashoe then says to the more than half-bewildered prisoner, 'Khana tier hi' (supper is ready). Looking-glass have got No. 9; no can——' what he would have added no one knew, as forth broke the Lascar, this time in Malay, with his private opinion of the learned interpreter:—'Ada orang gila-tuan, ini rupa apa!' ('The man is a fool, sir! What does it all mean?') 'Your Excellency,' interposed Old Tom, 'the devil expresses profound attention, and will be diligently obedient' (then turns again to his foreign friend with the ghost of a smile on his imperturbable face, 'You tinkee my so cunning before?') 'Linguist,' said the Kwang-Chow-Foo, 'you are the most eminent and learned of your class. I am sorry I cannot reward you as you deserve.' He then rises from his chair, a signal that the court is over. The Che-Heen and other officials, including the Hong merchants, are on their feet in an instant. Servants scramble about, the Mandarins get into their sedans and are borne out, preceded by lictors, who howl like dogs in a fit that the way may be clear, while Ram-Khan is left with the coolies of the Consoo House, from whom

he is sure to receive good-natured and willing treatment.

One of the foreigners, innocent of the Chinese language, asks a friend, as the two walk out of the Consoo House together, to translate for him several large gilt characters cut on a granite slab over the entrance gate. His friend reads, 'The greatly excelling Hall of Reason and Justice.' 'I should not have divined that,' said the other. The Hong merchant, King-Qua, remarks triumphantly at the same moment, as he passes out in his sedan chair, 'My tinkee you country no got so fashion pa-lo-pa!' (proper) to which his foreign friend:— 'I should not like to make a rash assertion to so eminent a man, but I am under the impression we have not.' The two friends return to their bachelorial¹ den and find the thermometer at 96° in the cool. They open letters arrived in their absence after a passage of 128 days, and while reading make sundry highly wise and singularly useful remarks on the justice of a foreign government taking a tax of 25 cents per pound on the leaf, for which the owner gets net 37½; and thereupon a suspicion passes through the brain of both that Chinese rulers are not the only ones who humbug their subjects! Dinner is announced and discussed.

A faint *souppçon* of a cheroot or so is indulged in, and so on, till night—the comforter of the sorrowing, as the hope of the happy—draws in her curtains, and each Cantoner seeks his bamboo pillow—'Noctes meæ sic omnes. Anni recedentes.'

On the arrival of the country ships later on, Ram-Khan, whose name turned out to be Abdoolah, was put

¹ Ill-natured people may say that this word is *not* English. If it has not been so heretofore the fault is not mine.

on board of one and taken to Bombay. It was always a mystery what vessel he had been on board of up the coast, but it must have been one of the opium craft from which he had run away, or was supposed to have been lost overboard. In those days all other foreign vessels came direct to Lintin or Whampoa.

I received from Pwan-Kei-Qua one day a beautiful silver pheasant, with a card asking me to come and see him. I went accordingly. He said that his eldest son was quite unwell, and would be glad if I could get our physician to visit him. The foreign community, exclusive of the E. I. Co., had then at Canton two physicians, R. H. Cox, a Scotchman, and J. H. Bradford of Philadelphia. The next afternoon Cox and I crossed to Hō-Nam in Pwan's boat, and were received by him in his beautiful mansion, newly decorated with gilt and light-coloured painting, giving it a rich and cheerful appearance, the courtyards being very neatly paved with blocks of well-polished granite. The entire mansion—rather a series of villas—covers several acres of ground, and the whole is enclosed by a well-built brick wall, resting on granite foundations, about twelve feet high.

We found the invalid in his own suite of apartments, attended by numerous servants, and looking dreadfully ill. Cox thought him in a decline; a prescription was prepared, which was made up at his Dispensary and sent over to him. Having been regaled with tea, fruits, &c., we walked over the grounds, getting good glimpses of Pwan's numerous wives. They were gorgeously dressed in violet, scarlet, plum-coloured, blue; many were quite handsome, with lustrous eyes and the prettiest hands

and small feet of a *natural* size. They were quite as curious as we were, but walked about or sat in the open halls unconcernedly as we passed through.

Calling on Pwan-Kei-Qua, a couple of days after, to inquire how his son was, I was glad to hear that he was better, but had been unable to take the medicine prescribed by Cox. The reason for this was as follows:— In the reign of the Emperor Hwăn, of the Han dynasty (A.D. 173-194), there lived a famous physician named Hwā-To, now deified and worshipped as the god of medicine. It is customary before taking medicine to burn before an altar dedicated to Hwā-To fragrant matches, and then with three small pieces of wood, flat on one side and convex on the other, to divine whether medicine about to be taken will prove beneficial or hurtful. The divination consists in throwing the three pieces of wood simultaneously a few feet in the air, and the information sought for is arrived at by the manner in which they fall on the ground. When the prescription of our friend Cox was received, this ceremony was gone through; cups of tea and lighted incense matches were placed on the altar to signify to the god that his attention was solicited. The young invalid then threw the three bits of wood in the air, in front of the shrine, but the positions in which they fell were inauspicious. As Pwan-Kei-Qua said, 'No good chance'—adding in a tone of surprise, 'Too muchee curio! Kok-See No. 1 handsome man!' This had reference to the doctor's *stoutness*, *fat* being considered a sign of *ability*, as well as of *good looks* in men, while *leanness* is the Chinese type of female beauty.

During a dull season, Mr. Senn Van Basil, the representative of the Dutch East India Company, had gone to Macao, leaving his Hong, which was almost unoccupied, in charge of the gatekeeper, installed on the ground-floor of No. 1. As this Hong had a rear gate opening on Thirteen Factory Street, it was usually availed of by foreigners as a passage-way when on their visits to the Hong merchants or to Carpenters' Square, but locked at night; it saved one the going through that most undesirable of all thoroughfares—the notorious Hog Lane. One day a Moorman, named Sallie Mahommed Boo-Bull, got the keys of No. 5 from the gatekeeper, who took it for granted that he had an understanding with Van Basil, and moved into it with all his effects—floor-mats, a large red chest, which served as a receptacle for his account-books, and in which he kept his papers, wooden pens, rice, curry powder, ink-stand made of a joint of bamboo, his 'ghee' and 'dhall,' with a spare turban, a bamboo pillow, and an extra pair of yellow leather shoes running up to a long point like a rat's tail, for use in dry weather. The chest was, in short, his office and his pantry. He made himself quite at home, was very comfortable and free from care and anxiety. It is not to be supposed that his office, personal effects, and limited larder were from the want of means, as many of the natives of India coming from Bombay—which Sallie called his home—or from Calcutta, did an enormous business in opium with no more tools than a sheet of paper and a wooden pen, turning their receipts from sales immediately into East India Company's bills on India and remitting them to their principals for whom they acted as agents, or to their 'Bombay house,' as they would call it. However, Van

Basil (Reynvaan, his purser, who was ill at Macao, to see whom the former had gone there), having no one to represent him specially, sent me a chit asking me to see Sallie Boo-Bull (Nightingale), and ask him of whom he had hired No. 5. The tenant had just seated himself comfortably on his mat, and was smoking a 'hubble-bubble,' after an evident gorge on 'ghee' and 'dhall,' when I appeared at his door on the first floor. He motioned me to a seat on the red chest, there being no chair to sit on, and supposing I had come on business, asked me to begin with (always the case), 'What price Malwa got?' To frighten him a bit, I replied that the Mandarins were becoming troublesome, and the brokers were just now declining to buy; but, as a quotation, the price might be considered as 650 (a fall of fifty dollars since the day before). As he began to grunt and I heard the word 'Mashallah!' uttered in a desponding tone, I said immediately, 'But don't be alarmed; these fluctuations are common, you know; a little patience and a rise must soon come; supplies must be had,' &c. 'Mashallah!' cried he, with a more cheerful air. I now looked about the large room, totally vacant except the corner which he occupied with mat and red chest, turban and red slippers. 'Why, Boo-Bull, you seem mighty comfortable here. I hope Van Basil is not hard upon you in the way of rent. Are you to be here some time?' 'Rent!' exclaimed Sallie in a deprecatory tone, 'I not pay it rent. I makee *try* Factory: not make it up mind if keep.' 'One may try a horse,' said I, 'a pair of boots or turban, a coat or never-mention-'ems, but a *house* is something out of the ordinary way. However, I'll write to Van Basil and let you know his opinion.' 'Inshallah!' exclaimed 'Nightingale.' The

next day I wrote to Mr. Van Basil of what had occurred, to which he replied ; and so I sent a note to S. M. B.-B., as follows :—

Suy Hong, No. 2.

Canton, July 4.

Dear Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that Mr. Senn Van Basil has authorised me to allow you to occupy Factory No. 5 in the Hong of the Dutch East India Company, which that gentleman represents, for the sum of one hundred Spanish dollars per month, commencing with the day of your entrance, to the 31st of September next, the keys then to be surrendered to the gatekeeper at No. 1. Oblige by letting me know if these terms suit you. I remain, dear Sir,

Sallie Mohammed Boo-Bull, Esq.,

Yours faithfully.

&c. &c. &c.

Dutch Hong, No. 5.

Two days after I met Sallie, who declined the terms. He had found quarters in the Chow Chow Hong, which contained representatives of every description of native from the three Presidencies—Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras—consisting of Malwarees, Persians, Moors, Jews, and Parsees. He said the Hong was ‘berry hot,’ which was quite likely, as the thermometer then stood daily at from 90° to 96° in the shade ; and that he ‘paid it 40 rupee month’ to Messrs. Dadabhoy and Manekjee Rustomjee.

In the art of letter-writing the Chinese are very happy and original. In a less important branch of writing, requiring however a poetic turn of mind, with fancy, they are given to the composition of verses and odes, specimens of which are constantly seen on that inseparable companion the fan, as well as on scrolls which ornament the columns and walls of rooms, while ready quotations from classic authors are constant and considered a sign

of much learning. Verses are frequently written by mutual friends and interchanged. It has often been remarked that the Chinese have no imagination; nothing can be more erroneous. Shut up within themselves as in an iron wall (the Wan-le-chang-ching¹ being a material expression of it), no wonder that to strangers their speculations and opinions *seem* to be of the crudest kind. They are peculiar, but often poetical and full of imagination. In familiar letters they run riot, and there seems no end to an amusing criticism of *exotic* customs, as *they see* them. To the Chinese, ignorant of the manners, habits, and social relations of the Fankwae, everything is considered barbarous, and deficient even in the most elementary forms of good breeding. All this is enhanced by their own ceremonial and politeness, which permeates every feature of their relations one with the other. No exception should therefore be taken to their descriptions of foreign customs, however preposterous, as they are simply the expression of what the writer sees but cannot *understand*. To the Fankwae, the deductions drawn from their own customs were only ridiculous and laughable, intensified by the conviction that they were serious. At the same time, were they more absurd than their own descriptions of *Chinese* life and manners with which the Western world was entertained? In the year 1831 there lived near Consequa House a family named *Lo*. The head of the house was one of the salt monopoly, and of great wealth and consideration. He had two sons whose acquaintance I made through young Mowqua. One day, during the absence of our Taipan at Macao, we, the *pursers* of Russell & Co., William Tufts, Philip Ammidon junior, and

¹ Literally, the wall of 10,000 le (miles) in length.

myself, invited the eldest to dine with us at the Suy Hong, and to bring a friend who, as it happened, had never been inside of the Factories. About a week afterwards young *Lo* brought me a most funny letter which his friend had written to a relation at Peking. In it he spoke of the Fankwae dinner as much to *Lo's* amusement as to ours. He let me make a copy, of which the following is a *free* translation :—

O Choo, benevolent elder brother, born before sunrise ! what countless ages have passed during which the 'four precious gems'¹ have lain idle. Myriads of ages seem to have gone by since your unworthy junior beheld the brilliancy of that countenance which surpasses the splendour of the noon-day sun ! In good truth does the Shang-Lun say, 'Separation of a single day to friends is like the absence for a season of summer's refreshing rains and the sun's genial warmth to trees and flowers !' Yet scarcely should I grieve, the interval to yourself having been of mighty import, inasmuch as you have been engaged in the duties of that high office to which the favour of Imperial kindness promoted you. Receive my congratulations on the occasion, while an intimacy which has grown up from childhood will pardon my calling to your memory that string of pearls and rubies which was uttered by the immortal Choo to the king of Foo, 'When up, look down ; when down, look up !' He who is exalted must be careful lest he fall down low !' My last letter, dated the 10 day of the 5 moon of the 9 year of Taou-Kwang, gave you some details of a ghostly tribe of demons who, by the immense bounty and compassion of the ever-to-be-adored Son of Heaven and Brother of the Yellow Dragon, are permitted to reside on the banks of the Pearly Stream. They are restricted to it from fear that, if allowed to wander, their turbulent and unruly nature would create trouble with the black-haired² race, requiring force to subdue. This, the wisdom of

¹ The ink-stone, pencil, ink, and paper.

² Chinese—so called by themselves from the colour of their hair, which is universally black.

our Viceroy Le on some insignificant occasions has yet hesitated to use, well knowing that if the 'tigers of war' were let loose, these barbarians would be overcome by a single glance from their eagle eyes, for of all these vaunting demons few possess that emblem of courage, a '*capacious stomach*.'¹ Yet, Choo, could you witness the manners of these strange creatures, indeed would you say, with the illustrious Wang, 'Happy is the wearer of a queue!' To describe some of the customs of these rude barbarians would lead you to imagine that I had been culling the Tsze-put-yu² for your edification, yet I can vouch for their accuracy, and you may judge if they deserve a place in that collection of monstrosities. Having been present at a feast in the Hong of some of these Fankwaes, I must tell you something of what I saw. I could not but be struck with the little progress they have made in the art gastronomic, which with them is yet in its infancy. Shade of Low-Man-Ke,³ well art thou deserving of the red candles daily burnt on altars dedicated to thy memory! How thankful should we be to that distinguished '*Fire-Head*,'⁴ who, in addition to the practice of his profession through a long life, bequeathed to posterity his '*Hints on Cookery*,' in 320 volumes! In our younger days, O Choo, how we pored over its pages, and with what avidity we devoured some favourite dish made from its directions.

Judge now what tastes people possess who sit at table and swallow bowls of a fluid, in their outlandish tongue called *Soo-pe*, and next devour the flesh of fish, served in a manner as near as may be to resemble the living fish itself. Dishes of half-raw meat are then placed at various angles of the table; these float in gravy, while from them pieces are cut with swordlike instruments and placed before the guests. Really it was not until I beheld this sight that I became convinced of what I had often heard

¹ The Chinese say the seat of courage is in the stomach

² A story-book full of grotesque and amusing stories, called 'Not the Sayings of Confucius.'

³ A renowned cook, who wrote on Cookery, said to have been a Peking man.

⁴ Fire-head, a familiar name for a cook

that the ferocious disposition of these demons arises from their indulgence in such gross food. How lamentable their condition, and yet our dishes they pretend to despise ! Think how unrefined the taste for which sharks' fins have no charm, how piteous the state of those who disdain the virtues of deer's sinews, who hold in contempt a well-prepared pup, and even sneer at a rat pie ! who in the delights of an elephant's hoof served in the style of Low-Man-Ke—whose memory may be ever green—can find no gratification, while for the melting richness of the adorable rhinoceros horn they have no taste ! To continue with these wonderful beings. Thick pieces of meat being devoured, and the scraps thrown to a multitude of snappish dogs that are allowed to twist about amongst one's legs or lie under the table, while keeping up an incessant growling and fighting, there followed a dish that set fire to our throats, called in the barbarous language of one by my side *Kā-Lē*, accompanied with rice which of itself was alone grateful to my taste. Then a green and white substance, the smell of which was overpowering. This I was informed was a compound of sour buffalo milk, baked in the sun, under whose influence it is allowed to remain until it becomes filled with insects, yet, the greener and more lively it is, with the more relish is it eaten. This is called *Che-Sze*, and is accompanied by the drinking of a muddy red fluid which foams up over the tops of the drinking cups, soils one's clothes, and is named *Pe-Urh*—think of that ! But no more. *When* will these uncivilised men become versed in the precepts of the gastronomist whom I have named, and make offerings of red candles and gilt paper on altars raised to his memory ? *When* capable of enjoying that incomparable dish on which you and I have so often gorged, and at the mention of whose name I see tears stream from your eyes—listen !—stewed kitten ? Hold ! I have gone too far ; thoughts of this delicacy are overpowering, and in reminding me that my own table is now being prepared, that the wine will soon be poured out, I recall that short but important sentence in the 68th volume of Low Man-Ke, which says, 'Stewed kitten, with a garland of mice, should be eaten hot.'

Virtuous elder brother, deign to cast a glance across the page. Lo Yung bows his head to the ground and worships.

Taou-Kwang, 10 year, 5 moon, 3rd sun, 1831.

To Choo-Yun-Tan, at the City of Pekin, in the street of
Celestial Peace, north side, near the Temple of Kwan-
Wang.

I may only add to the foregoing that *Suy-Pe*, our cook, had playfully put in the curry an extra quantity of chilli and cayenne, *perhaps* on the suggestion of Tufts or Ammidon.

At Macao inestimable gems. At this shop are manufactured with praiseworthy care and attention dragon and eagle sweet cakes for presents and festivals. Pasties edged with the Muy-Kwae stone prepared for marriages, and Moon cakes for the autumnal festival, for presents to friends and relations. Exquisite buns compounded of rich goose fat and dainty pork. Sugar pyramids called the 'pavilions of a thousand stories, reaching to the clouds.' Sugar houses and grottoes, and figures of men and animals. Dumplings in great variety and of scarce ingredients. Delicate white cakes of flour, whose purity is as silver, to touch, and whose fineness resembles silk, to be eaten that long life may be attained. Also the constantly desired honey-doughnut, never ceasing to excite appetite. An extensive variety of delicious preparations of Old Man's rice, whose taste is as a charm which soothes and gratifies. Moreover, preserved in sugar, highly esteemed fruits, delightfully blended with ingredients of ever-to-be-remembered piquancy and flavour. The variety is endless. All for sale at this shop, which transacts business in the Great Straight Street. Esteemed strangers, look intensely at our sign and become ac-

quainted with our name; let it never escape your memory. It deals with a scrupulous attention to honesty—it never swindles.

Rich customers are perpetually welcome.

Here are made fragrant beads of an odour surpassingly delicate. Scented amulets, and strings of court and full-dress beads, perfumed bed-hangings, and garments for presents to relatives of deceased persons, with numerous other articles of this sort, as well as the real preparation of vermilion to destroy noxious influences. Also from Hang-Chow, incense for perfuming rooms, and scented oils for the preservation of, and giving lustre to the hair. This shop is outside the street of Enormous Serenity, the first door on the left of the Cloth Merchants' Public Hall. Here it transacts business. Take a thorough look, respected stranger, at the name, that it may be indelibly fixed on your memory. It never cheats.

An ink manufacturer, not far from the Factories, was celebrated for the quality of his 'Indian ink' (in cakes), as it is usually called. Everyone knows, however, that in China alone it is universally used to write with, by means of a camel-hair pencil. The ink is rubbed on an 'ink-stone,' and rendered slightly liquid by the addition of a little water. The qualities are numerous, and the *best* much in vogue. It may be known by its brilliant black colour, by its firmness and agreeable odour. The cakes of the above maker were put up in silk-covered boxes of various qualities, first being wrapped up with a printed card. Like many other cards of the

kind, it had a 'sing-song' tone. The following is a translation :—

At the shop 'Shun-Wang' by name is sold
 An ink as heavy and as pure as gold !
 Its hardness is the hardest, chosen with all care,
 Its fineness is the finest, none with it can compare,
 Its blackness is the blackest, none can equal it ;
 Near the Braziers is the shop, in Rising Dragon Street !
 Its clients are of highest rank, with all the Mandarins,
 Besides the 'Akwantsae,'¹ and those of fame and means.
 The ink is good, is very good, the cost at first is high ;
 In vain, in vain ! preposterous ! for other men to try
 To equal it ! Not in ten thousand cycles² will be seen
 An ink so pure, so black, so hard as mine !
 Come to this shop—look ye and read its name,
 And learn, if others sell for gain, it sells for lasting fame.
 Shun-Wang, outside the Greatly Peaceful Gate,
 West of the city walls, in Rising Dragon Street.

Amongst the numerous Indian constituents of Messrs. R. and Co. in Ante-Treaty days was one with whom a long and valued connection had existed. It was, therefore, with no little regret that they received the news of the death of its senior partner, whose irreparable loss was feelingly described in the following touching letter from the firm :—

Bombay, June 13, 1833.

Dear Sir,—We avail of departure of *Cornwallis*, and, thanking your favour of April 19, enclosing 2,000*l.* in small pamphlets³ suitable our order. Now heavy distress falling upon us through Almighty God taking from bosom of family and friends our worthy father, who died, after loitering many days,

¹ Akwantsae, young gentleman of leisure—gentlemen's sons.

² A cycle, sixty years.

³ Bills of small amounts each.

of chronic diarrhoea of guts, much regretted. 'O grave, where is sting ! O death, where is victory !' Nevertheless, resigning to will of Providence, and no change in freights since last advised quoting 10 rupee maund, Malwa 8 to 9 dollars Spanish. Best Omravutty 80 rupee Candy, inferior goods proportion, and by *Sulimany*, sailing few day, we hand bill lading 20 chest best Malwa. Government inspect it.

Hoping same kindness which to beloved parent extended as heretofore, we look in confidence to same continuation.

Faithfully, your heart-broken

Messrs. R. & Co., Canton.

HUKITJEE JIMMYBHOY & Co.

Howqua was rather a serious man ; I never knew him to perpetrate but one *joke*, and that was so innocently, it doubled its value. Mr. Inglis, of Messrs. Dent and Co., calling on him one day, they spoke of the expected English expedition.¹ Referring to the fact that theretofore no foreigners could get to Peking and see the Emperor, Mr. Inglis said, *now* they will not only go there but insist on seeing the 'Son of Heaven' (all this was of course in pigeon English), to which the old gentleman immediately replied, 'Spouse Englishman go *Pekin*, Emperor go *Shan-Se*'—the province adjoining the one in which the capital is, on the west.

'*Jade stone* is remarkable for hardness and tenacity, of a light green colour ;' thus is it described by a Western writer without any reference to the estimation in which it is held by millions of people in China. The latter, amongst whom it has been known and prized for over 2,500 years at least, ascribe to it several qualities and consider it emblematic of all the virtues. Visitors to

¹ War of 1842.

Canton must have been struck with the great pecuniary value of the pure jade, a moderate-sized piece being worth several thousand dollars when reduced to the state of a personal ornament.

The well-known Pwan-Kei-Qua, one of the old Co.'s Hong, habitually wore a bracelet of the purest jade, about twice the thickness of a quill, for which, as he told me, he had paid 7,000 dollars, and a thumb-ring in the form of those of bone or ivory which are worn by Chinese archers for pulling the bowstring, that had cost 2,000 dollars. They were both of a translucent green, with airy flakes of a slightly darker green floating as it were within the mass. The rarity and value of this description of jade has consequently caused many imitations, and these are worn almost universally amongst the less rich and the poorer classes as hair ornaments, ear and finger rings, attachments to pipes, purses, girdles, and other objects in daily use. The Chinese have a saying to express whatever is of the best, that it is *Sam-fun-ho*, meaning that it possesses the 'three qualities,' or a 'perfect whole' of *hardness*, *smoothness*, and *brightness*, correlatively *righteousness*, *benevolence*, and *knowledge*. Their name for jade is *yuh*, simply the *gem*.

In the seventh century B.C. a writer named Kwan-Chung describes the merits of this beautiful stone, ingeniously separating them into three series of three properties each. Jade represents, he says, the 'nine highest attainments of humanity,' viz.:—

In its unyielding firmness it illustrates Righteousness	.	1	}
In its modest and harm-			
less aspect	„	Virtuous action	
		.	2
In its rarity and spotless			}
surface	„	Purity	
		.	3

In its glossy smoothness	it illustrates Benevolence	. 4	
Inasmuch as it passes			}
from hand to hand			
without being sullied	„ Moral conduct	. 5	} 2
In its exposure of any			
flaw	„ Ingenuousness	. 6	
In its lustrous polish	„ Knowledge	. 7	}
In its imperishableness	„ Endurance	. 8	
And, when struck, as it			} 3
gives forth a note			
which floats sharply			
and distinctly to a			
distance	„ Harmony or Music	9	

The son of Pwansuylan, Ming-Qua, was remarkable for his polished manners, the invariable neatness of his appearance, his beautiful hands, and a liking for the society of foreigners. He became a clever whist player, and for some time was a welcome guest of the Company's Factory. Naturally very shrewd, one became impressed with the idea that he added to his intelligence much cunning, and it went about that he surpassed the limits of fair play one evening at the Factory at his favourite whist, which called down upon himself expulsion therefrom. Speaking with him one day of the *Wood-Keating* difficulty, he was anxious to hear about duelling, which he termed a number one 'curio pigeon.'¹ It was explained that if one gentleman insulted another and refused to retract, he would be called out to fight; 'now you understand?' 'Oh yes, my savee alla.' 'Then,' said I, 'suppose you should insult a person and be called out, you would know what to do?' to which he replied, 'Maskee! he call 'um my. My no go.'

¹ Curious business.

Ming-Qua became quite a celebrity in the foreign community. He was already the wearer of a button, which, he explained, was obtained through services rendered to the Government. When the Opium War broke out, he was full of inquiries regarding the English forces, and when they came up the river he disappeared for some time. Afterward we heard that his services having been offered to the Mandarins and accepted, he had left for the *War*. 'Go fightee,' as his Hong people said. We were much amused at this, but he really did *hover* about any place when fighting was going on. The English on their way to Canton attacked a camp of Chinese soldiers between the first Bar and the Bogue. The 'braves' resisted after their most approved tactics. They fired off their matchlocks over the left shoulder, with their faces turned over the *right*. They advanced in a series of somersaults, protected by rattan shields, while shouting, 'Ta, Ta' ('fight, fight'), to encourage one another, and finally they all ran away. A good many were killed and numbers wounded, while on the part of the *foreign devils*, one man was at least disabled, as a red coat and forage cap, evidently of a marine, became the spoil of the defeated. Ming-Qua bought them for an inconsiderable number of cash from a lot of boat people, who had landed to scour the encampment the moment they saw the braves scampering away. He then returned to Canton, bought a revolver, and laid it with his other trophies at the feet of the Tartar general as the fruits of his own personal prowess in putting to death, as might be seen by the *cap* and *coat*, a barbarian officer of *exalted rank*. Subsequently we noticed that Ming-Qua wore a button of a higher type. As time went on, Ming-Qua was less frequently seen in the

Factories, the *dangers* he had undergone made him more worldly. When the rebellion broke out near Canton, and the city was threatened by an immense horde of ruffians, many of whom had established themselves at Tsang-Poo, near Whampoa, and others laid siege to Fat-Shan, a large city a few miles from the Factories, Ming-Qua again came to the front in search of glory. Many accounts of his exploits appeared at the time, one of the most jocose of which, but none the less true, was in a mock-heroic poem, called the *Fokeiade*,¹ of which the following is an extract :—

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.—Yip² having determined to attack Fat-Shan, summons the Chiefs to a Council, called of War—His speech—The Imperialists attack the City and are—of course—defeated. Ming-Qua, with three galleys, joins the fight—is captured—his galleys sunk, and his contingent put to the sword. Only one escapes, who brings the news to *Nimrod*, and is munificently rewarded ! The lorch³ owners exhibit to Nimrod certain securities against capture or loss of their vessels handed to them by Ming-Qua when chartered. These on examination prove all *bam*, which, however, was anything but *balm* to them. Their profanity on making the discovery.

Aurora, goddess of the morn,
Scarce did the eastern sky adorn,
And force poor mortals to awake
And curse the light their rest did break,
Than Yip, uprising from his couch,
A cup of tea and sausage smouch'd.

¹ From two words, *Fo* and *Ke*. The first signifies a partner, the second, a scheme or plan. The two together is a vulgar appellation. In speaking to or calling out to one you don't know, you say *Fo-Ke*. Fan-kwaes in Canton used this term in referring to *the Chinese* at large, adding *s* as the plural ; if, however, one spoke to a respectable man, a stranger, or a friend, he addressed him, *Tai Yay* or *Low Yay*. Ta-Low-Yay is considered very swell.

² Imperial Commissioner and Governor-Genera of Kwang-Tung and Kwang-Se.

³ Macao cargo-boats, from 50 to 100 tons measurement.

His thrifty breakfast thus despatch'd,
 He reads reports of rebels catch'd,
 And orders them to execution,
 Of mercy ne'er a bit of notion ;
 Then to his orderly did bawl,
 'Look sharp, and summon one and all
 The captains !' who, though always funky,
 Must learn this day to show up spunky.
 The trembling captains hear the calls,
 Each looking sharp for fear of squalls,
 Which would have happened, if perchance
 Old Yip for them attendance danced !
 All were assembled, not a sound
 Was heard as went the tea-pot round.
 Yip eyed the warriors with disdain,
 And thus their ears did entertain.
 These were his words :—'Ye sneaking dogs,
 As fit for fighting as yon hogs,
 A funkier crew I never saw
 Summoned to a council called of war !
 The rebel host yon walls do hold,
 By your black cowardice grown bold.
 Haste ! get your cohorts under *arums*,
 And join in great Kung-Ming's ¹ *alarums* !
 This day, Joss willing, falls Fat-Shan ;
 Sharp, whyloe,² now ! you know your man.

Eager for *plunder*, this rowdy host,
 Shouting, repeat the impious boast,
 And, rushing 'gainst the detested Ming,³
 Each legion separate pæans sing.
 The fight engaged, the fleet do batter
 The water front with such a clatter !
 The footmen, beating gongs, essayed,
 In hopes to make their foes afraid.

¹ The god of war.

² Whyloe, 'Be off.'

³ These rebels pretended to restore the Ming dynasty.

But all in vain. Of stinkpots hot
 Each stormer got a stifling lot,
 And 'winged horses' and 'flying rockets'¹
 Knocked many eyes from out their sockets.
 The fleet and stormers caught *l'enfer*,
 Which sent the former *outré-mer*,
 The latter beaten, take their heels,
 Tracks making cross the paddy fields.
 So do these warriors cut their sticks
 To escape the storm of blows and kicks,
 And spread themselves across the land,
 Disheartened ere to make a stand.

On that sad day a Tartar bold,
 Ming-Qua, the son of Ming-Qua old,
 Who for abiding some awful 'squeeze'
 Was deified, Heen-Fung did please
 His name among the Joss to set,
 And thus he squared the Imperial debt.

Fired by his governor's elevation,
 Ming-Qua, aspiring to a similar station,
 Did charter lorchas two in number,
 From the Portuguese, those sons of thunder,
 Crowded their decks with village 'braves,'
 The lorchas joyful cleave the waves.
 Oh ! ill-timed joy ! ere they could reach
 The shore, or touch the wish'd for beach,
 The rebel fleet in force appears,
 And down upon the lorchas steers,
 While, heedless of their fate terrific,
 Ming-Qua smokes the pipe somnific.²
 On board then rush'd th' insurgent crew,
 And *spear'd* all those who quarter sue,
 While some, adorned with blood-red sashes,
 With sabres made most awful gashes,
 And of the crews undoubted hashes.

¹ Chinese fireworks.² Opium.

But one escaped ; to save his life
 He dodged the blows and skulked the strife,
 Slipped off a boom into the water,
 And thus escaped the general slaughter

To *Nimrod's* Hong he swiftly hurries,
 And up the staircase hotly scurries,
 Panting for breath ; he hung his head,
 Then, gaining courage, thus he said :—

‘ I’ve ventur’d, *Nimrod*, in thy sight
 To bring the news of our sad fight.
 Fat-Shan’s intact, the rebels stand
 Unconquer’d, masters of the land !
 Yip’s beaten, Ming-Qua, luckless lout
 With both his lorchas up the spout !
 I, I alone of all the force
 Remain, to tell you of this loss——
 How did it happen ? Who can tell
 Of what was and is an awful sell ?
 I fought, but seeing no chance of quarter,
 Plump’d off the poop into the water ;
 Puncheons did swallow, though now, forsooth,
 So dry scarce can I tell the truth !’

Him *Nimrod* eyeing with disgust,
 Said to himself, ‘ I suppose I must
 Give the poltroon a hard piaster
 For the lies he tells of this disaster,’
 So calls his China boy, Akew,
 To get the *dibs* and Samshoo¹ too.

Next, swarthy mariners to his Hong
 Arrive, and sounding loud the gong,
 For *Nimrod* ask, his presence crave,
 And then about their lorcha rave.

‘ O *Nimrod*, friend of all our race,
 Pray take our advent in good grace,
 For we’ve sustain’d a reg’lar scorcher,
 In the matter of each separate lorcha.

¹ Samshoo, a wine distilled from rice.

Without success to close in open barter,
 Our *craft*, we could but make a charter,
 A charter, too, with Ming-Qua *crafty*,
 Who's gone to pot and left us wrathy,
 But for security he, with graceful caper,
 Smiled, and gave us this—*his paper* !'

Nimrod (Sinalogue) then inspected
 The papers which they had selected,
 And, after looking them well over,
 His rising mirth could hardly smother.

'I find in these there's nothing yet,'
 Said he, 'but old Pekin Gazettes,
 The which pray leave with me awhile,
 Unless you want them for your *file* ;
 If you received them as security
 For any dollars in futurity,
 I may as well just now make bold
 To tell you all you have been sold !'

In speechless wrath these worthies sat,
 Then in the cuspidores they spat
 To clear their throats, and then, *far* worse,
 Like fiends incarnate 'gan to curse
 Both up and down, e'en in their mania
 Swore by every saint in Lusitania,
 And finish'd with a round 'Caramba ;'
 Thus having on their luck descanted,
 These Mācāistas¹ bow'd, and then levanted.

Readers may be reassured with regard to the fate of the brilliant Ming-Qua, as soon after we read in a little local paper devoted to the doings of the *great*, as follows :—

Pwan-Ke-Kwang (Young Ming-Qua) reported his arriva from the country 4th moon, 22nd sun.

¹ Macao Portuguese.

Bronze vases and *tripods* of ancient date are much sought after by wealthy Chinese, in whose libraries they occupy conspicuous places. Many books are devoted to descriptions of these objects, and some contain the dates of their manufacture, but rarely the name of the maker. They give also wood-cuts of the particular shapes in vogue at certain periods, including those of a sexangular form during the Chow dynasty, B.C. 585 to 243 ; octangular, the Tsin dynasty, A.D. 286 to 416 ; square, the Sung dynasty, A.D. 967 to 1281 ; and circular, the Ming, the last of the Chinese dynasties, A.D. 1397 to 1643.

An up-country craft with Chinese passengers stopped, in the month of January 1840, at Che-Nae, a short time before my own brought up at the jetty. The Mandarin was on board with several followers, a search was being made, groans and cries were heard from the cabin. Presently one of the passengers was brought from it in chains and taken on shore, followed by the Mandarin's men, carrying numerous objects found in his possession. On inquiry I learnt that the prisoner was from Macao and his destination Canton. The captured man was a Cochin Chinese convert and courier. In his baggage were discovered bottles of consecrated water, a missal, and several earthen jars containing about 3,000 dollars in treasure. With these articles, together with several letters, he was going to the city, there to take passage in a junk for Cochin China, where lived the missionaries to whom they were to be delivered. The courier having when seized been bound with cords, was brought to Canton and at first lodged in the Consou House, but as no doubt existed as to his nationality, he was removed

inside the city and put in prison. The foreign letters in his possession were enough to condemn him, but it was some time before the authorities discovered the nature of them, and then only by torture. In due course the missal and the letters were laid before the Imperial Commissioner Lin, who then summoned the Hong merchants and the linguists, and ordered the former to take the letters forthwith to some foreign resident to be translated into Chinese. A messenger came to me from Howqua, requesting me to come to his Hong. On seeing him he placed the captured letters before me, told me of the Commissioner's wishes, and asked me to let him know their contents. They had all been opened, it is needless to say. I looked over them and saw they were dated from various parts of China and from Tartary. They were in French and Portuguese mostly. They contained reports from various missions, including accounts of persecutions to which some of the writers (missionaries) had been subjected. To have interpreted any would cause investigation at the places where written, and undoubtedly lead to still further tribulation, if not to capital punishment. I said to Howqua, 'You must excuse me, but I cannot explain any of these letters.' He was evidently greatly disturbed. It is the Kin-Chae's¹ orders, he remarked; that he knew my name, that I understood Chinese, and if I refused to assist the Hong merchants, they would be 'too muchee trub.'² At this moment a servant brought tea. While taking it he exclaimed, 'Hae yah, Kin-Chae too muchee foolo.' In this I quite agreed with him, and took leave. The Sunday following, Mr. R. B. Forbes, one of my partners, and I, went to the Consou House to see an English gentleman, Captain Gribble,

¹ The Imperial envoy.

² Would be very much bothered.

who had been made prisoner by the Chinese while in a fast boat between Lintin and the Bogue on his way to Lintin some days before, and was brought to his present quarters in doubt as to what his fate might be, hostilities between the English and Chinese being imminent, and the latter very suspicious as to the movements of all of English nationality. Captain Gribble, however, had been well treated, was brought to Canton in a sedan chair, and released after ten or twelve days' confinement by the Imperial Commissioner as he was a *good* Englishman. After passing an hour with Gribble, as we were leaving the Consoo House, a linguist came running after us and begged me to go to the Hong merchants' private sitting-room, where Mowqua would like to see me. On entering I found him with Pwan-Kei-Qua, young Mowqua,¹ and several others of the Co-Hong, in official robes. Having just returned from an interview with Lin, they were much excited and a good deal alarmed. On a table were lying open the foreign letters found on the courier; they were numbered, and had on them a private mark by the Commissioner's own hand, to guard against their being changed. I was then told that his Excellency *insisted* upon their being translated, and moreover, it must be done without delay; poor old Mowqua groaning aloud and evidently much distressed. I said to them that nothing could be done; that they must say so categorically, and then wait for his Excellency's next move. I was sure they could find no one in the foreign community who could or would explain them. They then hit upon the expedient of returning inside the city and reporting that no foreigner in Canton was to be found capable of trans-

¹ The junior of the brothers Mowqua, both old men.

lating them into Chinese, as the 'characters' were unintelligible. 'Do you think,' asked Pwan-Kei-Qua, 'any Chinese *inside* the city can interpret them?' 'No,' I answered, 'not one; you may be sure of that.' They were all very much relieved by this assertion. Tea and pipes were then brought in, and after a friendly chat over the troubles that were brewing, and which fell so heavily upon them, we parted. Meanwhile the unfortunate courier was daily put to the torture. No word escaped his lips but 'Antonio! Antonio!' and he soon died a martyr for his faith. We next heard that a search was being made at Macao for anyone connected with the courier, particularly amongst the Lazarists, whose names were found on some of the captured letters. This caused great alarm. My friend Father Legrégeois, the chief of the society at Macao, on hearing of the capture and imprisonment, of which I had informed him, wrote to me the following letter, which contains some interesting items in relation to this capture. The father is good enough to say that I had rendered him a great service in not betraying the authors of the letters and their whereabouts; but had I made known to the Commissioner the contents of the French letters it would probably have been a serious blow to all the Roman Catholic priests living within the dominions of his Imperial Majesty. The *times* were full of dread and uncertainty, arising from the seizure of the opium. The Kin-Chae wielded irresponsible powers, and the attention of the Government was more than ever directed to the foreign element in the country, notwithstanding its numerical insignificance.

Macao : 20 Janv. 1840.

Mon cher Monsieur,—M. Bovet a eu la bonté de m'envoyer la lettre dans laquelle vous lui disiez que malgré toutes les

instances qu'on vous avait faites pour vous engager à donner une traduction ou interprétation de mes lettres, vous vous y étiez constamment refusé, et n'aviez voulu faire connaître ni leur auteur ni le lieu où elles avaient été écrites. Soyez bien persuadé que je vous en conserverai une éternelle reconnaissance ainsi que pour toutes les autres informations que vous avez eu la bonté de me donner sur cette malheureuse affaire. Le jour même que je reçus votre lettre (18 courant) M. le Gouverneur de Macao me fit appeler pour me dire que le Mandarin de cette ville lui avait adressé un chop,¹ le priant de lui faire connaître quel était ce Français qui avait envoyé des lettres, des livres, du vin et de l'argent à l'évêque de Cochinchine. Sa réponse doit être évasive, mais je crains bien que Lin ne s'en contente pas. Le capitaine de la barque capturée connaît notre maison, et quelques-uns de ses matelots sont venus plusieurs fois avec des gens du mandarin demander nos domestiques, qui heureusement ne sont plus chez nous. Il est donc très probable que cette affaire aura des suites et que peut-être nous serons obligés de sortir de Macao pour quelque temps. Si vous appreniez quelque chose de nouveau à Canton sur cela, j'espère de votre bonté que vous voudrez bien m'en avertir. Une de mes plus grandes peines est de savoir que le pauvre Cochinchinois ait été si cruellement torturé et que probablement il finira ses jours dans les tourmens ou dans la prison. Je désirerais bien lui faire parvenir quelque soulagement, mais je pense que cela est tout à fait impossible.

Le docteur Parker² a eu la bonté de me faire prévenir par Mr. Bridgman² que mes lettres étaient entre vos mains pour être interprétées. Si ce n'est pas abuser de votre complaisance, je vous prie de lui en témoigner ma reconnaissance.

Veuillez bien me croire, mon cher Monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très reconnaissant serviteur,

G. L. LEGRÉGOIS.

¹ A despatch.

² E. C. Bridgman, Peter Parker, American Protestant Missionaries at Canton.

Soon after the arrival of H.M.S. *Druid* at Macao, January 24, 1840, our compradore at Canton announced the visit of a Mandarin, who requested that I would see him. I only afterwards learnt he came from the Viceroy. He was attended by a single servant in the dress of an official follower. He walked in with a good deal of pomposity. He was a large powerful man, from one of the northern provinces, evident from his speech. He looked supremely grand, while his outward man betrayed a sad disregard to soap and water. After being seated, and a few here and there remarks on promiscuous subjects, he commenced upon one which doubtless he had come to talk of. Up to this time, April 15, 1840, there had been but two English vessels of war in China waters, the *Volage* and the *Hyacinth*; the *Larne's* visit was a short one, and she had returned to India. The idea of *war* following upon the acts of the Kin-Chae my visitor professed to be out of the question, and even if it should take place, said he, 'Think of the Hoo-Mun' (the Bogue). 'What monuments of skill! The sight of those frowning batteries causes the bravest to shrink, and when the terrible engines they contain are opened, the remotest corners of the world are agitated with the shock. They are, moreover, defended by men who have proved invincible in innumerable conflicts.' He paused and seemed to expect an expression of assent. I was in fact very much amused, and, having had experience of this sort of thing, I rather encouraged him to continue, simply saying, 'Quite so.' He continued, 'The Celestial Empire covers the whole earth. Our Imperial ruler controls the entire universe. His power is that of the gods, his wisdom as the five great genii,¹ broader than the four seas is his benevolence, higher than the

¹ Heaven, the gods, earth, water, and the soul.

skies his clemency. Join the Yellow River to the Yang-Tsze-Kiang, and their united length will convey but a remote glimmering of his compassion.'

I should have said something in reply to these remarks, but before I could decide what to say he took up the thread of his story thus :—'The red-haired barbarians, who from a distant speck on the ocean come to the Celestial Flowery Land and reap unheard of money, became refractory. They deluged the "Roses and Lilies,"¹ with poisonous filth. The dignity of the "Yellow Dragon"² was insulted, his clemency treated with contempt. He could have visited upon them annihilation the most complete. But he issued a mandate of mercy and said, "Drive them forth, cut them off for ever, shower upon them no longer our goodness, our tea, rhubarb, or sweetmeats. Let them experience the bitter consequences of their perverseness. Let them continue to eat the flesh of oxen, fall sick from the want of the life-supporting infusion,³ die from the deprivation of the root."⁴ Convinced that he had made an impression he paused, and took from the hands of his servant a lighted pipe. Whiff succeeded whiff in rapid succession, only interrupted by strange noises proceeding from his throat, intimating that he had breakfasted. The matter which he manifestly had most at heart, but which the above served to disguise, was to discuss English and Chinese affairs. After a little rigmarole foreign to the subject, he hesitatingly asked, 'Can you tell me if there is anything new? The Queen of England is young, and not yet married—how droll! No news of her I

¹ A figurative expression for China.

² The Emperor—not a common term.

³ Tea.

⁴ Rhubarb.

dare say, have been received of late? Her views of past events¹ have not arrived, and even if they had, you know we have cut off the trade with the English; there is to be no more intercourse. Our great Emperor's orders have been proclaimed, and all beneath the heavens have but to obey; this is self-evident. What to us their buttons and musical boxes, their knives with six blades, corkscrew, and file! All these will find no more market in the Flowery Land.'

I was a little astonished during this speech to perceive a slight tremor in the tones of the Tae-Yay.² I answered that the most perfect ignorance existed as to the British Government's intentions, but he was coming to the point, and my interruption was short, the more to enjoy his 'search for knowledge.' Speaking in a quiet tone, 'I hear,' said he, 'that a large war vessel has arrived, called the *Too-Loo-Te*.³ Does she come on any special business? What is the number of her soldiers (crew)? How many guns has she? Is it true that she carries two of enormous length, *we are told* 45 feet 7 inches?' His nervousness increased visibly, he changed colour, a difficult thing for a Chinaman to do. I told him we were in profound ignorance as to the vessel, and even of the two guns, but I gave some description of a ship of her class not at all calculated to abate his curiosity.

'There are rumours,' he continued, 'of more than ten vessels coming from England, and amongst them *Hö-lun-chuen*.⁴ These, they say, have wheels on both sides and at each end, and are filled with hot water and fire. Now, can't these wheels be rendered unmanageable,

¹ The opium seizure. ² The official. ³ H.M.S. *Druid*.

⁴ Literally, fire-wheel ships (steamers).

the fire extinguished and the water made to leak out?'

I willingly gave him an account of *fire-wheel ships*, as the Chinese call steamers. 'They are,' said I, 'number one curio, with remarkable speed. They hold contrary winds and tides in scorn; to be opposed to them in fighting would simply involve entire destruction' (some fright manifesting itself). 'They carry bombs for razing cities and levelling fortifications. You will probably have an opportunity of seeing one of them' (colour very chalky). 'Hey, what!' said he; 'I have a chance to see one. Why, what do you mean? I can't go *outside* to look at one.' 'No, no, of course not. I didn't mean to say that, but perhaps one *might* paddle up the river, you know, and——' 'Ah, hey! why, you don't pretend to say one will come *inside*?' 'Well, perhaps not, but should you by any conceivable chance get in the vicinity of one and go on board' (ashy paleness), 'you would be surprised and *delighted* with her appearance' (a grunt expressive of *doubt*).

The Mandarin handed his pipe to the servant; his nervousness was excessive. He had received a shock as if from an electric *battery*. Speaking in a low voice, he asked, 'These "guns of flight"' (bombs), 'are they *very* hurtful?' 'Everything that they come in contact with,' I replied, 'they smash to pieces, no matter what.' He said he had heard of this, and quietly asked me 'if I could not *make some* for him.' Another pipe was then introduced into his mouth by his servant, who had just removed it from his own, and wiped the stem on the cuff of his garment. Little by little my visitor assumed a perfect calmness. Tea had been brought, which revived him. He then gazed and stared about, having

never been inside a foreign Factory before. His attention was at length fixed upon my broadcloth coat. He praised its quality, inquired the price per 'covid' (foot), and if there was any so fine to be bought, ending an embellished eulogy of the garment by intimating that he should consider it no insult if merely a few yards were offered to him; he wanted no more, in fact wouldn't take an inch beyond that quantity, though it were insisted upon; indeed no argument could tempt him. I expressed regret at being unable to serve him in the matter, but referred him to Old Clothes Street, where at a very reasonable price the cloth might be procured. He then arose and said, 'I announce my departure; don't rise, sit still. I am going.'¹ I followed him to the door. The servant in the meantime being separated from his master in gathering up pipe, tobacco, ends of lighted paper, and so on, the champion of the Central Flowery availed himself of the moment and said, 'Oh, by the way, your foreign fragrant water is delightful. I should be much gratified if you could point out to me where a small bottle could be purchased. It would be impertinent were I to ask you for any; *no*, I *cannot*, nor for any scented soap, or perfumed snuff. I leave; sit down, don't escort me.' I could not resist this appeal of my friend, and leaving him for a moment, I managed to get a bar of yellow soap and a black bottle of *rather* indifferent *cologne*, both manufactured in *Vermont*, and presented them to him. These, after being offered and refused three times, according to strict rules of etiquette, he accepted, then left, and I never heard of him again.

¹ A customary phrase on a visitor leaving.

The Chinese Emperor Ming made himself famous by writing an ode to '*the pride of the pot*,' *ergo*, tea, but the following is not it. The foreign barbarian had but little time to devote to such amusements, *in the season*, but to commemorate the introduction of 'Oolong' to the American market, one of them hazarded a few verses suggested by the gathering of some friends on a broad cool verandah, of a summer's night, after the *first* shipments of it had been made.

Oolong Tea.

Draught divine, imperial tea !
Not cut-throat green, nor black bohea.
But pure Oolong. Oh, shade of Ming !
'Stir up the fire, let the kettle sing.'

Drench ye who will with Hyson skin
Old maids of *young* Hyson may sing—
Cream of Oolong, 'tis to thy praise
We who ship teas our voices raise !

See what dire contention rules,
As markets open, 'foreign fools' ;
No crusade yet was ever half so wrathy
As then exists for Congo, Gun, and Twankay.

Not thus with racy Oolong—thou
Art only known and prized by few ;
Successive draughts increase delight,
We chat o'er thee—aye, pass the night.

Hark ! the fo-gong¹ softly singing,
Its crystal liquid bubbles o'er—
Quick Afoo, faete² Ahing,
Water in the teapot pour.

¹ Tea-kettle.

² Haste.

Add the leaves, now let it draw—
Come, sit down—' Boy, seats for four '—
Cheroots produce, let Joss stick boat
With *dragon's wings* o'er table float.

The bread and butter thinly slice—
Oh, spread it delicately nice !

Hand this to Wood, and this to Jabez,
Milk and sugar as each pleases ;
Drink long and deep, return each cup
Again with nectar to fill up.

In motion all, now cups and saucers rattle,
Cheroots are lighted, each begins his prattle ;
Keen is each jest, witty is each song,
Evening flies, and night glides gaily on.

Thus we eat and sip, and all a motley chaos seem,
Of smoke, of toast, of butter, bread, and cream.

Canton, October 1827.

Due north of the Factories stands a temple, second only to the one at Ho-Nam. It is called the ' Temple of Longevity,' and is very ancient, the foundations standing on the site of a Cochin-Chinese temple, which occupied the spot between seven and eight hundred years ago. There are several shrines within the enclosure, each one surrounded by broad verandahs, bordered with white marble slabs connecting tall columns. On the slabs are carved dragons in relief, with inscriptions in the ancient Chinese character, the *Seal* character, and with which few are acquainted at the present day. In the centre of the largest hall is a square cage-like enclosure, mounted on a stone platform about five feet high, open in front, displaying within the god ' Shuy-Fuh ' or ' Sleeping

Buddha,' very like Silenus. He is represented as a great gross personage, with an enormous rotundity of body and heavy broad features, an inane smile on the countenance, and altogether a type of easy indolence. In front of it stands a long high narrow table, on which are seen the offerings of those who worship this sleepy-looking deity. You then ascend a long flight of steps to an upper verandah, surrounding the second storey at a height of forty feet from the ground.

Here you find a shrine containing a huge wooden image of the female Buddha painted green ; around the base is an inscription in large gilt characters in relief, the whole having a beautiful appearance. A fine view is had from the verandah, including in it the western wall of the city in a good part of its length, with its battlements and towers, and inside of it the Mohammedan mosque and minaret.

The wall of this verandah is smoothly plastered with chunam, and on it are cut with pointed knives or written in pencil, the names of many foreigners of divers nations, some of which are dated in 1760. They seem to have been preserved with a religious care befitting the temple. One of the barbarian visitors, under the sway of the Muses, thus gives way to his inspiration :—

I sailed in youth from that fair land,
For Eastern India's distant strand,
To offer happiness and health
Before the shrine of fame and wealth.
Hope ne'er deserted my youthful breast,
No boding forms my heart depress'd,
Though in a distant region thrown,
A stranger, friendless and unknown.

T. M. : 1760.

On one side of this is written B. King, 1760, and Major

Allen, ship *Asia*, 1760. Then we have in the order of date, Bruce Mitchell, 1782, E. W. Warrington, 1787, J. Luke, 1788, J. Dorr, 1790, John Uke, 1792, T. Bliss, midshipman, Nottingham, 1792, S. Dean, ship *Nancy*, 1792, J. Downs, midshipman, 1792, Maneke, 1794, J. H. Graham, 1794, —, Taunton Castle, 1794. It would be worth something to know who it was who *did not write* his name but drew a black line before 'Taunton Castle.' Silfree, Swede, 1795, J. C. Signeus, 1795, William Carter, of Providence, R.I., September 3, 1808, *John Smith* Craig, 1809, S. A. Dorr, 1818, Thomas L. Berguelin, T. Mason, with quantities of initials, and many more names not decipherable. Finally, another poetically gifted visitor, too modest to sign even his initials, has left this rhapsody, dated 1765 :—

Give me the soul that like mine is free
 From all but LOVE's delightful sway,
 Who when together at the sparkling glass
 The happy night with . . .
 . . . mornings gray !

Half of the *two* last lines, perhaps *too* touching, have been obliterated by some ill-natured fellow.

On descending from the verandah you are invited by the priests to the Guests' Hall, and before you are placed dried fruits, salted olives, dry water-melon seeds, and tea. Having discussed these you take leave, giving the uninvited attendant who has escorted you over the building a thing well known to Canton residents, called 'cumsha,' and consisting on this occasion of two 'great rounds,' a Chinese term for whole dollars. You pass by stone-lined tanks of water with immense lotos leaves of four or five feet diameter, and containing gold and silver fish ; then near the great gate of entrance you stop a moment to look at four enormous statues in gilded

wood, arranged two on each side, representing *Music*, *War*, *Justice*, and the *Medical Art* (one hand extended with a pill of the size of a pumpkin between the thumb and forefinger).

As an 'old Canton,' while your friends are gaily enjoying themselves, you are haunted by the experience that however easy it is to get *to the* temple, it is running a muck to reach the Factories on your return from it. As you arrive at the great gate of exit, you are attracted by a loud noise *behind* you, and on turning to know the cause, you find the priest cuffing the layman to force him to disgorge the 'flowered red money, two great rounds,' with which you had rewarded him for foisting himself upon you as 'guide and *interpreter*,' on the strength of knowing *four* words of *barbarian* language, viz., 'Look see. Joss pigeon!' That, however, calls for no interference on your part, and you enter a small public square outside the gate. It has always been the *rendez-vous* of crowds of those miscreants known as 'bad little boys,' who amuse themselves in flying kites, pitching small stones for want of 'cash,' and in a hundred other ways; these stop simultaneously as you try to pass on, and *shriek* out, 'Fankwae! Fankwae!' It spreads like wildfire. To appear calm and indifferent you make some remark to your friend at your side about the curious things you have just seen, when a lump of mud knocks off his hat just as he replies with the words, 'Oh, beautiful!' A harder substance, which proves to be a bit of brick, hits another one of the party in the back; presently you receive one yourself; then a dozen are flung at a time, while repeated yells of 'Fankwae!' ring in your ears.

Older boys of a purely ruffianly type join the younger ones. The turmoil increases, and so do brickbats, bits

of wood, the most thoroughly worn-out old shoes, with more mud and pieces of broken pots. There are heaps of these sort of things in all squares and at the corners of all streets. Bearing in mind the old adage, 'Discretion, &c.,' you hasten onward. In turning a corner you come in contact with an itinerant seller of live fish in a tub of water suspended from a bamboo over his shoulder. The water from the tub as it capsizes drenches you and the seller, the fish are flopping about the street, the owner heaps upon you unheard of abuse; he is, however, at once mollified with 'two great rounds;' the shouts of the youthful fiends increase, you see that a 'circumstance' is brewing, and away you go at a run.

All manner of crooked intricate streets are gone through at a pace. Peaceful Chinamen look at you in bewilderment. The little bad boys and elder ruffians do not keep up the pursuit long, but drop off and disappear. In a short time you arrive at the head of Old Clothes Street, and stop to get breath; in a few moments more you enter the *Square*, laughing over the adventure; and then your Factory. You array yourself in clean garments, and shortly, around the festive board, your friends beside you cannot refrain from indulging in the reverse of benedictions on the Temple of Longevity, on the bad boys, every Chinese in existence, and the Empire at large.

A couple of months will have passed, there is no office work, it is the dull season, when not knowing what to do a brother purser says, 'What do you say to a visit to the Temple of Longevity?' 'All right!' and again you beard the lion in his den. It is useless to deny yourself a walk simply from the chance of a broken head where exercise cannot be had every day.

Since writing the above I have received from an old friend at Canton, Mr. Gideon Nye, news of the destruction of this celebrated temple, as follows :—

CANTON.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE OF LONGEVITY.

Bleak House, November 16, 1881.

The monastery—*Cheong-show-tsz*—known to foreigners as the Temple of Longevity, comprising several fine detached halls and pavilions, the larger of which were based upon terraces of white marble and approached by steps of the same, between balustrades with richly-wrought entablatures or medallions and various other points of sumptuousness, within an enclosure of ample extent situated in the western suburbs and within a moderate distance of the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, has been destroyed by 'the mob' to-day, and is still burning.

Its neighbourhood has long been noted for turbulence ; and so long ago as 1835 I was one of a party of five who were mobbed there, including my cousin Mr. Hathaway, Mr. Hunter, and two other gentlemen besides myself, who were rescued with difficulty by admission to the enclosure, and, when the mob burst in the outer gates, were taken by the priests to a distant lesser entrance far away from the front, whence we quickly sped to the Factories.

One day, while prodding with a stick amongst the grass on a hill behind the Hō-Nam Joss House, I struck upon some masonry, and curiosity led me to clear away the earth and examine it. It proved to be the tomb of a Spanish priest. It was precisely like all Chinese graves, of a horse-shoe form, and in the recess thus formed it bore an inscription in Latin and one in Chinese. The first read as follows :—



A R P F.

ANTONIO

A. S. MARIA

ORDINIS MINORUM

MINISTRO AT PRAEFICIO

VERE APOSTOLICO

AB EXILIO CANTONIENSI

AD COELESTUM PATRIAM

EVOCATO

ANNO MDCLXIX

13. KAL. JUNII

F. GREGORIOS

LOPEZ

EPS. BASILITANUS

ET VICARIUS APOSTOLICUS

NANKINI

PATRI. SUO. SPEN.

RESTAURATO SEPULCHRO

LAPIDEM HUNC

GRATITUDINIS MONUMENTUM

EREXIT.

ANNO DOMINI MDCLXXXV.¹

The Chinese inscription, translated, says :—

The grave of the saint *Gan-Tang-haou*,² a member of the Society of *Tsze-Ko*,³ a native of Spain, a great nation of the West. Firm in his adherence to correct principles, and in the practice of virtue and benevolence, he left his native country and came to teach the religion of the Lord of Heaven to the people of the Middle Nation. In the sixth year of *Tsung-Ching*⁴ he commenced his labours, which ended only with his death, in the city of Canton, on the 14th day of the 6th moon

¹ This is an *exact* copy of the original.

² Antonio.

³ The Chinese name adopted by the Brotherhood of Minorites.

⁴ A.D. 1633.

of the 8th year of Kang-He,¹ at the age of sixty-eight years. He lies buried here, at Hō-Nam, on the Paou Hill,² facing the west.

The tomb of the most excellent member of the Society of *Tsze-Ko*, who while living endured pain and difficulties in the practice of good works.

These dates are very significant. *Tsung-Ching* was the last Emperor of the Ming (Chinese) dynasty. The city of Pekin was captured in 1644.³ The Imperial family, having made its escape, still exerted an uncertain sway over the yet unattacked southern provinces, but *Tsung-Ching* committing suicide, and the members of his family being dispersed as the Manchooks advanced to the south, Canton was taken after a long resistance on November 24, 1650. In illustration of the vigour of its defence and the vengeance of the Manchooks, history says 'blood flowed through the streets in sounding torrents ;' and at last 'it was taken through treachery.' This may well be believed, when looking at its massive walls, its enormous double gates and high towers, while its assailants had no artillery, and their forces consisting mainly of horsemen, armed with bows and arrows and spears. Another story confirming the treachery as related by the Chinese is, that when the traitor, a prefect, appeared and demanded his reward, the Tartar general caused him to be led out and decapitated, saying that 'it was a well-merited reward for betraying his country.' *Kang-He* was the third sovereign of the actual reigning family, the 'Ta-Tsing,' or 'Greatly Pure dynasty.' His reign is still the longest of any of his line, sixty-one years. He was a learned man, and took pleasure in literary pursuits. Under his auspices the most comprehensive Dictionary of the Chinese language was published, and is to-day the

¹ A. D. 1669. ² Paou-Shan. The precious hill. ³ By the Manchooks.

favourite above all others. He caused movable types of copper to be cut in 1722.

It was by decree of the first Manchoo Tartar Emperor, *Shun-Che*, that the Chinese throughout the entire country were obliged to shave their heads under penalty of death, and to adopt the longtail.¹ Up to that time they wore long hair rolled up on the top of their heads and secured with pins. This mode is constantly seen on old porcelain, on the stage, and in books of to-day. The origin of the decree was caused by the repeated assassinations of Tartar soldiers of the garrisons which all the conquered cities were obliged to receive, and who occupied a city within the city, walled and fortified, as everyone may see at the present day in Canton, where the descendants of the earliest garrison still exist. Their shaven heads always betrayed them, and nothing could have been more effectual and ingenious than the decree. Many men of rank, however, as well as officers and others, refused compliance with it and were executed.

Father Antonio must have witnessed the long siege and final capture of the city of Canton, and have seen between the Dutch and French *Follies* the two vessels despatched from Batavia in 1655, to congratulate the new dynasty and to offer presents. During the absence of the Mission overland to Peking and return to their ships, these remained at anchor in front of the city, as shown by engravings in the history of the Embassy. The *Follies* are represented as being opposite the south-west and south-east corners of the city walls, built on

¹ The origin of head-shaving with the Manchoo Tartars is curious. They pretend to be descended from the horse—and perpetuate the tradition in the cut of the cuffs of their official garments, which are of the form of the hoof, while the long plaited queue represents the tail.

rocks at a moderate distance from the shore, and separated from it by a narrow branch of the river, as they may be seen now. There is no authentic authority as to how these detached forts obtained their foreign names, but on my first arrival at Canton in 1825, a story was current in relation to the *Dutch Folly* of a most ludicrous nature. While lying near it, the two vessels above obtained permission from the Mandarins to occupy it as a hospital for their sick. One day, while they were landing at it casks of *medicines* and *stores*, the head of one fell out, and with it *muskets* and *cannon*. This surprised the Chinese amazingly, and caused the exclamation in *pigeon English*, 'Hae yah, how can sick man *yum gun*?' (that is to say, 'swallow guns'). We must bear in mind that in 1655 *pigeon English* must have been in swaddling clothes.

Carpenters' Square was the sole place of resort for captains of vessels at Canton. There they bought all manner of camphor wood trunks and boxes, dressing-cases, writing-desks, &c. It may be imagined that when lying at Whampoa for five or even six months waiting for a cargo of silks, time hung heavily on their hands. Consequently they became disgusted with Canton, so much so, that in reply to a question as to how he liked it, seeing he had seen so much of it, one of them said, 'I'll tell you what I *think* of it. When the Almighty had finished the world on a Saturday night, He must have made Canton out of the chips!'

In the 'Chinese Repository,' volume xi., occurs the following:—

'The *late* Thomas Beale left his residence in Macao about 5 o'clock P.M., December 10, 1841. From that time all inquiries for him were fruitless till the 13th inst. January 1842.'

The gentleman to whom allusion is here made was the oldest foreign resident in China, having arrived prior to 1785. He would relate his visit to the ships of Laperouse, which refitted at Macao in 1787. He came from England to join the licensed house of Shank and Beale, of which his brother Daniel was the partner, and who died at Macao, January 4, 1827. Mr. Thomas Beale came out at the time when foreigners were not allowed to remain in the Canton Factories after the despatch of their vessels. After many years he had given up business and was preparing to return to England, when, going to Macao for a visit on his way home, circumstances led him to pass there the remainder of his days. I forbear any particular reference to business transactions with a Portuguese gentleman at Macao, which were currently spoken of when I arrived there in 1825, and which ended in the loss of the large fortune that Mr. Beale meant to retire with.

When I first made his acquaintance at Canton, where he happened to be on a visit when I landed, I was struck with the first remark he made, when Mr. Covert, to whom I was consigned, said to him: 'Here is the *youngest* arrival from America we have seen yet;' to which Mr. Beale replied: 'So they are beginning to send you children!' Mr. Beale was yet in a comfortable position at Macao. He occupied one of the finest of the old Portuguese houses, enclosed within high walls, on a narrow street known as Beale's Lane, from his brother having lived in it before him. To it was joined a large garden, filled with the choicest and rarest

of plants and flowers, a Bombay mango tree in full bearing, lychee and orange trees, and the custard apple, &c. It possessed an aviary also, in which amongst the brilliant peacock and the mandarin duck, with many strange and scarce birds, was a *live* bird of paradise, at that time the rarest of all. The garden, arranged as Chinese gardens are, with the flowers and plants growing in pots, was one of the sights of the city, and to it its proprietor granted access to his own friends and their friends and the casual visitors to Macao, with all reasonable freedom. He was himself one of the old school in its fullest signification : stately in person, somewhat formal, with distinguished manners. On my short visit to Macao, *en route* to Singapore and Malacca in April 1825, I presented to him for his aviary two living quails, which had been my companions on board the *Citizen* on the passage out from New York ; the birds thrived and left numerous descendants in the land. Between this time and 1841 the old gentleman had fallen into great difficulties, while a natural pride withheld him from seeking that assistance which all who knew him (and could do so) would willingly have rendered. He, however, sought quietly that of his comrade, an old and faithful servant, and some time before the final catastrophe he had taken refuge (unknown to any one) in his house at Mong-Hā, a village about a mile beyond the walls of Macao. As events marched on, Mr. Beale related to me that the most painful thing to him was the impossibility to make certain payments to some Chinese of Macao for friends who had left the country. One of them calling as usual, on behalf also of several others, was unable to collect the amounts due. Mr. Beale explained his inability to pay, and was met with this reply, translated from pigeon English : ‘Mr.

Beale, let it give you no pain. You are old now, and trouble of mind must be avoided. For years, old and young, we have known you; we reverence you, and we beg you not to give way to sorrow on our account. Some of us are well off; we will help one another.' 'This conduct,' said Mr. Beale when he related the story to me, 'caused me more grief than anything else; it touched me bitterly. What noble words, what kind-heartedness from those poor people!'

One evening before his final disappearance, he came to my house on the Praya Manduca.¹ It was about nine o'clock; a visit so late in the day was quite unusual for him—then over seventy. After being seated a few minutes he made known the object of his call. It was with heartfelt satisfaction that I complied with his request for pecuniary aid, placing in his hands an order on Messrs. Russell and Co.'s compradore for 600 dollars. He soon after took leave, with the assurance from me that whenever I could be of further use, he must come frankly and let me know. I did not see him again until the morning of *December* 10, 1841, when coming from my private residence to the office on the Praya Granda, I met him about ten o'clock on the corner of Beale's Lane and Mr. Nye's house. It was one of those glorious Macao mornings. We chatted about the beauty of the weather, the delicious balmy air, and so on; then shook hands and parted. He was going, he said, 'as far as Anderson's' (our Macao physician), who also had a public dispensary. From that day the old gentleman disappeared. We were lost in conjecture as to his whereabouts; he had not been at Mong-Hā, as some of us imagined. At length, on January 13, 1842, his body

¹ Macao inner harbour.

was found at Cacilha's Bay, embedded in the sand, by some Portuguese boys, while hunting for shells. The discovery created great excitement ; everyone rushed to the Campo across which the road led to the bay. I jumped into my sedan, called for Mr. Lejee, one of the partners of Wetmore and Co., and together we were borne rapidly out of the city gate. Some Portuguese, who passed us going towards the city, cried out ' Senhor Beale ! ' the Chinese echoed the name ' Low-pe-tae. ' ¹ As we approached the road leading to the gate of San Antonio we met a great crowd following a brancard, which we followed also, to the mortuary chapel of the Old East India Company. On an appointed day the little chapel was densely crowded with official and other Portuguese, with Spanish, English, and American friends, and many Chinese, who had come to assist at the last offices for the oldest foreign resident at Macao, whose name had been a household word for close upon two generations.

Six months had come and gone after the funeral, when three Chinamen, humbly clad, sounded at the gate of his old residence and asked to see the comprador. On being admitted, one of them explained the object of their visit. They came from *Fisherman's Point*, which forms the northern boundary of *Cacilha's Bay*. It was occupied by these men, who fished and cultivated small patches of paddy ground. One of the men then went on to say : On the evening of the 28 day of the 10 moon (December 10) last year, a foreigner came to our huts. He spoke the native dialect. He told us that on the beach at *Cacilha's Bay* a dead man was lying ; ' if he was

¹ ' Old Beale's younger brother '—by which he was universally known by Chinese.

not buried, we, being the nearest Chinese to it, the Mandarins would molest us, perhaps hold us responsible for his death, as you know they often do.' We one and all replied that our safety was not to go near it, and then with guiltless words we can confront the officers. The stranger said, 'But the spirit of the dead man, deprived of rest, will hover about you night and day so long as the body is above ground. It will haunt you; think of what I say.' We again, one and all, thrice replied, 'that being without sin in this matter, the gods will chase away the spirit; we will not be haunted.' The stranger said, 'The wretched spirit will bring you other ills. Your paddy will yield no rice. Your nets will catch no fish: you will be reduced to misery and want.' He knew our customs and our prejudices. We understood his words. We consulted together with fear, and decided to go and bury the body that evil might be warded off. We were gathering such implements as we had and were about to start; it was then near the second watch (9 to 11). The stranger stopped us. 'No, not to-night,' he said, 'but at dawn of day; you can then see clearly, and may bury suitably in a deep grave; is it not so?' 'Yes,' we answered, 'it is so.' He then placed in our hands this small packet, which you will notice has never been opened, ascended the hill and disappeared. At early dawn we crossed the hill and descended to the bay. We walked along the sands, when suddenly we came in sight of a dead body, completely clothed, lying on its back. Now, hurrying on, as we approached it we trembled with fear: we saw in it our visitor of the evening. We asked one another, was it the man himself who came to us, or was it his spirit? We know they transform themselves at will. Our limbs

shook. Afang said, 'Quick! there is the morning's light; if discovered *here* we shall have our heads cut off.' We dug a grave in the sand, placed the corpse within it, and filled it up with reverence. When we again reached our huts, we burnt incense and dedicated a 'lob-chōk'¹ to the spirit; we burnt fire-crackers, and thus removed all cause for further visits. With time we heard of a Macao foreigner being missed—it was spoken of in the market-place. We said nothing for fear we might be taken and executed on suspicion. Now there is no longer anything said, the event is long past, we have come to return the packet with its contents as we received it. We cannot take a reward for such a work as we performed. On opening the packet, the three men having departed, it was found to contain four dollars! Small gifts or rewards were usually done up in red paper—as this one was. The fisherman's story was taken down in writing by the compradore and read over, a copy of it he gave to me, of which this is the translation.

It was a privilege granted to any of his foreign friends to make picnic excursions to the beautiful residence of Pwan-Kei-Qua at Pun-Tong, more particularly in the absence of the family at Hō-Nam, but we were at any time civilly admitted by the servants in charge, whether to rest from boat-pulling or to walk about the curiously laid out grounds. It was a most attractive spot, and meetings took place in it between foreign envoys and the higher officers of the Government, even the specially delegated Imperial Com-

¹ A red candle.

missioners. Many fine old trees were scattered about, as were varieties of fruit and flowers, such as the mandarin and cooly orange, the lychee and others unknown in Europe, as the kumquot, wampee, lung-gan, and the singular flat peach. Amongst the flowers were the white, red, and variegated camellia, the chrysanthemum, mourning bell, aster chinensis, and carnation. Differently from the western world, flowers are here cultivated in pots, these being tastefully arranged on circular shelves of a pyramidal form. The gravel-paved walks, the rough stone grottoes surmounted by small pavilions, the granite bridges across small lakes or running waters, the deer, peacock, storks, and the mandarin duck with its beautiful plumage, formed additional attractions. The grounds were surrounded entirely by a brick wall of eight or nine feet high, and access to them was by a massive double door of Siamese teak well polished, on which were painted of a life size, figures of men of letters or of the sword, in ancient costumes, indicating that members of the family had attained official rank. Within the great enclosure were several separate ranges of dwellings in the light, graceful form peculiar to residences of wealthy Chinese, so striking in effect from the curved roofs, surmounted by a ridge of carved wood, with a large central object such as a ball or an animal. These dwellings were of one or two storeys, encircled with broad verandahs. The disposition of the rooms reminds one of those of Pompeii, being separated by open courts across which awnings could be drawn, and colonnades. The wide passage leading from the outer vestibule has on either hand a porter's lodge, and closes by means of double doors similar to the one of the great entrance. The rooms are usually three abreast, and

divided by partitions, in some cases carved *au jour*, representing flowers, birds, or musical instruments, the doors of communication being furnished with rich curtains. One of the three rooms is devoted to a library, in which are books made up in cloth covers and placed on peculiar shaped shelves, very much like zigzag and difficult to describe, while here and there are interspersed ancient bronzes, incense burners, with rare and valuable porcelain vases, some of which are of great antiquity, a most curious collection of ancient and modern Chinese copper coins, round, square, and sword-shaped, pictures woven in silk as well as in paper, resembling embroidery, with ancient weapons and other notable historical objects. To the newly arrived Fankwae these things offer a remarkable and interesting treat. From the upper verandahs one has a view of the northern wall of the city of Canton, at a distance of about four to five miles. A branch of the Pearl River, to which we gave the name of *North River*, passes to the west of the grounds in their whole extent, a broad space bordering it being paved with stone for the landing-place.

Pwan-Kei-Qua was immensely amused when I translated for him the following fanciful description of Pun-Tong by a French gentleman who had lately visited it, in which he is styled Monsieur Portingus (evidently the name of the place). He was in great glee at hearing that he had made a fortune in the opium trade (with which he never had anything to do), but strange to say the gentleman was nearer right in the estimate of his fortune, though a guess in the same spirit of exaggeration, 100,000,000 francs in his eyes being something colossal. With the inheritance from his father, Pwan was worth over 20,000,000 dollars, within a third

of the wealth of Howqua. He closed his remarks on the *description* with the emphatic words, 'Belong foolo pigeon'—equivalent to 'What stuff!'

A letter from Canton of April 11, 1860, in the *Gazette de France*, says:—

I lately ¹ visited the estate of a Chinese merchant of Canton, named *Portingus*, and on which he spends 3,000,000 francs a year—an immense sum in a country where labour is to be had almost for nothing. The property is larger than a king's domain. This Chinaman made his fortune in the opium trade, and is said to possess more than 100,000,000 francs. He has fifty wives and eighty domestics, without counting thirty gardeners, labourers, &c., and owns in the north of China a still finer estate. *He has a great liking for the French, and receives them well!* When I went with two friends to visit his mansion he had just left, but I was received by a steward, who conducted us over the house and grounds. In front of the house is a vast garden, in which are the rarest flowers, and a wide alley leads to the principal entrance. The apartments are vast, the floors being in marble; they are ornamented with columns of the same material and of sandalwood encrusted with mother-o'-pearl, *gold, silver, and precious stones*. Splendid looking-glasses of a prodigious height; furniture in precious wood covered with Japan lacquer, and magnificent *carpets of velvet and silk*, decorate the rooms. The apartments are separated from each other by movable partitions of cypress and sandalwood, which are ornamented with charming designs cut right through the wood, so as to permit one room to be seen from the other. From the ceilings are suspended chandeliers ornamented with *precious stones*. There are more than thirty piles of building in the whole edifice, which are united by covered galleries with columns and *pavements in marble*. The lodgings of the women are decorated with more than Eastern splendour. An entire army might be lodged in the house and grounds. Watercourses, on which are gilded junks, traverse them in all

¹ 1860.

directions ; and at intervals are vast basins, in which are swans, ibises, and an infinite variety of birds. There are also pagodas *nine storeys high*, which are very remarkable ; some are in marble, others in *sandalwood* carved with great art. In the gardens are extensive aviaries of the rarest and most beautiful birds. In front of the women's apartments is a theatre in which a hundred actors can perform, and so placed that people in the apartments can see without difficulty. Near the outer door is a printing-office, in which M. Portingus causes the memoirs of his family to be prepared for posterity.

In the years 1852-4 the ruffianism of Kwang-Se and Kwang-Tung was let loose though the crazy exploits of a fanatic named Hung-Sew-Tseuen, who took upon himself the title of Tai-Ping Wang, 'King of Great Peace.' He was a native of Kwang-Se and had passed his examination for the lowest degree of literary merit, that of Sew-tsai. Making his way to Canton in 1851, he joined a school kept by a Methodist missionary, Mr. Roberts. It was there that I first saw him, being struck by his languid, half-closed eyes, as if his thoughts were turned inward. His subsequent sinister career caused the loss of as much human life and of as much misery, or very near it, as did that of Peter the Hermit (another professor of the so much abused command, 'do unto others as you would,' &c.) to infidels and Christians together. The Chinese visionary managed to acquire such a reputation that hundreds of thousands of the lowest and vilest of the southern provinces became his followers. They defied all authority ; the Mandarins were completely paralysed by their tumultuous progress northward, and unprepared to resist, were too happy to let them 'pass on' out of their respective jurisdictions. So swiftly

did they move over the country, that in a short time, passing through the provinces of Kwang-Se and Gan-Hwuy, they arrived at and established themselves in the city of 'Nan-King'¹ (March 21, 1853), the ancient capital of the Empire under the Chinese dynasties.

It is surprising that many foreigners, including missionaries, believed, in spite of the barbarities perpetrated by these fellows, they had it sincerely at heart to *evangelise* their benighted countrymen, and not even the cold-blooded massacre of the Tartar garrison of Nan-King when they entered it, consisting with their families of nearly 25,000, *old and young*, could *convert* them from that belief. This is but a meagre sketch of what has passed into history under the title of the *Tai-Ping rebellion*. It may only be added here, that Hung-Sew-Tseuen, having invited his old schoolmaster, Mr. Roberts, to Nan-King, he went there and found a condition of things grotesque to a degree; he seemed to have dropped into the very midst of a multitude of devils incarnate. Amongst other novelties, several of the leaders had assumed the most pompous and meaningless of titles, such as the *Sword-King*, the *Shield-King*, &c. An altercation one day took place between Roberts and the former, who drew his sword and would have smote him upon the spot had he not dexterously escaped and sought refuge with his old pupil. It soon became evident, however, that he was in unsafe quarters, and risking his life. The result was the 'King of Great Peace' made him a present of a sum of money, about 6,000 dollars, and suggested a change of air, of which he was only too happy to avail himself, left Nan-King, and arrived in

¹ The Southern capital, in contradistinction to 'Pih-King, the Northern capital—Pekin by foreigners.

safety at Shang-Hae. This formidable rebellion, without other than the most visionary of schemes, quite fascinated the bad characters of Canton, and gave unheard of anxiety to the local government, quite unprepared to deal with it. Outlying towns and villages, many islands south of Whampoa forming the delta of the Pearl River, as well as junks and boats, were attacked by hordes of vagabonds, plundered and burnt, if resistance was made, and the occupants destroyed. At night from the roofs of our Factories towns and villages were seen in flames after having been sacked. The city authorities, under the Viceroy Yip, turned their attention to the protection of the city itself. The four great western and eastern gates were closed and blocked up inside under the broad arches of the walls with bags of sand and earth, which formed impenetrable barriers, the smaller gates north and south were closely watched and guarded, while preparations were made to *bag* them also if necessary. Between the north wall and the White Cloud Mountain a valley intervenes of perhaps two or three miles in breadth. On the mountain side thousands of outlaws collected, living upon the plunder derived from towns and villages as well as from an old Buddhist temple in a gorge of the mountain at a considerable height. It was a favourite resort for foreigners on picnic excursions; the priests, about thirty in number, were always civil and never disdained a liberal *cumsha* for the use of the building. Close to the north wall stand several forts, amongst them *Gough's* and the *Blue Jacket*, the latter so named from having been occupied by sailors from the British fleet in May 1841.

I had fallen into the good graces of the Commander of the Blue Jacket Fort (whom I had known for some time), from having presented him with an opera-glass

and explaining its use, as he had never seen one before. He was a tall, powerfully made man, by birth a Manchoo Tartar, named Kishangha, in Chinese Wang, and of the rank of major. From the walls of the fort he would survey the environs with the glass, exclaiming in astonishment, 'Leaou-puh-tih !' (wonderful). During the troubles now spoken of I walked out frequently to the fort, and was always cordially received. Tea, with pork pasties or goose-fat buns, lichee, and whampee would be served on the ramparts, where, with cheroots brought with me, we sat down to witness comfortably the hacking and slaying of the battlefield, and listen to the most frightful of noises during the almost daily skirmishing between the rebels and soldiers. The latter were easily recognisable by each one being labelled *Yung* (brave) on the breast and back of his coat. Arrows flew about, matchlocks, after some coaxing and fizzing, reported themselves, but words of mutual abuse and of the worst kind were heard above the din of the battle. One afternoon about twenty prisoners were brought in, who incautiously coming too near the *braves*, insulting them by calling them sons of burnt fathers, foundlings, &c., were captured. The major sent them at once inside the city with a short despatch, which led to their being *despatched* to and on the execution ground the *same* day. When prisoners are made on such occasions, decapitation is never put off on sentimental grounds. The southern approach to the city, by what was known as the Macao Passage, was protected by heavy men-of-war junks anchored in a treble tier across the entire breadth of the river, broadside to, just below the Te-To-Tum Fort,¹ and so disposed

¹ So called by the Canton Fankwaes from its circular shape and tall tower in the centre of it.

alternately that they commanded the approach of anything from the south by water. Perhaps four or five miles further down, the river was occupied by hundreds of rebel boats, mostly trading junks that had been captured. A deal of harmless firing took place between these *squadrons* daily and nightly, with no end of noise, but of result nil. A few friends pulled down to the Mandarin junks on a visit to the 'Flag;' the usual compliments were exchanged, cheroots smoked, tea served. We were surprised at the cool manner in which they regarded the political situation, but for this weakness these same junks of war were paid off afterwards by Admiral Keppel in a boat expedition, when he rushed upon them while defending on another branch of the river the important city of Fat-Shan of over 200,000 inhabitants, Major — of the 59th Regiment, Hong-Kong garrison, being killed by a round shot by the side of the Admiral. This being the position of matters at *Canton*, it was worth visiting Whampoa, where the rebels were also in great numbers, setting the authorities at defiance. Mr., then A. H., jun., and myself, in the schooner yacht *Atalanta*, belonging to Mr. P. S. F., kindly loaned for the occasion, ran down and entered the passage between French and Dane's Islands in the direction of *Tsang-Poo*, an island with a large town of the same name across another branch of this delta of many streams, and due south from French Island. Scarcely had we entered the channel than we met a fleet of sixty or seventy large double-banked boats, flying the red flag and crowded with men wearing red sashes. They were from *Tsang-Poo*, then in possession of the rebels, on an expedition. As the channel became much crowded by these craft on *business bent*, we rounded to

and accompanied them to Whampoa Reach. Already a deal of firing was going on by another detachment on an immense coast junk, just about entering Junk River, bound to Canton. Shot began falling helter-skelter, so we ran alongside of the Peruvian ship *Carmen*, commanded by Garibaldi, from Callao, with a cargo of guano. To secure a better view of what was going on, and as we thought from a safer place, we climbed the mizen shrouds to the topmast crosstrees. The hapless junk had been boarded and run on the mud, her decks were crowded with red sashes, who on plunder intent were assisting the crew and passengers over the side with spears. The sound of the guns before boarding, the yelling, the shrieks of the wounded, the sculling away from the scene of action of hundreds of bumboats, of washgalley's, and others in the service of the foreign vessels at anchor (amongst them the U. S. frigate *Macedonian*, once or twice struck by stray shot, by the way), all this formed a scene of immense interest and excitement. A. H. and I were intently watching proceedings, when to our disgust a shot flew between the *Carmen's* mainmast and mizenmast, then another uncomfortably close to the latter, which reminded us we were within range, and as we had seen enough of poor devils speared, stabbed, and plundered, we deemed it prudent to get down to the deck, after seeing a fat comfortable-looking passenger who had escaped from the junk to the shore, on his knees imploring to be *spared*, but (misunderstood perhaps) speared instead. The junk was said to have had on board a large quantity of gold, which with all other valuables was dexterously transferred to the Red Flags. Towards evening these had returned to *their* lair at Tsang-Poo, A. H. and myself to *ours* respectively, then

dressed and dined together in a melancholy way after the terrible scenes we had witnessed.

Now it came to pass that, 'tired of war's alarms,' I was taking a siesta on my verandah, Number 1, Ming-Qua's Hong, when the compradore announced King-Qua, a member of the old Co. Hong. He was boiling over with the terrible condition of things generally. Spoke of the conflagrations, the pillage, the cruelty of the bands of cut-throats by whom the Mandarins were more or less taken by surprise, while unable to cope with them at any distance from the city; and all this notwithstanding that of rebels caught *eight* hundred were beheaded on the execution ground in a *single* day, and for several days; while, when only 300 to 400 were disposed of, the number was considered small indeed. There was no use to parley with the ruffians; when captured they were brought to the city and at once led to the execution ground. The *law* was being carried out against traitors and cut-throats, men taken with arms plundering and murdering, or with legs endeavouring to escape the penalty. The straits to which his Excellency the Viceroy and the provincial officers were driven, and the desperate measures to which the former felt himself obliged to resort, were, in palliation of them, afterwards explained by him, when the city was captured and occupied by the English forces in what has become historical as the *Arrow* War. When the troops entered the city the Viceroy disappeared from his Ya-Mun, or official and private residence. A party of officers, accompanied by, then, Mr. Harry Parkes, of the British Consulate, set out in search of him. He was found and reproached for his wholesale butchery of prisoners, &c. He replied, 'It was my duty to protect

the inhabitants and defend the city if I could, and to extirpate those outlaws. If *they had got the upper hand*, the sacrifice of innocent life would have been appalling ; there was no choice between the two.' And it was evident that, in spite of the title of 'butcher,' he could only have acted as he acted ; he was doing his duty. And what were Yip's *judicial butcheries* compared with the *hundreds of thousands* of lives sacrificed by that sacrilegious scoundrel Hung-Seu-Tseuen, through whose *efforts* many good but credulous foreigners saw that *Christianity* was to spread over the land ?

To return to King-Qua, whom we left on the verandah. He said the authorities had decided to seek foreign aid, and strike a blow at Tsang-Poo. This was a town of about 6,000 or 7,000 inhabitants, which gave its name to the island on which it stood, and which bordered the river. The chief of the band of cut-throats there was Ho-a-lüh, one of the principal leaders of this southern rebellion, which *grew out of*, but had no connection with, that headed by Hung-Seu-Tseuen. The number of his followers was 8,000 or 10,000. He gave out that it was his intention to restore the last Chinese dynasty—Ming, overthrown by the Manchoos in 1643. But in practice he took to sending out plundering expeditions right and left, one of which has just been related above. An enormous quantity of loot was already stored at Tsang-Poo, and amongst it many thousand chests of tea which had been seized while *en route* for the city. The total quantity was estimated at 20,000 chests, whose value could not have been less than 550,000 dollars. King-Qua had therefore come to propose an affair. He was authorised by the Mandarins to offer 250,000 dollars to anyone who would *rid the island* of Tsang-Poo of

these pirates, and would also furnish 3,000 well-equipped soldiers to co-operate under a *foreign commander-in-chief*. He suggested that I should be the *head and front* of an expedition (not in *front* as respects the *enemy*, luckily), with many compliments, such as 'All man savee you long time'—and so forth, and so on. As an 'olo flen' he hoped I would consent to manage the 'pigeon'; begged me to think it over, any means I thought proper could be taken, and that I was free to employ anyone I chose. Another cheroot and another cup of tea finished, he took leave, saying, 'You makee consider; my come see you, few day so.'

After thinking the matter over, I decided to go to Tsang-Poo and see how the land lay, and invited A. W. E., H.B.M.'s Consul, who might get some correct information respecting these outlaws, to accompany me. I borrowed for the occasion a fine six-oared gig belonging to Mr. Warren Delano, and in an hour or so—the *so* being occasioned by the extra distance from Whampoa Reach—landed at Tsang-Poo, and was well received. Ho-a-lüh, with several of his *officers*, were gotten up in imitation of the ancient costume of the Chinese, the upper garment being of wide sleeves of rich (plundered) silk, their heads covered with long hair, gathered on the top and secured by gold or gilt pins, this last, particularly, being the discriminating feature between the present and the ante-Manchoo conquest days. The chief was by no means an ill-looking man; he seemed active and clear-headed; he was certainly civil, and in a moment attendants brought tea and pipes with which to refresh. Armed messengers made their appearance with despatches; *they* had also long hair, and garments after the *style* of the head men in shape

and cut. After awhile Ho-a-lüh proposed a walk; we passed through quantities of fellows with red sashes, much better-looking and clad than we expected to find. They were armed with three-pronged spears, swords, and shields chiefly—some had muskets, others matchlocks. After we had cleared the town about half a mile, a rising ground or plateau was pointed out by Ho-a-lüh, who recommended it to our countrymen¹ as suitable for building sites for *Factories*, it being near the foreign ships and more convenient for business than Canton. We were accompanied by several head men, or aids, of one of whom I asked his 'illustrious name,' to which he replied (as usual on such an occasion), 'My mean Sing' (family name) 'is Chin.' He occasionally volunteered a remark, and seemed to be in the confidence of his chief. His name in full was Chin-Heen-Lang. On our return to headquarters we 'announced our departure,' the chief, several A.D.C.'s and attendants, coming with us to the boat. We had a delightful pull back to the Factories after an interesting day. While passing Napier's Fort we saw the Mandarins' fleet of fifty or sixty large man-of-war boats, with innumerable flags flying, each one carrying about sixty men, including rowers, and it composed the force destined by the authorities to co-operate in the taking of Tsang-Poo.

After cogitating within myself for a day or two, I decided to take the affair in hand. King-Qua was 'chin-chin'd' to come to Ming-Qua's Hong Number 1, when everything was arranged, and an agreement drawn up and signed. He gave a bond for 250,000 Spanish dollars, payable on the island being 'washed clean of rebels,' and to pay cash 25,000 dollars as *bargain money*, which

¹ He had no idea to what countries we belonged.

was subsequently done. He took leave with 'My chin-chin you, more soon more better,' radiant with satisfaction, for he himself was sure to be rewarded with a two-eyed peacock's feather, a distinction as much coveted as being raised to the peerage by an Englishman, or made Secretary of State by an American. I next looked about right and left as to how and where I could secure coadjutors. I thought of Drinker, then at Macao, sent a despatch to him inviting him to come with *fire haste* to Canton on an important affair. He arrived in three or four days, and I explained fully the operation I had in view. We went over the ground in all its aspects; he could find men and boats, a *lorcha* for headquarters, arms, ammunition—in short, everything requisite. I was to be the sleeping partner, he the active partner, and to draw upon me for whatever money was required. Finally, he was either to come himself or send me a 'fire despatch,' when, as he said on leaving for Whampoa, everything was 'ship-shape and Bristol fashion,' so that I could notify King-Qua of the day and hour, and where the 3,000 Government soldiers were to be, to co-operate with him. In a wonderfully short time he had rallied under his yet invisible flag, from Whampoa, Hong-Kong, and Macao, the most extraordinary assortment of dare-devils that can be imagined. There were English and American sailors, Macao *lorcha*-men, Lascars, Manila men, and Kaffirs—never was there so dappled a lot, so variegated in colour and so eager for the bubble reputation. In the words of—I can't recall the author at the moment—they were—

Like boiling liquor in a seething pot,
Fuming, swelling high, and bubbling o'er,

and in number one hundred and twenty-five! They were brought to Whampoa in a lorch bought at Macao, whose name had been changed from *Hésus-Maria* to *Hornet*, and distributed amongst three other vessels composing the Admiral's ¹ fleet. viz., the sloop *Vigilant*, decked, of about 80 tons; the *Rough and Tough* and the *Rough and Ready*, of about 20 tons each, and half-decked. The *admiral* also purchased a small piece of artillery, a 6-pounder, for which a carriage was made by Quishing of Carpenters' Square, and placed in my Hong, ready to be mounted immediately before going into action—the *cannon* meanwhile being at Whampoa. But his most valuable acquisition was one Captain Creasy, who left his ship, the *Pathfinder*, at Hong-Kong, and found the path to Whampoa, where he was duly installed as second in command on board of the *Vigilant*. It being necessary to keep the expedition as quiet as possible, the *vice*-admiral, desirous of a word with the crews, it was given out that a *race* would come off from the first bar to French Island between the three cutters, which dropped down accordingly, the *Tough* and the *Rough* coming alongside of the *vice's* vessel when anchored. All hands being mustered, 'You know what you shipped for?' said Creasy. 'No, sir,' replied one, 'but that don't make no difference.' 'All right! when we run alongside the *town*' (the braves looked at

¹ I had in the meantime procured from the Mandarins a *commission* for Drinker as admiral in the Chinese navy. It was on white paper with a broad margin, filled in with the *five*-clawed dragon, the insignia of the Imperial family, outside of which it was forbidden to be used. The *four*-clawed monster only may be employed, as in Japan to this day. This is another strange contradiction to Western ideas, where the animal is considered the personification of sin, and called also the Devil:—

'Eftsoons that dreadful D.ag:n they espied.'

each other! to run alongside of a *town*!) 'bundle ashore.' 'Aye, aye, sir.' '*Artillery* to the front, and *frighten* everybody. *Noise* is what we want. Blaze away right and left, small arms men. Cheer now and then, or all the time, as you prefer. Don't hurt the people, and don't stop to *loot*' (groans heard here). 'Mandarin soldiers will be there to give you a lift; they are our allies' (three cheers for 'our allies'), 'they wear red coats; don't shoot any of them if you can help it' (more cheers, and one round for the vice). The steward, Sam Cock, then served out to each man 'one glass lum,' which met with general satisfaction, and the *squadron* weighed and ran up the Reach; the *Vigilant*, that had been allowed a good start, leading, and was cheered as she passed the ships at anchor, 'Hooray for the *Vigilant*!' and finally the three anchored promiscuously near French Island.

The same evening I pulled down to Whampoa for a last word with Drinker, and, with his commission in my pocket, I found him on board the *Vigilant* sitting on the taffrail with Vice Admiral *Cræsus*. The crew of this fine sloop was composed entirely of English and Americans, old salts, selected and shroffed by Drinker himself. They were gathered about the heel of the bowsprit, mildly indulging in nightcaps, in smoking, chatting, and laughing, and singing as well. Presently we heard, 'Oh yes, Bob, give us that;' and I was surprised after an interval of many years again to hear that heartrending song of Dibdin (?) in a voice just a bit lumbering and rough, but plaintive and shaky, as befitted the subject. And the words? Ah yes, the words! thrilling enough they are, as they relate how 'a poor Jack' on returning from a good old-fashioned voyage of a twelvemonth, found Sall, who had 'wished her timbers might be shivered' if she wouldn't wait for and

marry him, had in utter disregard of so solemn an asseveration 'gone and married another.' In a gruffish melancholy key, he chides her for her inconstancy :—

O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown, why did ye sarve me so?
I've weather'd many a breeze before, but ne'er felt such a blow ;

the last words taken up by all hands, and ending with the very last one long drawn out.

After relighting pipes, another suggested that Bill Bobstay should give what he called the 'Hornet and Penguin arrangement.' Everyone joined heartily in the chorus, and I dare say neither one knew, or if he did, cared not a copper cash, if the 'arrangement' was between Dutch, Norwegian, or French. Giving Drinker his commission, I left him and landed on Jackass Point as the watchmen on their bamboos were striking *Chow* or the fourth watch, from 1 to 3 A.M.

It was King-Qua's wish, and my intention, to transport the *teas* from Tsang-Poo to Canton without delay, and for this purpose three steamers for which I was agent, viz., the *River Bird*, Captain De Vol, of about 800 tons, the four pipes, *Canton*, Soames, and the *Spark*, Castilla, had received my orders to hold themselves in readiness for 'special service.' Everything was rose-colour, with 50,000*l.* sterling in prospective. The gun-carriage, that had created some curiosity while in my Factory, was taken to pieces and sent to the lorchas by night, that the *artillery* could be mounted on it. Finally, I saw King-Qua, informed him that the attack was to be made on Tsang-Poo *to-morrow* at *midnight*, of which he would give notice to the Mandarins in order that our 3,000 *allies* could be on hand to co-operate. Drinker was at Whampoa with the fleet, eager for the fray, and my intelligent purser, José

Maria de Fonseca, junior, of Macao, straining himself to death over the letter book. At length—

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now looked darkly down,

and twenty four hours were yet to elapse. The next morning, about eleven of the clock, the compradore brought up 'one piece chit, Suy-Hong, *Ma-ke-lin* sendee come.' Saying to myself, 'That's all nonsense, MacLean's at Shanghae,' I opened it, and lo! *it was* from the Hon. Robert M. MacLean, United Minister to China, Plenipo, &c.

He had landed at Canton the same morning from Shanghae unexpectedly soon, although everyone knew he was coming, but perhaps in ten or twelve days, when *our* affair would have been a thing of the past. However, the note was a very polite one, asking me to come and see him at the *earliest convenient* moment. I went forthwith, and to my utter astonishment heard from him of the intended descent upon Tsang-Poo, and of my being the head and front of the affair. I was never so surprised. For urgent reasons, international what nots, complications, and things of the same nature, his Excellency pointed out that grave consequences could arise, the least of which to all concerned was deportation, and what with this thing and the other, he should deeply regret, &c. But at all events there it was ; the undertaking *must be* brought to a full-stop. I was urged to write to Drinker, whose action was considered 'extremely grave,' and direct him to break up the expedition. I said that as he had received the appointment of 'admiral in the Chinese navy,' we both imagined he would be acting loyally and without breach of international law, and so forth, Mr.

MacLean, however, was resolute, and there was positively nothing for it but to 'hear and obey.' As there was no time to be lost, I sent off a 'fire despatch' to Drinker with the U. S. Minister's protest, warning, &c., and went myself to King-Qua, who was prostrated by the news, but calm; ordered his chair, and went to 'show Man-ta-le how fashion.' My despatch was received by the admiral about three P.M. Brief: the men were paid off, regretting they were to have 'no lark after all.' The three cutters were restored to their owners. Arms, ammunition, lorcha, &c., &c., were sold, and the *admiral* brought by Captain McCluney, of the U. S. ship *Powhattan*, into the presence of his Excellency, he having manifested some intention of not appearing.

His *case* was thus described in the modern 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand':—

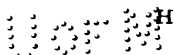
THE FOKEIADE.

Book 4.

Now whilst disgrace *Yip* overtakes,
 And grimly frown impartial fates,
Bibus,¹ Fankwae of lower degree,
 Who spent his early youth at sea,
 Raised by a manner mercenary
 A phalanx styled 'subsidiary'—
 Another worthy heads the ranks
 Enlisted on the river's banks—
Cræsus,² the tall (but not the rich),
 Whose life, like *Bibus*', smelt of pitch,
 Arms and commands the erring tars,
 Who, leaving Hermes, go to Mars.
Bibus these mermen having listed,
 Their pay and perquisites quickly fisted,

¹ Captain Drinker, many years connected with the China trade.

² Captain Creasy, of the American ship *Pathfinder* (San-Francisco).



Which estimated in numbers round
 Amount to several thousand pound ;
 And to confirm his fine position
 Obtains an 'admiral's' commission.
 But, hearing of *Bibus*' elevation,
 A funk o'ertook the *Yankee Nation*,¹
 Which sent one *Captain J. McCluney* ²
 To seize and take old *Bibus* spoony,
 And bring his corpus without pain
 Into the presence of *MacLean*,
 Who in a manner very pressing
 Related how it was distressing
 That he, the head of the Legation,
 Must cause poor *Bibus* some vexation :
 'Though a mortal,' said he, 'still I am
 Legatus plenus of Uncle Sam,
 Who gives me power to disband
 All Yankees fighting in this land ;
 So you your title must resign,
 Nor e'er again employment find
 In ranks of internecine war !
 Hear and obey, for 'tis the law.
 Should you disobey, you know,
 On board the *store ship* straight you go,
 Where your carcass will remain a season
 In the tender care of *Captain Gleason*.³
 So this, you see, is my assumpsit,
 If you don't like it you may lump it.
 And now, *Ad interim*,⁴ I'm sure you think
 'Tis time for us to take a drink ;

¹ In the person of the Honourable Robert M. MacLean, U. S. Minister to China.

² Commander of the U. S. steamer *Powhattan*, Commodore Perry's Squadron.

³ Captain Gleason, Commander of the U. S. store ship *Supply*, anchored off Sha-Ming, as a refuge in case of need in the unsettled state of the city, rivers, and country round about Canton.

⁴ Doctor Peter Parker. For a time Chinese Interpreter, attaché of the U. S. Legation, Vice Minister, &c.

There's nothing like a well-made sling,
 So let your *boy* ingredients bring :
 For *Marshall's* ¹ rule I am a stickler,
 Business finished, fetch the liquor.
Bibus, poor fellow, looks forlorn,
 No doubt he'll join us in a horn—
 So, Doctor dear, pray do be handy,
 Don't keep squinting through the brandy.
Bibus, old cock, here's to your health,
 For though I've stopped your bagging wealth,
 I know you yet will live to bless me,
 Though now you seem inclined to curse me.
 There's no use, *Bibus*, looking fierce,
 I'm acting here for *General Pierce*,
 To whom, you know, you can apply
 While I from Central Flowery fly.'
 —Bland *Peter* swallowed now his nipper
 And waved approval with his flipper.—
Bibus in Danish Hong packed up his traps,
 Then wrote this letter to those chaps—
 '*Bibus* to *Robert*, greeting—these :
 Your conduct, *Bob*, is not the cheese ;
 As you've seen fit me to molest,
 Quick in your pipe put this protest :—
 "To all domains beneath the sun
 To whom these presents e'er shall come,
 Know ye that *Bibus* doth complain
 Against one *Robert M. MacLean*,
 Whose actions go, as you can see,
 To block my pouching more sycee,
 In which he wanting is in gumption
 And of great power makes assumption.
 Protested now be all his acts
 Whereby I'm stopped from making lacs.
 The damages, take notice all,
 When added up are 'something tail.'

¹ Colonel Humphrey Marshall, predecessor of Mr. MacLean.

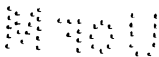
Thus sign'd and seal'd in form of law
 In eighteen hundred fifty-four."'
 This precious paper being sent
 To its address, old *Bibus* went
 To man his sampan,¹ and to go
 By Lob-Lob Creek to old Whampoa.
 But on the way, oh, sad to tell,
 A 'mauvaise tour' to him befell.
 Scarcely half-way from the city
 He tumbled in with some banditti,
 Who taking from him first his coat,
 Threatened next to cut his throat,
 And with most awful Tartar oaths
 Stole the remainder of his clothes !
Bibus by many humble speeches
 Obtain'd at length a pair of breeches
 With which to make a decent show
 On board the Chop of *Hunt and Co.*²—
 There he complain'd *in form* to *Cook*,³
 And thus abruptly ends this book.

It is a mystery to me to *this day*, when, how, or from whom MacLean obtained knowledge of what we had undertaken to do. However, after the 'dispersion' a demand was made through King-Qua by the Mandarins on the sleeping partner for the bargain money. This placed my worthy old friend on the horns of a dilemma. He knew of the payments that had been made for the purchase of the lorchas, of ammunition, and of arms, the advance wages to the *sailors* and *marines* of the *squadron*, and other incidental expenses, on his Excellency the Admiral's orders. As a merchant he saw, as he expressed

¹ A Chinese pulling-boat, of three or four oars and a scull.

² Hunt and Co.'s *Chop*, a Floating Ship Chandlery, stationary at Whampoa.

³ *Cook*, a partner of Hunt and Co., and U. S. Marshal for unruly Yankee sailors on shipboard at the anchorage.



it, that a demand for the return of the bargain money was a 'number one curio pigeon,' and complimented the treasurer and mandarins generally with a running fire of 'He too muchee foolo.' After repeated explanations to the officers, who proved excessively dull on the subject, and tired of being badgered to death in so unreasonable a fashion, he came and made this funny proposal over a cup of Padre souchong and cheroots, inimitably funny to all who are *au courant* of pigeon English, translated from which in simple language it is commonplace enough. 'We are old friends of twenty-five years, have had very large transactions together, and I know you to be an honest man. The Mandarins are stupid and ignorant of foreign customs. I see a means of check-mating the imperial treasurer;' and ended by asking if I had any *objections* to be *tried* before the Consular Court in the matter of the bargain money. He would take out a summons against me, and before that august tribunal I should speak ('my talkee'), he would speak ('you talkee'), and the result he would guarantee; or, as he said, 'My makee secure.' 'Most cheerfully,' I answered, and away he went to the office of Oliver H. Perry, jun., the then incumbent, got out a summons in form for me to appear and show cause, &c., &c., as usual. On the day named I was at Perry's office; a *tribunal* was constituted of three gentlemen as assessors, one of whom was Henry W. Hubbell, of Number 4 Ming-Qua's Hong. The books and accounts, with the 'account current—bargain money,' were submitted, examined, and found to be in order. This having been certified to, *consular seal* and signature attached, we pottered about the office a bit; King-Qua shook every one by the hand in great glee, and as we left the Consulate together, said, 'Just now can do.

Man-ta-le look see *sealee* he too muchee fear,' meaning that as the Mandarin would be in a mortal funk at the sight of the Consul's official seal, when 'prostrating himself' before him he should explain it as meaning that if there was any further interference with Mei-Se Ham-tah as agent, or with his principal intermediary (himself), an explanation &c. would be demanded, and there was no telling what might happen. Thus ended in the most satisfactory manner *our* Tsang-Poo affair, as far as *accounts* were concerned.

About a month had passed since our *catastrophe*, when I was privately informed that a day and hour had been fixed upon for an attack on Tsang-Poo by the *Mandarins*. Before daylight of the morning of the day I was at Jackass Point, and ordered my boat to be put in the water ; the boys on board, — and myself jumped in, and we headed down the stream. It was the first of the ebb, and taking Lob-Lob Creek, I hauled over on French Island side and through the branch between it and Dane's Island, bringing us opposite to Tsang-Poo, when we rested on our oars. It was then about six o'clock of a glorious morning, a refreshing breeze was blowing, and on all sides the silence of the grave. The town was without movement, not a soul on the broad bund between it and the river, not a boat to be seen. I can now almost feel the delightful sensation created by the first setting in of the north-east monsoon, after a long, hot, depressing Canton summer, which kills, while the former restores life and vigour. Presently Akae, one of the boat boys, in a fright exclaimed, ' Man-ta-le come ! ' keeping his eyes fixed toward the western extremity of the island. We looked and beheld the mast of one boat with a large flag flying. Presently another, and so

on in quick succession, with a favourable wind aided by forty or more oars each, boat after boat rounded the point. There were in all perhaps sixty regular Mandarin cruisers, and in them I recognised our *allies* from Napier's Fort. The order and quiet with which they approached were masterly; without hesitation the leaders running down to the eastern extremity of the town, then bore up bows to the bund, and thus each one side by side until its entire river front was closely invested. Broad planks were run out to the shore, and in a twinkling there were landed 3,000 red-coated Mandarin soldiers. Two of the fleet after turning the point had been detached; one directed its course to the large town on that side of French Island, while the other one to our surprise steered towards *us*, as we were lying head to Tsang-Poo, although not pulling. It was clear that they supposed us to be sympathisers with the rebels, or, as the authorities *always* styled them, both in speech and in proclamations, *Tsth* (thieves). In a moment more we were fired at, the shot striking within six feet of our starboard side, splashing us from head to foot; a second passed over our heads, and a third astern of us. It took us a very short time to put our bows in the direction of French Island, when to our infinite satisfaction the firing ceased. When hidden by the point of French Island we landed and mounted a hill, but to our disgust, when we reached the summit twenty or thirty armed men with conical rattan hats from the *other* boat started for us on a run. So we made our way rapidly down again, jumped into the gig, pulled with a will, and 'in less time than it takes to relate it,' were on board of Hunt & Co.'s Chop. There we tiffed and remained until about five o'clock, when curiosity

led us again to pull at least *in sight* of Tsang-Poo. We saw a good deal of smoke, so we once more passed through the channel, but to our surprise, as we opened out the town, not a boat was visible. The Mandarins had evidently accomplished their object, and with the flood were on their way back to Canton. We presently landed, fire was raging everywhere, wood and timber were crackling and snapping, and as we walked along the outskirts of the town great columns of smoke and fire rose high over our heads. We were not prepared, however, for the dismal sights that presented themselves as we went on. In a small rivulet, at short distances, were piles of human heads, while dead bodies were lying in every direction, many of them frightfully mangled. At the lowest estimate 2,500 to 3,000 dead were passed on this, the *east* side of the town, and numbers must have been killed inside of it as well, on the *western* side. Those we saw were evidently rebels, many of the bodies had still on them red sashes. Not a living thing was to be seen, the inhabitants of the place had long since been driven away and scattered about. The official report to the Viceroy, of which King-Qua afterwards spoke, put down the number *slain* at 'several thousand,' and of the number carried to Canton as prisoners to be publicly executed, 'several tens.' Such was the fate of Tsang-Poo. Of that of Ho-a-lüh, I was subsequently informed, as hereafter will be duly related. While *our* operations were nipped in the bud, 'for we must do what force will have us do,' or as the late *admiral* said, 'had come to a' (an oath here) 'disgraceful end,' those of the Chinese authorities went on from success to success. Their unrelenting and well-placed severity (called *cruelty* by some) to all who fell

into their grasp, saved many thousand peaceful and loyal lives, and from destruction houses, villages, and property. Certainly the Viceroy Yip, in spite of the terms 'cruel monster,' 'bloodthirsty ruffian,' &c., applied to him unsparingly by many unable to appreciate his position and responsibilities, deserved well of his people. My friend of 'goose-fat bun' memory, Major Kishangha, with patience and zeal reopened communication with the White Cloud Mountain, and swept the space between the west suburbs to the North River, thereby also disengaging the country house and gardens of Pwan-Kei-Qua. These had suffered a good deal from occupation by the rebels, who had made themselves quite at *home* inside of its high thick brick walls, and would undoubtedly have ravaged and destroyed everything had not the coolies left in charge submitted on his behalf to a deal of squeezing. Luckily, whatever valuable articles it had contained had been carefully removed to Pwan's house on Hō-Nam. A curious illustration of the ubiquity of Great Britain's military achievements, cut clearly with a bayonet's point on one of the outer bricks of this great garden's wall (and still to be seen probably), were the simple words, '*18th Royal Irish*' (May 26, 1841).

Perhaps two months had passed since the Tsang-Poo affair, when a card was brought in on which to my amazement I read, 'Chin-Heen-Lang.' 'He must have risen from the dead,' said I to myself. 'Show he come in.' On entering he bowed repeatedly and seemed delighted to see me, as indeed I was very glad to see him. He was one of the A.D.C.'s of Ho-a-lŭh who had accompanied us in our walk about the town on my first visit. The relations he gave were many of them tragical, many at once tragical and comical. He spoke very good

pigeon English. I said, I imagined that on the 'fatal day he hav makee die, hav go sky,' to which he replied, 'My lun way, my go Hong-Kong;' that is to say, he had taken to his heels for Hong-Kong. 'Ho-a-lüh what sy go, what became of him? Hav cuttee he head?' 'No cuttee head, he all same, my lun way;' but the joke of the business was, as he went on to say, if I had offered Ho-a-lüh 10,000 dollars, '*all man would have lun way*,' they would have left Tsang-Poo in peace. This was one of those cosas d'Espagna that I did not think of at the time. My contract was not purposely to kill, slay, and destroy, but to clear the place of Ho-a-lüh and his followers. And how cheaply it might have been done!

The putting down of the rebellion enabled us to resume our picnics at the *White Cloud*, and to feast in its wonderful temple, some feet below the summit, in a broad gorge of the mountain. This spot was a romantic one from its history, its associations, and peculiar position. The height is about 2,500, or perhaps 3,000 feet, and access to it, after crossing the intervening valley between the city walls and the mountain, was by a broad flight of granite steps, which previous to the rebellion were bordered on both sides by fine old trees, but every one of them had been cut down by the rebels. The view from the monastery was splendid. There was the city spread out beneath, with its two nine-storey pagodas,¹ its official residences, the 'five-storeyed building,' built partly on the northern wall, the Mohammedan mosque with its minaret, a thousand or so years old, the four temple-like buildings over the two great east and west gates; lastly, the Temple of the *Five Genii*, dating from the origin of

¹ The 'Adorned pagoda,' built in the fifth century, 170 feet high. The 'Unadorned pagoda,' built in the ninth century, 160 feet high.

the city, 1123 B.C. Fluttering in the wind, on tall poles erected before their respective Factories, are seen the English, Dutch, and United States' flags, seemingly very far away.

Before Treaty days a picnic to the *White Cloud* required some nerve and self-possession, being *then* forbidden; but we went all the same occasionally, few in number, not to attract too much observation. It was a precarious thing *then* to walk *around* the city walls, but we accomplished that feat also several times before the law permitted. In post-Treaty days we would make up parties of several tens for a picnic to the mountain. These outings were always most enjoyable, from the perfect good fellowship that existed, as well as from the peculiar conditions of our surroundings even up to the Treaty of Tien-Tsin. One remarkable feature was the clever way in which everything connected with the *main* object, the *breakfast*, was prepared; under the house-compradore's supervision, nothing was omitted or forgotten; when ready it was despatched to the temple by our servants and coolies, and the principal hall of the temple served for the spread. There was no end of merriment, and as to jokes, conundrums, *et sic*, they were endless, now and then *poetical*! One of these I kept, and here it is, 'In Memoriam':—

FRAGMENT OF A MONASTIC BALLAD.

White Cloud Mountain.

In this old monkish hall
The ladies now call
For their fortunes.
The priest from his prayer
We accordingly raise.

With Ko-Tows celestial he
Speaks thus to our friend Mrs. Mac . . ne—
‘The weather’s hot, the way is rough
To this sequestered dale ;
Trust not to sandwich tough,
Nor wholly trust to Bass’s ale.’
Who is this, here standing by,
With big bright laughing eye ?
‘Twere a bold act, indeed, to affront her,
So betwixt you and me, this graceful reply
Was quite suited to Miss Posie H——r.
‘Charming and bright as flowers in May,
Blooming and rosy as posies in spring,
May pleasure wait on thee, and each happy day
Add joy to that pleasure, and health to thee bring.’

A parting cup of *tea* with the monks, and by a brilliant moonlight, down the mountain we go in bamboo chairs and on foot along the city walls, through the western suburbs by *Lantern Street*, that of the *Rising Dragon*, across *Physic Street*, through *Mandarin Cap Alley*, *Crooked Railing Passage*, by the street of *Worn-out Clothes*, across that of the *Thirteen Factories*, and finally *Old China Street*, at the *Square* end of which, after rounds of adieus and of chin chins, each regained his comfortable quarters in the Factories, with the sense that ‘those little vacancies from toil are sweet.’

It is usual when dinners are given in private houses of importance to add to the entertainment theatrical representations. These take place on an open pavilion fronting the one in which the guests are collected, and separated from it by a distance of two or three hundred feet, the space intervening being occupied by a lake

whose surface is covered with great lotos leaves, and spanned by a low stone bridge, carved with birds, flowers, and figures of men and women in costumes of remote times.

Towards the close of the dinner, when the moment approaches for the performance to begin, the manager of the company is called and submits his list of plays from which a selection may be made. This is handed to the guests, when, a piece having been chosen, the manager returns to the actors and names it. No preparation is required; the dresses suitable for the piece have only to be put on, the orchestra take their places, and the play begins. The most celebrated collection of pieces is the 'Hundred Plays of Yuen.' A change of scene is denoted by large gilt characters on wooden tablets with carved and fancy-coloured borders, suspended at the suitable moment on the two corner columns supporting the portico of the pavilion, where they may be easily read by the assembled guests. The stage may have a depth of twenty feet, is separated from the dressing-rooms in the rear by a handsomely-carved partition in front of which are placed the musicians, who are thus behind the performers.

In no country is there more devotion to theatrical representations than in China. They are pathetic, tragical, and often supremely comical. The tragical describe events of ancient history of the great Han dynasty, which flourished during the two first centuries of our era, and of the 'contending nations' 600 years before it!

Scarcely a religious ceremony of importance takes place in any temple without a play in honour of the gods, on a stage built temporarily, or on a permanent



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one at such a distance from the temple that the intervening space may afford standing room for from two to three thousand spectators. Both sides of it are bordered by shops, and it is of a breadth of say eighty to a hundred feet. These entertainments are free to everyone—are paid for from the funds of the temple, or by some wealthy person, by a Mercantile Guild, or by general contributions. The expense of a first-rate company, consisting of seventy to eighty members, varies from ninety to a hundred and twenty dollars each day, and the engagement is for three consecutive days. The performances are admirable, and were they not accompanied by harsh discordant music, would not be unentertaining to the more refined taste and ear of foreigners.

In pigeon English they are called 'Sing-Song.' The local companies live on board of large boats, for the facility of going from place to place and transporting dresses and paraphernalia. The dresses used in historical pieces are gorgeous in the extreme and correct in the style of the age; they are made of rich silks of beautiful colours, embroidered in gold and silk thread, and are not the least interesting feature of a play. For domestic scenes the usual daily dresses are used, with some additions to add to the drollery of a comic actor.

A number of old residents dined one evening with Pwan-Kei-Qua at his country house, when the subjoined play was represented. It is a universal favourite with the Chinese. It has a tame look on paper, as its inimitable drollery and pantomime cannot be described in words. It is called 'Poo-Kāng; or, The Mender of Broken China,' and is thus referred to by the *Chinese Repository*, to which I contributed it.

Of late years several specimens of drama and romance have been added to the solitary examples we previously possessed. These examples were the 'Orphan of China,' 1731, and 'The Pleasing History,' 1761. From several romances and tales translated within the last twenty years by Remusat, Davis, Julien, and others, we are enabled to form a tolerably correct judgment of the general character of Chinese romance writers, and of the histrionic art, such as the 'Heir of Old Age,' the 'Sorrows of Han,' the 'Circle of Chalk.' Our present purpose is to introduce to notice a translation of a different nature, with which we have been kindly furnished by a correspondent. Of these pieces of a farcical character, and which, while conveying little of interest to the reader, yet display good action and much comic gesture, no specimen, so far as we are aware, has yet been given to the European public. On this account we think it will not be without interest, notwithstanding the absence of droll gesticulation, impromptu allusions to passing events, and powerful pantomimic action which are its accompaniments.

POO-KĀNG,

OR, THE MENDER OF BROKEN CHINA.

The scene is laid in the city of Nan-King, in a street near the dwelling of a noble family named Wāng.

Dramatis Personæ.

NEW-CHOW	.	.	A wandering Poo-Kāng.
WĀNG NEANG	.	.	The young Lady Wāng.

The speaking and singing are accompanied throughout by an orchestra of low-toned instruments, adding greatly to the effect of the playing. They are composed of the Pe-pa, the Sam-Heen, the Chuy, and the Yee-Heen, three of which are stringed instruments, and the fourth a flute.

New-Chow enters with a bamboo across his shoulders, to one end of which is suspended a box containing the implements of his trade, and to the other a small bench.

Lady Wāng. Thirty pair of cash.

New-Chow. Truly, lady, that is worth consulting about. To one hundred add thirty pair. Shall I mend them here?

Lady Wāng. Follow me! (*They go to the door of the house.*)

New-Chow. She walks before, the Lady Wāng.

And who behind? The Poo-Kāng.

Lady Wāng. It is here, outside the door, you are to work.

New-Chow. Lady Wāng, thanks; I congratulate you. (*He bows repeatedly in the drollest possible manner, and very awkwardly.*) May prosperity attend you on all sides.

Lady Wāng (*pointing to a flower jar that a servant brings out*). There it is; take it and repair it well.

New-Chow (*turning it over and over*). It has an appalling fracture.

Lady Wāng. And therefore requires more care in repairing.

New-Chow. That is, indeed, self-evident; what a crack it has!

Lady Wāng. Now Lady Wāng will retire to her room and resume her toilet. Her appearance she will beautify. On the left her hair will be dressed in a 'Dragon's head' tuft. On the right flowers will be tastefully disposed. Her lips will be coloured with blood-red vermillion, and a gem of Fei-tsuy¹ will be placed in the 'Dragon's-head' tuft. Then, her toilet being completed, she will return to the door side, and watch the work of poor Poo-Kāng.

[*New-Chow* (*having in the meanwhile seated himself, straps the jar on his knee after many most amusing attempts, arranges his tools by his side, and as he drills holes for the nails, in which he is evidently not a master workman, sings*)—

For one hole drilled one pin indeed,

For two holes drilled a pair of pins we need.

[*He looks up and discovers Lady Wāng, who has seated herself at the door*].

(*Sings*) What do I see! A beauty full in view,

She who had airs and manners of a shrew

Transformed indeed! In every feature grace and youth.

While on the left, in 'tuft of Dragon's head,' in truth,

¹ Jade stone.

Her hair is dressed : full on the right there towers,
 With well-directed taste, the Cha,¹ the queen of flowers,
 No Hung-Mo² like those scarlet lips does grow,
 Chih-Han³ in vain contests such lovely smiles,
 While as the phoenix, bright and soft those eyes ;
 Those 'golden lilies,'⁴ too, as light as air
 The earth they tread, their step one cannot hear;
 I see them now, I see them.—Hae-Ya ! Hae-Ya !

[*The jar falls on the ground.*]

What a dreadful, dreadful smash !

Lady Wāng. You must replace it, and with cash.

New-Chow. For one old broken jar a *new* one to be given !
 Had two been smashed, the bargain how uneven !

Lady Wāng. You have destroyed it, and with words repay,
 Quick, the cash, and then away, away !

New-Chow (*kneeling*). Here while I kneel on these hard boards,
 Pray, Lady Wāng, listen to my words ;
 It was no fault of mine. I'll tell you why—
 Your beauty caused it, for on such ne'er fell my eye.
 Henceforth *repair it* will I with my life ;
 You start ! I mean I'll take you for a wife.

Lady Wāng. Impudent old man, a wedded life with you !
 It makes me laugh ; I'm Lady Wāng, no shrew.

New-Chow. Alas, 'tis so ! you call me *old* Poo-Kāng.
 But if rejected, mark, I'll go and hang.

Lady Wāng. Go and hang ; a fitting leave of Lady Wāng.
 She will have peace, no more you'll reappear.

New-Chow. Then go I will. Before the gods I swear,
 The house of Wāng again I come not near.

(*Aside*) A lady she, forsooth, a cross and sullen girl,
 Whose married life will yet be with a churl.

[*He moves as if to go, replaces his bench and box on his shoulders, then suddenly lets them fall ; in the confusion he throws off his upper garment, straw hat and false moustache, and blazes forth a beautifully dressed and handsome young gentleman.*]

¹ The camellia.

² The red carnation.

³ The vermilion smile.

⁴ Small feet.

Lady Wāng (laughing, sings)

Cease henceforth your *wandering* life,
Take me, take me for your wife.
We'll share the house of Lady Wāng,
You cheat, you rogue, you false Poo-Kāng.

[*Exeunt.*

The dialogue gives but a faint idea of the inimitable acting and drollery of the piece, which always provoke roars of laughter. The grotesque manner, gestures, and attitudes of the Poo-Kāng are at once easy, perfectly natural, with a marvellous *sang froid*. Not the least remarkable feature is the *dénoûment*, which is well concealed until the *last* words, with nothing to anticipate it.

On the Chinese stage there are no drop curtains nor shifting scenes, much is left purely to the imagination. The opening of a door is effected by raising the hands to the height of a supposed lock, then parting the two wings to the left and right; an imaginary threshold is stepped over and the spectator imagines another scene or room. If a horse is to be mounted the rider throws his right leg across the back of an imaginary horse, seizes imaginary reins, cuts with a whip imaginary quarters of the animal. The spectators then imagine him to be on horseback while he continues his part on foot. It was always a *joke* to foreigners whether the greatest amusement was a comedy or a tragedy.

Up to Treaty days, and for some years after, the Chinese Government abstained with characteristic wisdom from *Public Debt*, or from pecuniary engagements binding on their successors. This was the rule of their action. 'Foreign relations' have since taught them

how simple a matter it is to borrow on giving bonds for payment in the future. After the establishing of custom-houses under the management of foreigners, there was a security which only involved the mortgaging of the revenue in order to obtain ready money. This process was adopted in view of complications with other governments, and is an illustration of the perfect *méfiance* which exists, when, as the saying is, 'international relations are on the most friendly footing.' Vessels of war were ordered to be built in England, military tactics with European weapons were inaugurated, and Krupp guns of course were purchased. Being a very clever people, the Chinese are becoming adepts in the art of self-defence at least, and were they an aggressive people, they could become a formidable enemy. Under the old state of things, the Celestial dynasty left to each provincial government works internal and littoral as the necessity for them arose, and they were paid for out of the local treasuries.

A good story is told in illustration of this system of paying as they went, in the matter of a proposition to build a bridge across a stream to connect two parts of a town. A difficulty existed as to the necessary funds, when a wise-acre hit upon the expedient of a public loan to be paid off in fifty years by the *then* inhabitants. But this was immediately frowned down by the question, 'Why should *they* be saddled with a payment for that which was *our present* necessity? At the end of fifty years the bridge may not be required where it is now proposed to build it, or it may have been destroyed in the meantime. What an injustice to impose upon them the cost of building it *now*. If the bridge is essential to us, it is a reason that we should pay the cost of it.'

Beyond the collecting of the usual revenues, of which a certain proportion was remitted to Peking, there were no extraordinary taxes nor imposts upon the people. On the other hand, for emergencies such as droughts, famines, or earthquakes, contributions were made by the wealthy to avert the consequences to the people as far as possible, and the authorities also disbursed money from the local treasuries, while the general Government allowed appropriations to be made from the Imperial revenues. In these respects, as well as in the internal government, each of the eighteen provinces of the Empire is a unit. As a rule the inhabitants are left to themselves in their various avocations. Tillers of the soil are considered the most useful of the people, the result of their labour being the first condition of life—that of supporting it.

A remarkable feature in the civil polity of the Chinese is the non-existence of *Furies*, and consequently of lawyers. This is a good example for Western nations to follow, for with them justice must be paid for by one party or the other, making it an expensive luxury.

It often happens that jurors cannot agree; a fresh set must be summoned until the prisoner is sentenced to be hung or acquitted. A case is carried from one tribunal to another; the loss of time to jurymen, the inconvenience to everyone, are often most onerous, and after all a decision may not be more faultless than in a petty case court presided over by a single judge or magistrate. These delays, inconveniences, loss of time, and expenses are saved in China, from the fact of the magistrate being both judge and jury in civil as well as criminal cases.

Testimony is heard from both sides on *oath*, represented usually by cutting off a cock's head, or by breaking a plate to pieces on the floor, signifying that if the witness swears falsely may *he* be beheaded or broken in pieces. Secretaries take down depositions in writing, the magistrate refreshes his memory if necessary upon certain points of them, and his judgment is final. Should doubt arise in his mind, and a hesitation or unwillingness to *decide*, the whole case is referred to the Hing-Poo, or Penal Board at Pekin. This mode of procedure is probably handed down from remote times and seems very patriarchal. A well-known case is that of the 'Circle of Chalk,' which seems to have had its origin in the early days of the Empire. A child was claimed by two women, each of whom asserted herself to be its mother. They at length appealed to the magistrate for his decision. He caused a circle to be traced on the floor in front of his table, and the child to be placed within it. He then told the mother of the child to take it away. The two women seized it, but one so violently, and held it so roughly, that the child screamed with pain, when the other immediately relinquished her hold; the magistrate awarded the child to the latter, as she could but have acted from pure motherly instinct, to spare its suffering. This story was translated at Paris in 1832 from the Chinese by M. Stanislas Julien. It has been supposed to be the origin of the 'Judgment of Solomon,' and to have been brought to Western Asia during the caravan trade which passed long before his day from China across India and Arabia to the Mediterranean and Egypt.

Down to the smallest village, every town and city in China has its *School*. We were struck with this fact in *our* walks about Canton, and inquiry confirmed it as regards the Empire at large. Studies are conducted on a contrary system to what they are in the West, naturally, or they would not be Chinese, amongst whom all customs are the antipodes of those existing in the former portion of the globe. In passing through a country village one's approach to a school is known by a number of young voices repeating aloud in a sort of sing-song fashion. This custom of studying aloud signifies that the attention of the scholars is occupied with their books. Naturally in these communal schools the simplest elements of education are taught, as we would say, reading, writing, and arithmetic; they have no higher aim than this. Those who have talent and industry, and aspire to official rank or a literary life, pursue their studies, after they have acquitted themselves of the first rudiments, by the aid of those who have secured positions amongst the literati, an envied and distinguished body socially and politically. They have an enormous influence over all classes of the population, as well as an important voice in public affairs. They form a very conservative class, and are notorious for their opposition to changes in internal or external affairs. Their remonstrances against official acts out of the usual course are considered with attention and respect even when disregarded. Literary advancement is not only open to everyone (except to play actors, menial servants, and their children), but encouraged by yearly examinations, at which the chief magistrates and high literary officers of the province are present. The son of a labourer, of a mechanic, of a merchant, may arrive at the highest

offices in the Empire ; witness the *Imperial Commissioner* Lin, of opium-seizure memory, whose father was a day labourer in a porcelain manufactory. No higher appointment is in the gift of the Emperor, and he who holds it is invested with supreme power for the time being. The literati have frequently been charged with hostility to foreigners, particularly to missionaries, in the interior of the country. This is not surprising from their point of view, and in a country so essentially inimical to intercourse with foreigners, when too, as in ante-Treaty days, Roman Catholic priests (missionaries) only succeeded by *stealth* in getting into the country—a means which bore *deceit* upon its face.

In matters of *Religion*, or a *system* of worship or of faith in the 'Unseen,' no people can be more tolerant than the Chinese. Whatever one professes is considered an article of his belief, and neither persecution nor trouble is experienced by anyone on *that* account. Buddhists, Taouists, Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, the disciples of Confucius or of Laou-Tsze, have free liberty of conscience. None of these forms of belief, if *unobtrusive* and *non-militant*, as they should be, are under a ban. As regards Christianity itself, whether under the name of Roman Catholicism, or Protestantism, or any of the innumerable sects into which the latter is divided, so long as umbrage is not given to the authorities, professors of it may live in peace. Teachers of the latter forms often assume that their calling requires *demonstration*, and thus they bring themselves in contact with provincial officers, and were it not for a wonderful display of forbearance greater troubles might grow out

of their preaching. The Chinese Government attribute to the various sects (unjustly, at least in the present day) a desire to sow the seeds of discontent, to create divisions between rulers and subjects, to hold up the authorities to ridicule or contempt. To sum up, no country is more tolerant in matters of religious belief than China. To it the minds of men are like a kaleidoscope of an endless variety of colours and forms, and once emerged from childhood it had better be left to its own judgment. But, although it is a matter of indifference to the Government what a man believes, his religious convictions must be subordinate to his duties and allegiance to the State. In this it shows moderation and remarkable good sense. How different to the Western world, with its innumerable irreconcilable camps, its religious wars marked by massacres, incendiaries, and atrocities, by its Crusades involving the loss of millions of lives, by its internecine strife, by autos-da-fé throughout the years that 'goodwill to man' has been preached on earth!

Democracy in its strictest sense is the ruling feature in China, where the rights and privileges of the people, consecrated by time and 'old custom,' are maintained with a remarkable energy. The word democracy, though, is not taken in its strict Western sense *politically*, as the Chinese are not a political people. They take no concern whatever in any question of the nature involved in the signification of the word. To them the acts of the Imperial Government in the appointment of magistrates or any other officers to rule over them are matters of indifference. They are thus free from the strife, the bad

blood, the enmity and hostility engendered in Western countries where appointments are the result of popular votes. And so are they free also from the disgraceful scenes of drunkenness, fighting, and bribery which are almost always the adjuncts of the hustings. But the Chinese are *democratic* in this, that a Mandarin dares not without risk abuse his power by violating traditions, or in acts of tyranny, while in those cases where revolts against local Mandarins occur, they may be traced to injustice or attempts to tyrannise on their part. We had an opportunity of witnessing such a display of resistance at Canton, even to the stopping of the chief magistrate's chair in the public street, he himself obliged to fly, and his chair broken into a thousand pieces by a crowd made furious by his bearers as they rapidly passed capsizing a tub of fresh fish which was being offered for sale. The Mandarin ordered his men to go on, but was hustled out of his chair, and retired the best way he could on foot, while the bearers received some thwacks. Thus the unprovoked injury done to the poor fish-seller was patent and at once taken up by the crowd. On the other hand, on the retirement from office of a magistrate who has acted uprightly, the gratitude of the people is shown by the presentation of memorials accompanied by presents from the wealthy, as in the case of the Viceroy Le, of Canton, who received from numerous deputations communications of a most flattering nature, while many Mandarins and quantities of people rich and poor followed his chair when he left the city for another appointment, some distance beyond the gates.

The bewilderment of a *Fankwae* on first landing at Canton is increased by finding himself an object of wonder from his tight clothes and tall hat. He would also be puzzled by not understanding a single word that was said to him by a Chinese in what the latter would consider good English, as well as by not being understood when speaking himself. He may have heard of *pigeon English*, but to its strange words and extraordinary construction he would be as much a stranger as to Phœnician or Etruscan. A Chinaman would say to him, 'My chin chin you,' and he could never imagine that it was a kindly greeting. On visiting a Chinese, and being placed on his *left* side, he could not suppose it a compliment; nor when his visit was returned, and his guest walked in with his hat on, and kept it on, could he but consider him a low-bred fellow, but it was the polite thing to do. Could he imagine in witnessing a procession of men clothed in *white*, having at their head the most discordant blasts of trumpets and the harsh sound of gongs, that they are mourners on their way to a burial; or should he meet another one with numerous trays borne on men's shoulders, filled with wearing apparel, curious pieces of furniture, and household utensils, followed by a closely shut sedan chair, escorted by a wailing of brazen horns and short crotchety dirges from long wooden flutes, and the crashing of cymbals, could he fancy that he saw before him a bridal cortège, and that the sedan chair contained a bride being borne to the house of her betrothed, whom she had never seen, nor he her? He would notice that when Chinese friends meet they salute by *closing* their hands, raising them, and then letting them fall at their sides; that a porter *precedes* the traveller with his

baggage ; and in respect of names that that of the *family* comes first, as, for instance, Brown, George ; Grey, David ; Black, Joseph. Should he see a tailor sewing he would find that he stitched *from* him ; he would see that shoes were broad in front and narrow at the heel, and that the soles are always *thick* ; that a military man carries his sword and mounts his horse on the *right* side. He would learn that no hereditary titles exist,¹ that *ancestors* long dead are ennobled, and in boxing the compass that a Chinese says, 'east, west, south, north.' When told that it was allowable to inquire of the health of *male* members of a family, but he must make no reference to wives, daughters, or sisters, as it would be considered extremely indelicate. Invited by a Chinese to dinner, it would be by an open card, ten inches by four or thereabouts, at the upper end of which would be the single character, 'Kwang' (to shed lustre upon), and underneath :—

On the 7th day the wine cups will be prepared. On the 10th they will be filled, when your presence is expected. To what dignity will it aid us to rise ! In the evening at 8 the tables will be prepared.

To the Eminent in Learning, Chan-Se, Venerable First born. Hing-Fung, born in the evening, bows to the ground and worships.

However large the party (ladies never being present) he would find himself one of four at a small round table, and the other guests disposed of in the same manner. There is an abundance of flowers on each table, small cups containing soy, no knives nor forks, but ivory chop-

¹ An exceptional case is that of the family of Confucius, in which the title 'Kung-Kung-Yay,' or Duke-Kung, is hereditary, and it still exists by direct descent 2,400 years after that great man's death.

sticks, plain or mounted in silver, a pair for each guest. Of tables there will be from five to ten or fifteen or more. Towards the middle of the repast he observes the host *quit his seat* with a wine cup in his hand, followed by a servant carrying a pot of wine, visit each table in succession, chat a while and drink with the guests, striking the edge of his cup on his thumb to show that he has left no heel-tap, and that this is done likewise to each guest. Were it winter season and the temperature of the room low, servants would enter with soft fur garments and distribute them, one being placed on his own shoulders. Should it be summer he would see the *convives* ridding themselves of their upper vestments, not without remarking the contrast between the loose clothing of the Chinese which conceals, and his own tight-fitting garments which display the figure. He would find the wines warm, and that everything was served in bowls.

As the guests become more convivial, he is startled by his right-hand neighbour holding up three fingers and crying out in a loud voice, 'Sam' (to one of his friends not far off, to whom he had sent a message), which friend simultaneously holds up five fingers and cries out 'Oong,' and going on thus until one or the other guesses the *united* number, the loser paying the forfeit of drinking a cup of wine.¹ Gradually others would take up the game, until an incessant cross fire of loud shouts and laughter would distract him. At length, the evening at an end, the guests depart, escorted to the outer door by the host, who sees his Fankwae friend deposited in one of his own sedan chairs, to

¹ This game is exactly like the Italian 'mora.' It was often a question if it was introduced into Europe from China, or *vice versa*.

which are suspended large lanterns bearing his name and title. Soon under the mosquito curtains and composing himself to sleep, he is suddenly roused by a loud rapping on a bamboo with a heavy stick ; springing to the floor he discovers a watchman on the verandah appointed to secure him a *tranquil night* against possible attacks of thieves, and who makes this noisy demonstration to warn them of his presence. 'Strange country this !' he says, as he again turns in, but by *daylight* he is fast asleep. Wonders, however, never cease. While *white* is deep mourning, *blue* is half mourning, and a return to *dark-coloured* garments is the external evidence of a cessation of the days of grief, up to which time the male members of the family have not had their heads shaved should they have been deprived of a *father*. The Fankwae would also notice that to mark a place in a book, whereas he turns the corner of a leaf *inside*, a Chinese turns it *outside* ; that its name and the number of volumes are on the *front* of it and not on the *back*. Of course he soon discovers that writing is from *right* to *left*, and not in *horizontal* but in *perpendicular* lines, that a name and address invariably *follow* the text, not in words equivalent to 'Sir,' 'Dear Sir,' or 'My dear *Smith*,' for instance, but '*Se-Mé*,' 'Benevolent Elder Brother,' 'Venerable old Gentleman,' or 'Exalted Excellency,' beneath which is added the writer's name with an expression of inferiority ; then the date, beginning with the *year*, next the month, and finally the day. Wandering about the fields he would notice that the *high* grounds on the sides of hills are devoted to the burial of the *dead*, and *low* or *flat* places are occupied by residences of the *living*. He would find that tombs are of the form of the horseshoe (singularly enough the

exact Greek letter, Omega). He would seek on them in vain for pathos or inscription complimentary to the dead. Neither is he asked to 'tread lightly over the remains,' abruptly summoned to 'halt, to think of his latter end and prepare for it,' nor reminded that '*hodie mihi, cras tibi.*' They record not the real or imaginary virtues of the deceased, but simply state that they are places of sepulture. No intimation exists whether devotion, affection, or duty was an attribute of the living state. The Chinese, he would see, indulge in no sentimentality on mementoes of their dead; no one's feelings are sought to be 'harrowed,' no one is asked for sympathy. In the recess of the horseshoe a stone slab would be found inserted, on which are cut the date of death and age; ex. gra., 'Eighth day, ninth moon, fifteenth year Taou-Kwang, Great Tsing dynasty, Chin-Ko-Pow, sixth generation, thirty years.' He would find that Chinese theatres have no scenery, that performances take place in the open air in the *daytime*, while the orchestra is on the stage *behind* the actors; that the entrance to and exit from the boards are not from the *sides* but from the *rear* of the stage, and that there is but one of each; the one on the left marking the entrance and the one on the right the exit. Furthermore the stranger would find that although in the West those engaged in business use *their own* name, in China no one does so. Fancy names are taken, rather such as suit their fancy, and under them commercial affairs are carried on and involve the same responsibilities without Government interference. It is universally known that in China men wear petticoats and women don the breeches; that the *former* are never without the fan. A Chinese carpenter planes a piece of wood by bringing

the instrument towards him. In a schoolroom the scholars study their lessons in a *loud* voice, which assures the teacher of attention to their books. Should our stranger ask the length of anything, the reply would be, 'Of ten parts three,' instead of *three-tenths*, and if quality he would be told, 'Of ten grades three' for the *third* quality. Instead of carrying *one* watch hidden in a pocket, a Chinese gentleman wears *two outside* of his garments attached to a waistbelt of embroidered silk, with their faces exposed. Whereas in the Western world it is indecorous to ask another's age, in China it is a compliment, and as regards one's name it is the correct thing to be asked, 'What is your honourable name?' and to reply, 'My unimportant name is Chung.'

While the clothing of the Fankwae is stuffed with pockets, that of the Celestial has none. His *stockings*, which are *outside* of the trousers, as well as his boots, serve as receptacles for papers, and in one or the other is thrust the folded fan when not in use, while the handkerchief is carried in the sleeve. Flowers are never planted in the earth, but in pots which are arranged on circular or square steps, or of a pyramidal form; the effect of which is pretty, with the advantage of being easily moved from place to place for sunshine or shade.

Perhaps, after all, the opposites here described are not so striking as the relative positions of *the family* and the *doctor*. With the Chinese the medical man is paid so long as his patrons continue in health, but when sickness occurs payment ceases until recovery takes place; then it recommences. Amongst other droll ideas, perhaps at variance with foreign thought, we find that the *goose* is the emblem of married life, the *bat* of happiness, the *duck* of domestic bliss, and the long-necked, long-

legged *stork* of longevity. After all the Chinese are, at least were until Treaty days, a happy and contented people, of exemplary industry, sober, and of simple frugal tastes, passing through the ordeal of existence as sensibly and as successfully in view of their resources as the inhabitants of any other land. The reverse of Western thought and expression were in the good *old* days a never-ending source of wonder and amusement. Had there been scientific men other than commercial amongst us, they might have been able to study 'that fluid diffused throughout all living and organised beings, creating a difference in their actions and mode of thought according to the particular organisation of each, the science of the mind as manifested by consciousness.'

Since Treaty days, 1842, different races of men have access to the Middle Kingdom, and they are included in the generic term of 'men beyond the seas,' or 'men of outside countries,' by the ruler and inhabitants of 'all beneath the heavens.' In thus designating their own Empire, the title is not so vain in view of its vastness when it was adopted. It included, besides China proper, as its vassals, Mongolia and Manchooria on the north, Cochin China, Cambodia, Siam, on the south, the Lew-Kew Islands, Japan, and Corea on the east, Burmah and Thibet on the west. It numbered in the aggregate one-*third* of the population of the globe. This supremacy was moreover not entirely the result of wars or invasions; to its moral force an allegiance was rendered by the states enumerated. China was thus placed geographically in the position of the *Middle Kingdom*. The surrounding states looking up to and depending upon it created the title of *All*

beneath the heavens, such a supremacy being naturally attributed to the favour of the gods, whence the *Celestial Empire*. From the industry and sobriety of its inhabitants the earth produced abundantly, and thus suggested the *Central Flowery Land*.¹

It must be borne in mind that, until a comparatively recent period, the remote East was ignorant of the existence of *European* nations except through vague rumour. History says China knew of Egypt through a dilatory, precarious, and irregular caravan trade across India more than 3,000 years ago,² which is confirmed by repeated discoveries of small China porcelain bottles in ancient Egyptian tombs.³ But it is only since the visits of Marco Polo, his father and uncle, to China in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and more particularly the arrival of the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, that any *distinct* knowledge of Western people and Governments existed in the Chinese mind. To the Imperial authority, moreover, this knowledge was superficially made known, that it might be spared the shock of imagining the existence of any power not subject to it; while the self-sufficiency of the Empire, and its assumption of control over all 'beneath the heavens,' led to the information being received with indifference and perhaps contempt.

Meanwhile China, by its innate strength, its literature, its institutions, its philosophers and learned men, was

¹ The actual province of Hô-Nam ('South of the River'), in which is situated the celebrated Lake Tung-Ting, is the region first called 'The Central Nation,' 25° to 30° South, 109° to 114° East.

² Von Heeren.

³ Several of these undoubted Chinese bottles I saw at Cairo in the Egyptian collection of Doctor Abbott, now, I am told, in New York, and others at Florence and in the British Museum. One of the former bore the following poetical inscription, 'Hwa-Kac-Yew-Yih-Neen'—'The flowers open; behold another year.'

being confirmed in its paramount power. *All within the four seas*, as vaguely expressed, rendered allegiance to and passively accepted its sovereignty.

Thus, when a *new* people of which the Middle Kingdom knew so little came to its shores from the *West*, it was not surprising that they were met by Imperial proclamations, edicts, and so on, expressed in terms of *universal dominion*. Even down to the year 1839, as may be seen on page 141 of 'The Fankwae at Canton before Treaty Days,' a communication was addressed to Her Majesty the Queen of England by the Imperial Commissioner Lin in which occurs the same assumption of universal authority. It said, 'Our great Emperor maintains celestial lands and foreign nations,' &c. The 'Celestial dynasty rules over ten thousand nations, and in the highest degree sheds forth its benign influence with equal majesty upon all.'

To sum up, the exaggerated term of 'universal sovereignty' was the outcome of ages of acquiescence by many hundred millions of the human race.

The Mandarins 'unofficially,' off duty as it were, were always civil and polite. Their training and compulsory observance of distinctions in rank and office, rendered them distant and reserved, but when an opportunity offered, they would readily and easily put the 'official' aside. They were a class of men of wonderful ease of manner and self-possession, but with a natural dignity and politeness which were never at fault. One could be scarcely offended at injunctions to 'obedience' and 'reverence,' which they, as well as ourselves, knew to be simple forms.

A striking illustration of the personal traits now mentioned took place at the country house of Pwan-Kei-Qua, at Pun-Tong. An interview was arranged by the Imperial Commissioner Ke-Ying and Monsieur le Comte de Ratti-Menton, that the latter could deliver to him a despatch from the French Government. Mr. Paul S. Forbes, the then chief of the house of Russell and Co., holding the appointment of French Consul at Canton, and myself were invited to be present. The Imperial Commissioner was attended by the Governor-General of the Two-Kwang, the Tartar General, the Commissioner of Customs, the chief magistrate of the city, and several officers of lesser degree. Of their followers and servants there were over two hundred in number. The audience lasted an hour or so, when the Mandarins and the Comte de Ratti-Menton, with the French officers in attendance and the invited guests, sat down to a tiffin offered by his Excellency Ke-Ying. Each table was composed of four persons; the room was very spacious, and ornamented in that florid style of carving and gilding and lattice work in which the Chinese are so clever. The tables were spread with flowers, which were also profusely and tastefully disposed in quaintly formed and beautifully painted vases on all sides.

The entire ceremony was one of peculiar interest, even to the two Americans, especially Mr. Forbes, who had had several interviews and much correspondence with the Imperial Commissioner. Ke-Ying was afterwards recalled to Peking, then sent to open negotiations with Lord Elgin, but the Peking Government becoming dissatisfied, ordered him to return to the capital. On his arrival, the silken cord was sent to him, the significance of which he understood, and he ended his life by strangulation.

Monsieur le Comte de Ratti-Menton, with his suite and guests, went to and returned from the ceremony at the Garden in the boats of the French frigate *Erigone*, Admiral Cecile, and the *Cleopatra*, Captain Le Roy. During the pull back to the Factories, the Count scarcely ceased to speak in wonder and admiration of the dignity and self-possession, the quiet politeness and bearing of the Chinese officers we had just left; and made this remark:—‘I have visited many European Courts, and have met and known many of the most distinguished men belonging to them, but for polished manners, dignity, and ease, I have never seen these Chinese surpassed.’

In the account of a meeting that took place between Captain Charles Elliot, H.M. Superintendent of Trade and Chief Commissioner, and Ke-Shen, by Lord Jocelyn, he says:—‘Ke-Shen rose at our entrance, and received the mission with great courtesy and civility. Indeed the manners of these high Mandarins would have done honour to any courtier in the most polished Court of Europe.’ Some of these men are of very ancient lineage, a remarkable instance of which came to our knowledge after the capture of the Bogue Forts, February 26, 1841.

On that occasion the Chinese commander-in-chief was killed in the Anunghoy Fort. He was named *Kwan-Teen-Pei*, ‘a fine, stout, elderly man, supposed to be *Kwan*, with a bayonet wound in the right breast!’¹

On the left of the passage leading to the rear Temples in the Hō-Nam joss-house, stands a handsome edifice containing an idol worshipped throughout the Celestial Empire as the Mars of China. This idol represents the deified warrior, *Kwan-Foo-Tsze*, who by his talents

¹ He was bayoneted by one of the quartermasters of the *Blenheim* in self-defence. The quotation is from an eye-witness.

raised himself to a high office under the Emperor 'Heen,' of the 'Eastern Han' dynasty, A.D. 63 to 226. He signalled himself greatly in numerous battles during the insurrection of the 'Yellow Caps.' Many extraordinary stories are related of his prodigious feats of strength and valour. A history of the insurrection, called the 'San-Kwo-Che,'¹ thus describes his person. 'His height was eight feet, his beard two feet long, his complexion of a deep red, his lips the colour of vermilion, while his eyes resembled those of the divine bird 'Fung.'² He had a large broad face, and his whole bearing was stern but dignified.'

Having received a poisoned arrow in one arm, while the famous *surgeon of the time*, 'Hwa-To,' laid bare the bone and extracted the poison, he continued playing at chess with the other one, and drinking with a friend, quite unconcerned. Towards the close of the insurrection of the 'Yellow Caps,' he was killed in battle fighting against *Wei*, one of the three contending kingdoms. A helmet of extraordinary size, worn by the warrior in his numerous engagements, is said to be still preserved in a Temple of the province of Shan-Tung.

Kwan-Teen-Pei, who was killed at the Bogue, was affirmed to be the lineal descendant of this deified warrior, 'Kwan-Foo-Tsze.' To this day there lives in the province of Shan-Tung the descendant in direct line of the celebrated Confucius, and on the estate which

¹ Annals of the Three States.

² The *Fung-Hwang* is a fabulous bird, said to appear at long intervals, and then only on the eve of an extraordinary event. The same peculiarity is attributed to an animal called the *Ke-Lin*, which appeared to the mother of Confucius just before his birth, and was considered as a presage of a remarkable kind. Both the *Fung-Hwang* and the *Ke-Lin* are constantly represented on lacquered ware and on porcelain; they are also woven in silks and carved on the gable-ends of houses.

has always been in the family. He is the only man in the Empire, apart from the Imperial family, who possesses hereditary rank. His name 'Kung'¹ is followed, according to the style of the Empire, by the title 'Kung,' assumed to be the equivalent of *Duke*, and he is addressed as 'Kung-Kung-Yay.' He enjoys the unique privilege amongst the Chinese of sitting in the presence of the Emperor, and receives from him, on such occasions as the New Year or his birthday, special marks of his Majesty's consideration, in various presents of inconsiderable value in themselves, except the Tartary grown 'Jinsang,' to be taken 'that long life may be attained.' The ancient family residence was visited of late years by Mr. M. C. Morrison, British Consul at Chee-Foo, on his way to Shang-Hae, who gave me a most interesting description of it and of the family. The latter still possesses some objects of the time of their remarkable predecessor, in relics of the ancestral Temple which stands in the grounds.

Every chief city and district throughout the Empire has its Temple dedicated to *Confucius*. It contains neither image nor idol, but on the altar is placed a simple gilt tablet inscribed with his name. Before it the highest officers of the province at stated intervals burn incense and do reverence. You may see the sage's name written up also in schools, before which the pupils burn incense morning and evening.

The Spanish missionary Amiot, on whom I called at Canton in 1827, related that, when at Peking, the lineal descendant of Confucius 'honoured him with a visit.' His name was *Kung-Chow-Han*, of the *seventy-first*

¹ The family name, to which are added, Foo and Tsze—Anglice, Confucius.

generation, 'in all probability of the oldest family in the world of which the regular descent could be traced.' He was a pleasant and modest man, said the missionary, 'whom knowledge had not filled with conceit.'

Less authentic, perhaps, is the continued existence of the family of that other philosopher who was a contemporary of Confucius, and whose 'sayings' form still a material portion of the Chinese classics, viz., 'Mencius.' His family also lives (it is said) still in the province of Shan-Tung, and at no great distance from that of the former. No country in the world has produced two men whose doctrines have been taught for such an uninterrupted period or held in such veneration, whose maxims have been the handbook of so many myriads of people, and still exert undiminished influence over one-third of the population of the globe.

A man who had the *appearance* of being blind paraded the streets of Canton occasionally with a placard on his *back*. He was a vendor of a medicine whose 'history' attracted a number of followers, who read the placard as he continued on his way. It was the drollest thing imaginable, his steady, quiet gait and the eagerness of 'his readers!' This is the translation of the placard.

I am a native of the city of Fungtae, in the district of Fung-Yang, province of Kiang-Nan. My family name is Choo, and my surname Tih-Shing. A long time since my aged mother became ill, medicines were administered, and the aid of the gods daily solicited, but in vain. For more than sixteen years her sufferings were intense. She became unable to walk, and to all appearances incurable. Thus desperate was her condition, when one evening, overcome with fatigue, and with an aching

heart, I left her to seek in sleep some alleviation of my anguish, as well as to gather new strength for the duty of attending her the next day. Alas, my poor mother ! Scarcely had I lain down on my mat, when I fell into a deep sleep and dreamed the following dream. Alas, my poor mother !

A priest of Taou, of venerable aspect, with a long white flowing beard, and resting upon a staff, appeared to me and said :—‘ Dutiful and filial son, your solicitude for your aged parent is most praiseworthy ; it deserves success. Listen to my advice, and if you follow it, she will be restored to health. Arise at once, go to the Snow White Cavern in the Mountain of the Nine Blossoms, and there you will obtain a specific of divine virtue.’ I awoke agitated and alarmed by the vision, and as I arose from my mat, I perceived a thin white cloud, which remained stationary for an instant and then silently glided from my sight.

No sooner had the morning dawned than I obtained my mother’s permission to set out for the Mountain of the Nine Blossoms. When I had gone about half the distance, I met a priest of Taou. He inquired whither I was walking. I replied, ‘ With the consent of my mother, I am on my way to the Mountain of the Nine Blossoms, to seek a divine drug.’ ‘ You are a good son,’ said the priest, ‘ and possess filial piety. I will conduct you to your destination, and there get you a prescription, which, if carefully followed, will remove any disease.’ He then waved his staff as a signal for me to follow him, and in silence we approached the Mountain of the Nine Blossoms. I received the prescription and hastened to my mother. It was immediately given to her, and having for a few days only followed the directions with which it was accompanied, I had the supreme gratification of seeing her restored to perfect health and strength.

One day she called me to her side and said, ‘ My son, you see me once more in the enjoyment of health. I am now desirous of showing the author of my recovery that I am grateful for his kindness. You will be bearer to him of my thanks. Prepare presents, with some silver. Return once more to the Mountain of the Nine Blossoms, and beg the priest’s acceptance of them

as a token of my gratitude.' Accordingly, I met the priest of Taou as before, and offered him the presents I had brought. The priest waved his hand, declining to receive them, and said, 'Having quit the world, my first and only aim is to correct the vicious nature of man's heart, and to cause human passions to yield to virtue and humility. I cannot accept these presents, while thanking you for the kindness which prompts the offer, but you can reward me, and in this way. I will transfer to you the secret of the divine drug of whose efficacy you have proof. Preserve it carefully, and perform a noble duty to mankind by travelling throughout the Empire administering relief to the afflicted. This medicine can cure leprosy of nine years' standing, and subdue all diseases if properly made use of.

The priest of Taou then placed in my hands this elixir of life, and from the moment I bade him farewell in obedience to his injunction, I have travelled far and wide, healing the sick and the maimed. Now, having reached this city (Canton), at a distance from my home, and finding myself deficient in the means of paying my travelling expenses, I am compelled to offer it for sale. It consists of plasters, the price of which is 6 *cash* !

The proceeds of the sale will enable me to pay my expenses, while you, good people, can judge of the efficacy of this wonderful remedy ! Plasters for 6 *cash* here for sale. Buy, or risk dying of diseases most horrible ! Think of being cured by the timely application of *one* plaster the price of which is but 6 *cash*.

It reminds one of the old, old efficacy of Grimston's snuff, one sneeze caused by which is reported to have cured a *gout* of several years' standing, and a pinch of it so revived a drowsy spectator at a theatre, that he sat out and gave close attention to a piece which he otherwise would have paid his money for not seeing. I was glad to have been able to give the itinerant vendor of the elixir a *substantial lift*, as the comprador told me he stood quite still while a coolie was copying the ingenious 'card,' and delightedly surprised at being paid twenty-five cents !

There is much more amusement to be found in the streets of Canton than might be imagined. The Chinese are an odd race, full of strange peculiarities and ways of doing things. When, for instance, a child is lost, or if one loses a dog, or has been robbed, the funniest means are taken for recovery. A card describing the person, animal, or thing, is written by hand and posted at the *corners* of streets or in public places, offering rewards for recovery. In the case of a child, it is more usual to carry the card on the end of a stick, while the bearer of it walks through the streets and attracts attention by beating on a gong which is suspended from a bamboo across his shoulder, stopping now and then, that passers-by may read. The following is the translation of one.

A REWARD CARD.

On the evening of the 29th day of the 2nd moon, a lad, named Le Apeaou, left the glass manufacturer's shop Tang-Keun, and has not been seen to return. He had on a light-coloured outer jacket, with dark grass-cloth trousers, and carried his shoes in his hand. They were made of salt-cloth, and had leather soles. He took with him also a bed covering and was bare-legged (wore no stockings). Nothing has been missed from the shop since he went away during the 1st watch of the 29th day of the 3rd moon. Any one 'on four sides' (anywhere) knowing of his *downfall* (where he is), and will believe this, and give information, he will be rewarded with 'flowered red money,' two great rounds (two dollars). If any superior person will stop and detain him, he will be rewarded with three great rounds. These words will not be eaten. They are sincere. Should he have died, and any person knows where his body is to be found, and will put faith in this, and inform, he will be rewarded with flowered red money, two great rounds.

This card is issued on the 3rd day of the 4th moon of the 10th year of 'Reason's Glory' (Taou-Kwang)

IN SEARCH OF LE APEAOU.

The creed of the Buddhists forbids the use of animal food, at least to the priests. It is a special feature of their faith not to destroy animal life. In cities where *beef* is eaten, the priests take various means of preventing the killing of *cattle* for food. An instance of this took place in Canton city, by the distribution of printed papers, whereby to attract the attention of the people and excite their 'sympathy' in favour of the buffalo, and the cost was one copper cash. The words were made to form the outline of that animal's figure, which is taken to be the 'speaker,' and he thus describes his sufferings.

I beg, good people, you will listen to me a little. Of all the miseries of this world, there are none equal to those I suffer. In the spring and in the autumn, in the summer and in the winter, I am forced to use all my strength without relaxation. The plough and the harrow of a thousand catties I have to draw, a thong of a thousand lashes is applied to my back, while bad words and filthy language are heaped upon me ! I am always urged on with rapidity whether on hard ground or in deep water, sometimes too on an empty stomach, and with tears flowing from my eyes. In the morning I am harnessed for work, when to cease, no one knows ! Often too, when very hungry, if perchance I bite the grass which surrounds me, my driver annoys me with 'Tsew-Tsew.'¹ I am obliged to feed on stubble that grows on the hills, while you prepare grass and herbs that grow in rich fields ! From some you gather paddy, from which you obtain rice which you boil, from others you distil spirits or manufacture various kinds of cloth. Your gardens are full of various vegetables. Your sons and daughters are blessed with every comfort. When my owner is short of money, I am let out to others, and if his affairs become embarrassed, I, the ploughing buffalo, am sold ! Should I become old, and my strength feeble, the butcher buys me and kills

¹ 'Get on, get on.'

me, that my flesh may be cooked, and served up as an *escort*¹ to vegetables ! He leads me to his house, and the axe becomes my portion. As death approaches, my mind for an instant is awfully disturbed ; and my feelings are disregarded, my skin is peeled off, and my bones separated. And for what ? Have I committed any crime to deserve such a cruel fate ? During a man's life he suffers troubles, but they are wide and far between, and happen only to those who call them upon themselves ; those only suffer who never think of the practice of good deeds. But my body is ripped open, and my entrails are taken out, while with a sharp knife my bones are scraped and my windpipe cut through ! My skin is used to cover drums to be beaten upon, that devils may be frightened from the land ! Those who eat me do not become fat, those who sell me do not become rich, those who kill me are *not amiable men*. It would be a pity if in a field of 10,000 mow² there should be no buffaloes, for then your children and grandchildren would be obliged to draw the plough ! Think, oh good people, I beseech you, of the wickedness of those who impose upon me such ignoble cruelties, and take warning from them, lest in the next life you yourselves are not changed into ploughing buffaloes.

Anniversaries of some kind are constantly being celebrated by the Chinese. A procession, a sing-song, or the racing of dragon boats, the illumination of the streets at night, with many others, pass before our eyes. On asking a Chinese the meaning of one or the other, we get the very intelligent answer, that it is 'Joss pigeon,' an affair of the gods. Sometimes, by one of the more learned, we are told that such a thing 'hav olo story,' or 'long time before sky pigeon,' and with this we remain satisfied. These festivals, however, many of

¹ Rice being the standing dish, others are called Sung—escorts.

² Five hundred paces square make one mow, the Chinese acre.

them, have a strictly historical origin, as that of the 'dragon boats.' This is one of the most ancient, and traces its origin from 300 years B.C. It was founded on a melancholy incident of that period, and few would imagine that it originated as an antidote to the blue devils. History thus relates the cause of this anniversary, observed to the present day throughout 'all within the seas' on the fifth day of the fifth moon, by upwards of 300,000,000 of people, a quarter of the population of the earth! In the middle of the third century before Christ, in the State Tsoo there dwelt an officer of the Government, named Keüh-Yuen-Ping, a man of great talent, but unfortunately afflicted with that dreadful malady the blues. He took a disgust for life, nothing gave him the slightest pleasure; he became morose, gradually gave way to the most melancholy forebodings, and at length decided to put a full stop to his mortal career. On coming to this resolution he composed some 'farewell verses,' which have unfortunately not come down to the present day, as it would be curious to see how, poetically, he *treated* a morbid state of mind. However, when he had completed the ode, he 'embraced a stone,' threw himself in the Meih-lo stream, and naturally was drowned. On each anniversary of his death it became customary for the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to repair to the spot in boats brilliantly illuminated, and rowing over it, in 'soothing accents' call upon the spirit of the defunct. The custom gradually became universal throughout the Empire, and all its rivers on the fifth day of the fifth moon are now covered with long snake-like boats, gaudily ornamented with flags of *divers* colours. They carry often five score men each, who propel them with paddles, whose movements are regulated by the beating of a

gong and a drum in the bow and centre of the boat. The drowning was the origin of the universal custom now rigorously observed on this *festal* day, the fifth of the fifth moon, of 'settling accounts,' a cause of the *blues* to so many!—a grim celebration of the unflinching payment of his *last debt* by the unhappy Keüh-Yuen-Ping. No one but a Chinaman could have turned it in this way!

At long intervals we observed lying near the Factories boats of a novel construction, with round roofs of mats and bamboo amidships. They were from the interior, and occupied by men clad of a style, in general appearance, similar to the Chinese, but with broader sleeves in their upper garment, and broader legs in their breeches. We were puzzled to know who they were and from whence they came. Their heads were covered with hair made up on the top of their heads, and secured by long pins of bone. In casual observation they would be taken for Chinese, but if examined more closely, their features were not alike. They had a swarthy look, were mild in manner and very good-natured. Some of the Fankwaes visited them on their boats, and learnt that they were from a mountainous region in the provinces of Kwang-Se and Hoo-Nan, of a tribe of people of which little is known, who have for centuries lived apart from, and having very little or no more communication with the Chinese than some material wants rendered necessary. They told us they were 'Meaou-Tsze's,'¹ which designation is applied to the ancient Chinese, who always resisted the Tartar or any other invasion.

¹ An ancient and still independent tribe of mountaineers south-west of Kwei-Chow province.—Morrison.

They were never subdued by the Mongols, nor by the Manchoos, by whom, as an inoffensive people, few in number and strangers to politics, they are left alone. They are more remarkable in an ethnographic point of view, if, as the Reverend Doctor Morrison says, 'The Meaou-Tsze existed B.C. 2142, at the first dawn of reasonable history, and have as a distinct people continued to this day ;' and he asks, 'Were they not the aborigines, and the Chinese a colony ?' which question will probably never be satisfactorily answered.

Nothing is more reasonable than that the *earth* should have been created and habitable before man could play his part upon it. As China came to occupy a good portion of its surface (and the Fankwae an infinitesimal portion of China), it is worth knowing how it

Then from ancient gloom emerged,
A rising world.

A Chinese philosopher compiled a History of China, from the most *authentic sources*, which throws much light upon its origin, coeval with that of the universe. He lived in the twelfth century A.D., and was the author of a chronological work in one hundred volumes, besides being a celebrated commentator on the 'Four Books' of Confucius. His material for the work now in question was made up from the current traditions of his day. His name was Choo-Foo-Tsze, which has been softened to Choofucius. He begins his history with a very celebrated real or imaginary person named Pwan-Koo, who may be taken to be the Adam of *China*, i.e. the world. His successors were twelve of the *Celestial Royal Family*, who

reigned over the earth, which was in a tranquil unruffled state, its inhabitants wholly unoccupied, while manners and customs originated according to each one's fancy, for a period of 45,000 years. When their reign ceased, it was succeeded by eleven members of the *Terrestrial Royal Family*. These made a practical use of their time in dividing light from darkness, that is to say, days and nights became an established system. Thirty-one suns were estimated to be the equivalent of one moon. But their own days were cut short after reigning only 10,000 years, when they were succeeded by nine of the *Human Royal Family*, possessing still more practical ability. For instance, they divided the earth into nine equal parts, over each of which ruled one of the family. Princes were now created, while ministers were appointed to assist the respective rulers. Being mortal they followed the lot that falls to man and died, after having governed the world exactly as long as the Celestial Royal Family, 45,000 years.

When the *Human Royal Family* had ceased to exist, Fo-Hi appeared upon the scene and took charge of all mundane matters. Choofucius himself thinks that there *might* exist a *doubt* as to the predecessors of Fo-Hi, and that it is *safer* to date the origin of the Chinese Empire (the world) from his time. He appears to have been a man of a practical turn of mind. He is said to have originated 'conventional signs,' to have framed laws, to have composed musical airs, and to have been the first to cultivate the ground. We see *portraits* of him (of course authentic) which represent him in a standing posture, holding the sun in one hand, the moon in the other, and with a star on his forehead. His look is unruffled, he has long hair hanging about his shoulders, the

position is that of repose, the eyes small and of a soft expression. The scanty garment which partially covers him looks as if manufactured of seaweed. His arms are crossed on his breast, the better to bear the burdens they hold, while his finger-nails are of a length which casts that Chinese fashion of modern days quite in the shade.

But however incongruous or wild their descriptions of the earth at such remote periods as the foregoing, and their appreciation of its age, the Chinese are not so far behind Western traditions. They both leave man as ignorant as he ever was of its origin. The former, however, struck the chord of the countless ages that the earth has existed and, in all probability, been peopled, as modern investigations and discoveries are proving; while they gave expression, however rude the form, thousands of years before the West, of their belief in a period beyond the mind of man to conceive. Choofucius and Dr. Upshur are very far indeed apart, the former in his vast and the latter in his insignificant quantity of time, but the former of the two approaches nearer to what will always remain a mystery to mankind—the age of the earth, of man upon it, and especially the Chinaman.

Foreign visitors to the ancient Portuguese city of Macao, founded during the first half of the sixteenth century, are delighted with its calm quiet life, its brilliant atmosphere, and lovely climate. If they cannot apply to it the words inscribed on the Alhambra, 'If there is a paradise on earth it is this, it is this,' they may say with truth that the 'dolce far niente' here exists in perfection.

From north to east and south, the view from the town across the main estuary of the Pearl River embraces

the islands of Lintin, Lantao, Sam-Kok, Achow, and the Asses' Ears, of diversified forms and perennial green, the circle ending on that side with the Grand Ladrões which form the outposts washed by the China Sea. Separated from it by another branch of the river southerly are the Taypa and Montanhã, while on the west, across the inner harbour, about three-quarters of a mile wide, are the Lappa, or Priests' Island, and Monkey Island, while at the northern extremity of the harbour stands Green Island, on which are the ruins of an ancient monastery, and now a favourite resort for picnic parties. From being more sheltered from the violence of typhoons, the inner harbour was the early place of residence of the Portuguese, many of whose commodious buildings remain to this day. They are of vast size, of two storeys; the upper ones, surrounded by broad verandahs, were devoted to family use, and the ground floors were appropriated to business offices, godowns for the storage of merchandise, and servants' and coolies' rooms. From the middle of the sixteenth century Macao was the stopping-place of Portuguese ships trading between the Malabar coast, Malacca, and Japan, both in going and returning, until the year 1662, when the celebrated decree of Taikosama expelled the Portuguese from his territories contemporaneously with the slaughter of 'hundreds of thousands' of his subjects who had become Christians. Many of the Portuguese then retired to Macao, accompanied by their families, as well as by some Japanese soldiers in the service of their Factories, servants, and others. The soldiers became a portion of the Macao garrison, and occupied quarters under the Monte Fort, by the side of the old cathedral, now in ruins. In 1862, when the treaty was made between the Japanese Government and

Commodore Perry on behalf of the United States, I was residing at Macao and despatched from it the *first* vessel to Japan, just two hundred years after the decree of Taikosama cutting off 'for ever and ever' all trade and communication. The adventure is, moreover, worth relating. I had in godowns 2,000 piculs of Sapan wood imported from Manila, unsaleable at one dollar and a quarter per picul, which was about its cost. Immediately that the opening of the port of Simoda to foreign trade was announced officially, an English vessel was chartered to carry it there. Brief; it was sold for thirty-five dollars per picul, and the proceeds were invested in Japanese vegetable wax, at a cost of six and a half dollars, and sold for seventeen dollars the picul (133½ pounds English).

In its general aspect the 'Cidade do nomo de Deos da Macão' has undergone no striking changes for many a year to the present day. Its trade and the number of its inhabitants have fluctuated with the troubles at Canton, being then resorted to by foreigners in greater numbers, while under ordinary circumstances, with quiet at the capital, it was visited by residents for change of air and relaxation from business in the dull season of summer. Until the year 1848 it was under the joint government of the Portuguese and Chinese, the subjects of the former numbering about 6,000, and of the latter about 55,000. In that year Governor Amaral expelled all Chinese officials at the cost of his own life, he having been assassinated on the 'Barrier' road while riding out, attended by Captain Leite, his aide-de-camp, a few days after, and his head and only hand (the other having been lost in the service of his country) carried as trophies to Canton. The exact date of the first landing of the Portuguese on the peninsula is not accurately known,

but it is stated to have been, by some authorities, in the year 1517, when, on her way from Malacca to Japan, one of their vessels met with such heavy weather in the China Sea as to cause damage to the ship and cargo. She obtained permission from the local Mandarins at Macao to repair, and for the purpose of drying the cargo, mat sheds were erected in which it was placed. A few years after, the Portuguese were firmly established, having already visited the island of San-Shan, about thirty miles distant, where 'the sight of large foreign ships and the countenances of the crews inspired awe, but confidence ensued, principally from the liberal presents the commodore bestowed on the officers of the Imperial cruisers, &c.,' leading to the peaceful occupation of the actual peninsula on the southern extremity of which Macao now stands. It is in $22^{\circ} 11' 30''$ north latitude, and $113^{\circ} 14' 30''$ east of Greenwich. An interruption to the sovereignty of Portugal took place pending the conquest of Portugal by Spain, 1580 to 1640, when it was temporarily in possession of the Spaniards. It was subsequently attacked by the Dutch during the long-continued war in the East between Portugal and Holland, the latter capturing many of the Portuguese colonies, as Malacca, Point de Galle, &c. On June 22, 1622, Admiral Ryerszoon, with eighteen vessels, appeared off Macao from Batavia. He landed a considerable force at Cacilha's Bay and advanced upon the city, but after an unavailing attempt to capture it, was obliged to retreat to his ships, leaving the commander of the land force behind him. This officer was killed by a round shot from the Monte Fort,¹ in a field (the 'Campo') where

¹ The principal fort, on a hill within the walls, overlooking the city and the approaches to it, built 1626.

now stands a granite column which marks the spot. Being pursued by the garrison and an armed force of the people in their return to the boats, many of the Dutch were made prisoners, and were afterwards employed in building the wall of the city, as it now stands, from the Fort San Francisco on the outer, to the Gate of San Antonio on the inner harbour, thus enclosing it entirely on the land side. The Dutch made a second attempt to take possession in 1627, and this was also unsuccessful. For nearly 150 years before the Manchoo Tartars conquered Canton, the Portuguese had occupied Macao under the last Chinese dynasty Ming, on a ground rent of 700, and afterwards of 500 taels¹ per annum. While the Manchoes were getting to be masters of the Empire, Macao became a 'place forte,' evidences of which we see in what were, in those days and long after, defences of no ordinary kind. The several fortifications yet stand as originally constructed, and are mostly armed with cannon cast in its own foundry, some as early as 1612, from copper imported from Japan. They are remarkable for the beauty of their make. It was during that period also that her churches were built (with one exception), as well as the college and church of San José, which occupy a height near the middle of the town, and are still surrounded by venerable trees casting over both a welcome shade. The *exception* was the cathedral, San Paulo, which was finished in 1575. It was unfortunately destroyed by fire (during the first years of my residence at Canton), all but the façade, said by visitors from India to be by far the most stately and beautiful of all other churches in the East, not excepting those of Goa, the capital of Portuguese India. The

¹ A tael is $1\frac{1}{2}$ Spanish dollars.

façade still stands, very little injured. The cathedral stood on a height under the walls of the Monte Fort, and was approached by 130 steps of granite, of a width of from 60 to 80 feet, and these are in their original condition. The Senate House occupies one side of a public square of that name. It is a substantial granite and brick building of great size ; it was erected about the middle of the seventeenth century, according to an inscription over the great door of entrance. The position of the Portuguese in Macao seems to have been a much favoured one until they drove out the Chinese authorities, who never exercised any jurisdiction except over the Chinese part of the population. Following in the wake of Western powers, the Portuguese Home Government sent Governor Guimaraës¹ to Peking to conclude a treaty, but apart from becoming their own masters, and no longer subject to interference from the Canton authorities, nor to the 'ground rent' which they had paid for over 300 years, the place has not been better off than before in a commercial sense. The ancient relations of the Portuguese with the *last* representatives of the Chinese rulers of the dynasty Ming were of so friendly a nature, that an auxiliary force of 400 men, Europeans and Asiatics, of Portuguese India, under two superior officers named Da Capo and Cordier, was despatched to Peking, having been invited to assist the Imperial forces against the Manchos. On arriving, however, at their destination, dissensions broke out amongst the Chinese, chiefly the Mandarins who had accompanied the detachment from Canton. This occurrence led to its being unemployed, and it returned as it had gone, through the country to Macao.

¹ Of Macao.

The peninsula on the extremity of which Macao is built is joined to the mainland (rather to the largest of the numerous islands of the delta of the Canton River), by a narrow isthmus forming a slight curve of half a mile in breadth. From its form it is called by the Chinese the 'Peninsula of the *Water Lily*.' The length of this, with the space occupied by the city, is about two miles and a half. Across this isthmus a wall was built from east to west, from the outer bay to the head of the inner harbour, and named the *Barrier*, which marked the limit of the small territory granted to the use of the Portuguese. In the centre of this *Barrier* wall was a heavy gate, closed in former times at night and thrown open in the morning, that the Chinese could pass through in going to the city with provisions and returning by daylight, but none of the Portuguese were permitted to go beyond it. On the top of the gate was a pavilion, or look-out, and right and left the quarters of a Chinese guard. These have long since disappeared, but the *Barrier* still stands, and one may read on it the Chinese inscription cut on a stone let in the wall, which states that it was built in the second year of the reign of the Emperor Wan-Leih, of Ta-Ming, or the great Ming dynasty, answering to the year 1573. The most interesting object within the walls of Macao is the Grotto of Camoens, where he composed the greater part of the '*Lusiad*.' It is now enclosed in the vast gardens of the '*Casa*,' the residence of Senhor Antonio Marques. While Camoens lived at Macao, in the middle of the sixteenth century, he held the office of administrator of the estates of his deceased countrymen. On his passage to Goa, and near that place, the vessel in which he was passenger was wrecked, and tradition says he only saved his

manuscript of the 'Lusiad' by holding it above his head with one hand, while he managed to reach the shore with the other. As is well known, he subsequently returned to Portugal and there died in the most indigent circumstances in 1579. Could the author of the 'Lusiad' (in his present state) have been conscious of the public honours which the Portuguese Government, the high dignitaries and eminent citizens of his native country, have within a year or two paid to his memory, he might have thought of the bitter days of poverty he passed in his last years on earth, from which even a fractional part of the expenses they incurred would have saved him. He might have said with Cowper, 'I grant the sarcasm is too severe!' On the wall of the 'Casa' grounds, overlooking the inner harbour, still remains intact the Observatory built for Laperouse, in which the scientific officers of his squadron, the *Astrolabe* and *Boussole*, made astronomical observations during the stay of those vessels in the Taypa, in January 1787. The arrival of the frigates is thus related in an account of the expedition on which they left France, and whose ultimate fate remained a perfect mystery for thirty-eight years, until solved by Captain Dillon, an Irishman trading in the Pacific Ocean for account of an English house in Calcutta, in a schooner named the *Saint Patrick*.

On the 2nd of January, 1787, we made Pedra Branca, anchored for the night under Lin-Tin, and the next day in Macao roads. We had taken pilots on board inside of the Lema Island. The weather being overcast we could not at first distinguish the city, but at noon it cleared up, and we found it bearing west a little southerly, and about three miles distant. Lieutenant Bontin was sent on shore in one of the ship's boats to announce the arrival of the vessels, and of their intention to make a certain stay in the roads to repose and rest the crews. Don

Bernardo Alexis de Limos, the Governor of Macao, received the officers in the kindest manner, offered his services and any assistance the admiral might stand in need of, and without delay ordered pilots to take the ships to the anchorage of Taypa. After the frigates had been moored, Laperouse, with Captain de Langle, landed, and calling upon the Governor, asked permission to be allowed to build an *Observatory*, and to have an establishment on shore where the officers Dagelet and Rollin, the latter surgeon-major, might repose from the fatigues of the voyage. Governor Limos received these officers as if they were his own countrymen, complied with all their wishes in the kindest manner, and even offered to place his own dwelling at their disposal. After a month's stay at Macao, Laperouse set sail for Manila, and on the 28th February anchored in the harbour of Cavite.

It may not be uninteresting to add that Laperouse sent despatches from Petropolovsk to Paris, through Siberia and Russia, October 1, 1787, in charge of one of his officers named De Lesseps, an ancestor of the gentleman who cut the canal from Port Said to Suez, and that the next and last letters from him were dated at Botany Bay in January 1788, where on anchoring he found the English Commodore Phillip, who had just arrived from England with two frigates, the *Sirius* and *Supply*, conveying nine vessels having on board 562 men and 192 women, the *first* batch of convicts landed at that port. In a special room of the Louvre may be seen a large number of objects from the *Astrolabe* and *Boussole*, brought from Vinicolo, one of the Santa Cruz group north-easterly from New Holland, on which those vessels were wrecked in 1788.

Englishmen will be interested in the foreign burial-ground at Macao (between the 'Casa' and the Gate of San Antonio), by a singular coincidence. They will

see, side by side, two granite monuments, of a pyramidal form, exactly alike, beneath one of which lie the remains of Lord H. J. Spencer Churchill, of H.M.S. *Druid*, who died at Capsingmun, June 3, 1840; and beneath the other, those of Sir Humphrey Le Fleming Senhouse, of H.M.S. *Blenheim*, who died at Hong-Kong, June 13, 1841.

Macao has been from 1762 the summer resort of the residents of Canton. The custom existed of having to be 'secured,' as at Canton, and to declare the length of sojourn for which a permit was granted, but there was no difficulty in renewing it. My own 'security' was Senhor Bartolomeo Barretto, whose family had identified itself with the place for many generations. The obligation of obtaining permission from the local Chinese authorities to build a new house or to rebuild an old one existed until they were driven out by Governor Amaral, but now no restrictions of any kind exist. Visitors can freely enjoy its exquisite climate, its magnificent views over sea and islands of every form and in endless number. The Mācāistas generally speak English, and are a kind and hospitable people. They enjoy the privilege of living in a city untouched by change as regards its public buildings and defences, which remain to-day as they were originally built nearly three hundred years ago, and which bear silent witness to the courage and enterprise of their forefathers, the first to lead the way viâ the Cape of Storms to the far East, and who have *here* left many of the works of their own hands.

There lived at Macao when I arrived there several foreign gentlemen (besides Mr. Beale, who is the subject of another paper), who had come out in the latter part of the last century and in the beginning of the present.

There was Sir Andrew Ljungstedt and Mr. Ulman, the former the last chief of the old Swedish Company's Factory, the 'Suy Hong.' Both finally retired to Macao and eventually died there, the former in November 1835, after sixty years, and the latter after sixty-five years from the date of his arrival. During the last years of his life Sir Andrew occupied himself in writing a history of the Portuguese possessions in the East, and a history of Macao, both full of most curious and reliable information. These two gentlemen were the last representatives of the Swedish East India Company.

Mr. James P. Sturgis, of Boston, U.S.A., arrived in 1809 in the ship *Atahualpa*, Captain Bacon. His coming was signalled by an attack on the vessel by the celebrated Chinese pirate Apootsae. The ship anchored in the outer roads of Macao, as was customary in those days, when the chief officer and an armed boat's crew were sent on shore there for a river pilot. While they were absent, a number of Apootsae's junks were seen approaching, and when close by, feigning to run by the ship, they suddenly rounded to with the intention of boarding. The ship's guns had not, fortunately, been discharged since they were loaded on entering the Straits of Sunda, and the small arms, consisting of a quantity of Brown Bess, horse pistols and boarding pikes, were in an efficient state, but all on board numbered eighteen or twenty persons only. Although taken by surprise, so rapid and effectual was the use made of their arms, that they created a howling and noise on board of the junks which seemed, in the words of my informant, enough to raise the dead! At each successive discharge of muskets and pistols awful shrieks and cries were heard, accompanied by the beating of gongs and drums by fellows

concealed under a deck abaft, to keep up the spirits of their brother Celestials, while hand grenades were hurled on the ship's decks in unpleasant quantity. The *situation* looked critical at the moment, but the tenacity of the officers and crew, with the rapid discharge of her guns, caused Apootsae to throw up the glove. His junks slowly drifted to a more comfortable distance, and when last in sight were sailing seaward. When the fight was nearly over, the boat was seen returning from Macao, giving way with a will, but she was too late ; on coming alongside she was run up to the davits, and the ship got under way for Whampoa. While this affair was going on, an English frigate was lying in the Taypa, but the distance and the intervening land shut out from her both sight and noise. She had come from England in convoy of the Company's tea ships, and was waiting to accompany them home again ; then there was the 'Cidade do santo nomo de Deos da Macão' in plain sight, but it was unprovided with armed boats, while the guns of its shore batteries were not of the calibre to be of any avail at a distance of four miles. After all, though, there is a *ring* about the good old days ; Jack is not less brave now than then, but he is less dependent upon his own resources. Shut up in a large iron chest, his movements are to-day governed by the touch of an electric bell. Fancy the effect of 'all hands ahoy,' 'close reef the topsails,' 'splice the main brace,' or 'topgallant yards on deck,' through a metal tube !

Apootsae had long been one of the most formidable and daring of pirates. He captured many of the Government forts, laid important towns under contribution, put to the sword all who resisted, and was the terror of the Canton authorities. He would sail up the Pearl River

the whole length of the city with impunity. Large rewards were offered for his capture, which could be but through treachery; the Mandarins were powerless as regards their cruisers, their forts, and armaments. At length the cut-throat fell into their hands by bribery well applied, and there was dealt out to him a death more horrible than any he had inflicted upon those who fell into his hands, that is to say 'Ling-che;' being led out and cut into small pieces, *slowly and deliberately*.

Mr. Sturgis resided in the Suy Hong at Canton about twenty-five years, when he retired to Macao, making occasional visits to the city, to superintend an important business in which he was engaged with the West Coast of America. He was a gentleman of many sterling qualities, not quick in forming friendships, but steadfast when made; his manners were eccentric, but his impulses kind-hearted and generous.

Beside his town house, his bungalow at Tanque de Minato, on the Peñha Hill, was the most beautifully situated of all others. On its flat roof he passed the early evenings with one or more friends almost daily. It overlooked the ancient fort 'Bomparto,' having on the left the hill just named, surmounted by its venerable old church, 'Nossa Senhora de Peñha,' built by the Portuguese about 1620; on the right the sea, with the Grand Ladrões, the Asses' Ears forty miles distant, Lantao and Lintin; to the south the anchorage of the Taypa and the island Montana. Immediately behind the bungalow the hill rapidly declined to Bishop's Bay, which was a favourite bathing-place; in front, looking northwardly, lay the beautiful bay of Macao, separated from which by a low sea wall and broad road ran the Praya Grande along the entire length of the town. The Praya was bordered

by the stately Factories of the East India Company and other foreign residences, the Government House, guard-house, and the small fort of San Pedro. Beyond were seen the convent of Santa Clara, embowered in trees, the churches of San Lorenzo and San Domingo (built by the Spaniards) towering above the houses and gardens, and the fortified hills of Monte and Guia dominating the whole; altogether such views as few cities can offer, and full of interest geographically, historically, and politically. If thereto be added the salubrity of its climate, the pureness of its skies, and its balmy atmosphere, it is not a matter of surprise that many 'old Cantoners' chose it for their permanent abode.

After a continued residence in Macao and Canton of forty-two years, Mr. Sturgis was induced to break up his accustomed habits and surroundings, and in all probability much against his will, took passage in the month of August 1851, on the *Luconia*, commanded by his old friend Philip Dumaresq, bound to London, and died on board off Anjier. Notwithstanding the disparity in our ages, I had the pleasure of a continued friendly intimacy with him extending over twenty-six years, and was one of the few who enjoyed the privilege of his house and table at all times and at any time.

Of other Macao residents was the Reverend Doctor Robert Morrison, who came out in 1807, of world-wide reputation as a missionary and Sinalogue. On returning from Peking, whither he had accompanied Lord Amherst in 1817, he became second interpreter to the Factory. When he had accomplished that great and laborious work, his Chinese and English Dictionary, it was printed at Macao, under the auspices of the East India Company,

at a cost of 15,000*l*. On leaving New York in the *Citizen* in 1824, I took a letter of introduction to the doctor from his friend Mr. D. W. C. Olyphant, but he was absent on a visit to England when I arrived, and I did not meet him until my return from the Malacca College (of which he was one of the founders), in January 1827. He then examined me, to find what progress I had made in the study of Chinese; he pronounced it 'to be good,' and wrote a letter to my father, in which I read to-day as follows:—'Since his arrival (from Malacca) I have tested your son's knowledge of Chinese, both reading and speaking, and am happy to be able to say, that his progress in the very difficult language of China is very creditable both to him and to the Institution at Malacca.'

On the arrival of Lord Napier at Canton in 1834, Doctor Morrison left Macao to act as his lordship's interpreter, and died on board of a small foreign cutter on his way up the river on August 1, 1834, aged but fifty-three years. He had been originally fixed upon, by the London Missionary Society, to accompany Mungo Park to Africa, whose fate he would probably have shared had the intention been carried out.

In the year 1833 scarcely a drop of rain fell for eight months at Canton and in the surrounding country. This drought caused the staple article of food amongst the Chinese to become next to unprocurable. The public granaries even were nearly exhausted through gratuitous distribution of rice to the people. On such occasions it is customary to sacrifice to the *Dragon King*, or *God of Rain*, and to supplicate him to pour forth an

abundance, that the crops may come forward as usual. The Viceroy, the Lieutenant-Governor, and other high officers daily visited the temple of the god, burnt incense, and prayed that rain might descend upon the parched fields, but day after day, and month after month, the sun shone forth as usual. This was attributed to there being something radically wrong about the temple ; that an evil cloud had passed over its roof or a noxious vapour through its halls.

Amongst the lower classes it was supposed that the mischief was on the part of the authorities ; that they may not have acted with due justice and uprightness. In order to appease the evident indifference of the 'Dragon King,' he was paraded about the streets on an altar, followed by immense crowds carrying lighted sticks of incense whose smoke was gratifying to his nostrils. His Majesty had been entirely redecorated with fresh paint and was newly gilded, offering a sublime appearance, while trumpets, drums, and gongs announced his approach.

A *sing-song* was given especially in his honour, in front of which he was placed in the most conspicuous seat, while Buddhist and Taouist priests alternately offered up prayers, and fasted throughout the day. Towards evening he was restored to the temple. Days passed, however, and yet no rain fell. The Kwang-Chow-Foo, or Lord Mayor of the city, next issued a circular, desiring any 'good man' to seek out a sorcerer that his efforts might be employed to cause a cessation of the drought. One was found who, in the presence of the Mandarins, by invocations, incense, and a small gong which he struck occasionally, would have conjured away the evil, but strange to say, it continued just the same, nor could he discover the cause of the dry weather or of

its persistence. It was then resolved to give the God of Rain another chance, and accordingly he was again brought out and carried through the streets with music and incense, while priests prayed and even coaxed him to use his influence with the elements, that 'refreshing showers might descend upon the earth.' Still no rain fell. The people, much annoyed, came at length to the conclusion that his Majesty was wilfully cantankerous and obstinate, that he was carrying the joke rather too far, that he was indifferent to their sufferings. They then abused him roundly in words of great vigour, while at each blast of the trumpet or the sound of the gong, a whip was applied to his shoulders amidst jeers and derisive laughter. In this way he was carried back to the temple and replaced on an altar a little less in height than the one he usually occupied, as a mark of temporary disgrace.

The neighbouring country also suffered intensely from this unprecedentedly dry weather. The inhabitants made their way in thousands to the city, men, women and children, and for some days, until the authorities strenuously interfered, the Square in front of the Factories was crowded with them; they even made their way by hundreds inside the Factories, creating a frightful uproar, although without violence. As many as 500 or more invaded Messrs. Dent, of Paou-Shun Factory, and it was only after great effort that the soldiers at the end of Old China Street were able to drive them away. The Hong merchants, other Chinese, and many of the foreigners also, contributed liberally to assist these poor people, who were in the last stage of destitution. Gradually they disappeared, and the city and suburbs were relieved of their presence.

Being one day on a visit at How-Qua's house, at *Ho-Nam*, he pointed out that of a wealthy friend close by in which a thief had managed to get entrance, who after he had collected together a goodly number of things and was leaving, dropped a weighty object on the floor which aroused the inmates; but as the servants guarded the outlets, the thief made his way to an upper room and hanged himself with his girdle! A more extraordinary circumstance, involving the death of two men, occurred one day in Physic Street, the Bond Street of Canton. A Chinaman came rather violently against another going in the opposite direction. The man thus jostled struck the other so violent a blow on the side as to kill him on the spot! There was immense excitement, the police were at hand, arrested the aggressor, put a chain about his neck and led him into the city. The next morning he was taken to the execution ground and beheaded. Some years after I was present with several friends to witness the beheading of fifty-four 'rebels.' The execution took place on the usual spot, in a narrow lane, closed at one end by a wall. The prisoners were brought out from the city in baskets, with their hands tied behind them, each one having thrust in his hair a small narrow slip of wood, on which was written his name, his age, and where belonging, as well as the crime for which he was to be punished. Being removed from the baskets, they were placed in rows of four, at intervals of three or four feet, with their faces turned from the seats prepared for the Mandarins who are always present on such occasions. Lying on a broad plank attached to the wall referred to, were several thick heavy swords and short knives, which we examined, and close to them stood the executioners. Presently the

sound of the gong announced the arrival of the Mandarins, who were on horseback. One of them took his seat at a small table facing the execution ground, when another handed him a paper containing the particulars of the crimes of those to be executed. While looking over it, which occupied but a moment, the executioners each grasped a sword, and placed themselves one at the head of each four rows (while others stood close behind them with knives), their left hands resting on the heads of the prisoners next to them. With swords uplifted they looked intently at the officer. The paper being read, the latter struck the table with a small square of heavy wood, crying out 'Shat' (Behead). Like lightning the swords fell on the outermost prisoners, then on the three by their sides, and so on the next rows in rapid succession. The knives were used but in two or three instances in cutting off those heads which had not fallen at the first blow. Everything was over in a minute or two. The Mandarins had moved off with their escort, the executioners followed them into the city, when, as customary, friends or relations appeared with coffins and removed some of the bodies, others being carried for burial to a potter's field on the east side of the city. The prisoners on these occasions are brought to the ground in new suits of blue cotton cloth, which become the property of the burial party, while one or two heads are thrown into a large cage made of iron bars, on one side of the execution ground, and left there as a warning to evil-doers. It is a well-known and a remarkable fact, that substitutes may often be found for a very small sum to undergo the last penalty. Men appear at the prison and offer themselves, instigated by some such motive as the extreme poverty of aged parents, to whom the money agreed upon shall

be paid after the execution. This is looked upon as a proof of filial piety, one of the first of virtues, and as the law is satisfied, a life for a life, the arrangement is granted by the authorities, except in cases of treason to the Imperial Government, when the more frightful penalty is inflicted called 'Ling-che,' or cutting into small pieces. This punishment is also imposed in cases of parricide or matricide, and no substitute allowed.

From the very limited sphere which the foreign Factories at Canton offered before other ports for Western commerce were opened, Protestant missionaries found but little encouragement to devote themselves to the study of the Chinese language with the view of converting the people. Nevertheless, about twelve years before the old system of life and business at Canton came to an end (1842), the two first American missionaries arrived there, under the auspices of Mr. D. W. C. O., who had been for many years the special agent of Mr. Thomas H. Smith, of New York, and occupied No. 1 and No. 2 of the American Hong. That gentleman was devoted to the *cause*, and spared neither expense nor trouble in aiding it. In 1827 the ship *Beaver* arrived to his consignment from New York, having on board a Chinaman named Amung, a cook, who had gone there the previous season in another vessel in the same capacity. Being discharged on his return to Whampoa, he made his appearance at No. 1, American Hong, with an order from the captain, Hepburn, for his pay. In conversation with the comprador, he mentioned that he professed the religion of the 'Western world,' and as he looked a man of grave and thoughtful air, the former made known to Mr. O.

that the cook of the *Beaver* had become a convert to the religion of 'Ke-le-sze-tŭh.' The consequence was, that gentleman at once took Amung in hand, and was gratified in seeing him come regularly every Sunday morning to No. 1, American Hong, where Doctor Morrison read prayers and made a short discourse. Neither did he miss a small weekly gathering of an evening for prayers and conversation. His steady attendance at these services was remarked. Thus he inspired Mr. O. with a desire to be of service to him in more mundane affairs, through which he might by his example and precept shed abroad amongst his countrymen a salutary moral influence, if nothing more. Presently he was duly installed in a shop in Old China Street, as a dealer, principally in Suchan pongees. The capital was provided by his American patron, and so business went on. Amung purchased and he sold, temporary loans were obtained from his friend the 'Shing-Yun' (holy man), as he designated Mr. O., and everything appeared very correct; in fact, it really looked as if *one* solitary man of that vast pagan Empire had abandoned his wooden gods and become a sincere adherent to the religion of 'Ke-le-sze-tŭh,' in its reformed system. Some months passed, when one day the compradore breathlessly reported that a number of well-dressed Chinamen were 'sitting on the door-step of Amung's shop,' and he had moreover noticed narrow strips of white paper pasted on the closed door, each one recording an indebtedness to those Chinese of divers sums of money by Amung, who was *absent*!

This is the mode these queer people take of putting a man in bankruptcy. All who pass by 'can see, can savee,' that is to say, 'who run may read.' Nothing was ever after heard of Amung. The compradore when

asked what might have become of him could only reply, 'My tinkee hav go country.'

From Mr. O.'s well-known proclivity for the missionary cause, and from the drawing-room of No. 1, American Hong, being the place of meeting for prayer, it was irreverently nicknamed 'Zion's Corner.' At times as many as eight or ten of the foreign community would be present. I was at the time (1827) of the establishment of Mr. O., a very young 'purser,' as all clerks were designated by the Chinese connected with foreigners. While sitting one hot evening near the door of entrance, Doctor Morrison engaged in the services, and the other 'worshippers' being at the further end of the room, near the verandah, I heard footsteps in the hall, and suddenly there appeared at the door a hard-a-weather, well-bronzed Jack Tar. I pointed to a chair next to my own, and to make him comfortable handed him a prayer-book, pointing out the place in it, and bade him give attention, as Doctor Morrison, who officiated, was reading aloud. 'Why, sir,' said Jack, in a quiet confidential way, as he gave me back the book, 'it's no use to me; I am so damned blind, sir, I can't see.' 'All right, my man,' I replied; 'then listen to what is said.' 'Listen, sir, why bless you, I'm so bloody deaf, sir, I can't hear!' 'Why, then, did you come up?' 'I just left Jemmy Good Tom's; his tippie is first chop, do you know Jemmy, sir? I 'sure you——' At this moment the worthy Doctor finished reading prayers. We were all on our feet, and I was right glad to get my 'deaf and blind' friend downstairs, telling the compradore to let him sleep in one of the godowns. He had just commenced a series of hiccoughs, and it was evident he required rest. The compradore said he had come up in the morning in the boat of the

Mary Lord, one of our ships lying at Whampoa, and it had returned in the afternoon without him—'no can finde he,'—and he must have been stowed away at Good Tom's. It happened that I went to New York in the ship, and beheld my deaf and blind man 'sailing amongst the crew,' and a very good sailor he was.

In the 'Teen-Paou,' or 'Tin-pot' Hong (King-Qua's), as it was familiarly called, there was a very nice, well-bred, and intelligent tea and silk merchant on a large scale, named Quan-Shing. He was a man of an inquiring mind, and a favourite with Mr. O., who took an interest in him and often bewailed his 'sad condition' of a heathen. During the dull days of the summer of 1827 Quan-Shing would call, and on the verandah overlooking the Square listen to Mr. O.'s explanations in 'pigeon English' of the surpassing superiority of the Christian religion over the heathen. One day, as he was leaving the Factory, Mr. O. gave him a translation in Chinese of the miracle of the 'loaves and fishes,' and urged him to read it. 'Now,' said he, as he rubbed his hands, 'that will convince him. Quan-Shing is a sensible man, and the truth of the Divinity of the Saviour, as shown by this miracle, cannot but bring conviction to his mind. May it be blessed to him, and bring forth good fruits!'

A few days passed, when Quan-Shing again made his appearance with the tract, and handing it to Mr. O., said, 'Te-loo-ly No. 1 curio.'¹ That such a crowd should have been fed on such short commons astonished Quan very much, and he repeated earnestly, 'Te-loo-ly, Ke-le-sze-tüh all same joss.' Mr. O.'s eyes brightened, and he was about to congratulate his friend on this his first insight into the miraculous power of the Redeemer,

¹ 'Truly No. 1 curious!'

when Quan said, 'Mei-se A-le-fan-you book. Te-loo-ly, No. 1 curio, only my China hav got *too muchee more curio*.' And then went on to say, that many hundred thousand years ago, there lived a Wang-Tai (Emperor) named Fat, who was equal to a joss, and that some even attributed to him more 'cunning,'¹ or intelligence; that he was, moreover, the father of a very large family, and there is no telling under what other conditions he may have lived, had not Mr. O. suddenly exclaimed indignantly, 'What nonsense, it is foolo pigeon; how can talkee so fashion?' Quan-Shing waited patiently until he had finished, was not at all put out, and replied, in pigeon English, to this effect. 'I read your story and, as I said, found the contents very remarkable; then I would relate to you a tradition of my own country, and you say it is all nonsense. For thousands of years millions of people have put faith in it. How fashion? Can we now deny it and treat it as unworthy of belief? How can do?' Nevertheless the two continued good friends to the end, but neither one could convert the other to his own belief.

A description of *tea*, not included in the kinds shipped to any country, may still be bought in the western suburbs of Canton, at the shop named the 'Hall of the Ten Thousand Shining Midday Tea,' sold by Loo-See-Chang. The shop is in 13 Factory Street, between Old Clothes and Lantern Streets, and bears quite a reputation. Its card reads thus in English:—

The never-failing Midday Tea; its taste and odour are

¹ This word in pigeon English was invariably used in the sense of 'clever, 'intelligent,' or 'wise.'

pure and fragrant, its qualities temperate and mild, being neither hot nor cold. The stomach is strengthened by its use ; it creates appetite, dissolves secretions, assuages the most burning thirst, checks colds, dispels vapours ; in a word, the inner distempers and outer complaints are all allayed by this tea. Is it not divine ?

The recipe for preparing it has been treasured up in the family of the head of this Hall, to whom it was handed down from many generations. The medicinal herbs of which it is composed are culled with the nicest attention. They are of unequalled quality, neither labour nor expense has been spared, and all who use it cannot but realise its benefits. It is dared to be publicly asserted, that although it *may not* always be *positively* beneficial in illness, yet in respect to longevity it will be found wonderful.

Gentlemen or merchants going abroad on distant journeys should use this tea evening and morning. It will dispel the noxious vapours of different seasons, and counteract bad climates. The cup is small, but its effects—oh how wonderful ! Every little packet contains two pieces, and each box contains twenty packets. All noble patrons will please remember the sign.

It is amusing in wandering about the streets, to call in and ask for a *card* of some restaurant or pastry-cook. In Mandarin Cap Alley there is a famous one, a house of refreshment whose card is short. 'At this shop are skilfully made dragon pasties for ceremonies and dinners, moon cakes for the autumn festival, carriage distilled wine from Macao,¹ dishes of simple or rich food served in Tartar and Chinese style, every variety of dried and sugared fruits. All these are to be had here, in the provincial city, outside the Gate of Extreme Peace. Here it transacts business.'

Another from Fuh-Keen says:—'Chang-Kuen, of

¹ The machinery being worked by cattle.

the province of Fuh-Keen, keeps his shop just within the Clear Sea Gate, near the Custom House and opposite the Temple of the Queen of Heaven, the second building on the east side of the Gate. Its preparations of sugar cakes and rice are of a surpassing brilliancy and fragrance not to be excelled. Prices never vary.'

Reference has been made to the *foreign* Consol House at the head of Old China Street, of which Halls nearly all the provinces have one at Canton. This one was on a larger scale than the others, and more beautifully built. Next to it, the most spacious and attractive was that of the Ning-Po merchants, in which plays were performed on festive days. It was one of the 'sights' of the suburbs, as was that of the province of Sze-Chuen. The buildings composing the establishments are two or more in number, separated by court-yards surrounded by colonnades supporting overhanging roofs, with the intercolumniations filled with flowers. In this respect, as in fact with the best of the private houses, they are what one sees in the present day in the houses of Pompeii. Entering by the great gate of the hall, a flight of granite steps leads to the atrium. You then cross the impluvium and enter the first room, entirely open in front and rear, but capable of being closed with movable partitions. Behind it another open space and then a second room; in this is an altar, before which, on a long table, stands a bronze tripod or porcelain vase, in which incense matches are kept burning, while a lamp hangs from the roof. On the altar is a gilt image of some celebrated person of antiquity, such as a man of letters, a man of law, or one who has distinguished himself as a

public benefactor. These images are by strangers taken to be idols, with which they have no affinity.

In the year 1830 two English sailors arrived from the east coast under escort, and were confined in the foreign Consou House from June to October. We took them to be 'castaways' (as they represented) of a brig that had foundered on the coast. They arrived in the beginning of summer. The Hong merchants furnished them with food, and replaced their shockingly bad Chinese with foreign garments. The few foreigners then at Canton sent them various things, and went to hear from them the particulars of their adventures, and they became the 'lions' of the place. They told us of incidents of their long overland journey, during which they were repeatedly transferred from one escort to another. They spoke of the great cities through which they had passed, none of whose names they could remember, and of their treatment, which altogether appeared to be without any particular hardship. I sent them fruit, preserves, and other things from time to time, and went often to see them, being curious to know as much as possible of their land journey, which occupied several months, but I learnt very little.

I was not much more successful as to the time passed at sea previous to their shipwreck. I noticed, however, now and then, contradictions and bungling, and that they became fidgety and anxious. Saying to them finally, that as *Englishmen* it would be only in October or November, after the Company alone competent to take charge of them returned to Canton, when inquiries into their case would be made, and their future disposition decided upon (not being Americans, as they had at first described themselves to be), they had therefore a weary

period yet to get over, they manifested increased nervousness and anxiety. One day they surprised me by saying they had made up their minds to make a clean breast of it, which confirmed me in the belief that there was something wrong. They then related the history of the incidents which led to their being brought to the Consoo House, of which the following is a sketch. They were two convicts who had been transported from England to Botany Bay for life. There they were put on board of a brig with a number of other convicts to be taken to MacQuarrie Harbour, a small military guard being sent with them. After a few days at sea, bad weather compelled the brig to run for shelter to the southward of Botany Bay. While at anchor the captain and mate, with the lieutenant in charge of the guard, pulled on shore for a walk. On their return they found the vessel in possession of the convicts, who, as they approached, warned them off with loaded muskets taken from the few soldiers on duty, whom they had disarmed, but they offered to let them have some personal effects. These were passed down to the boat, and a few men who *chose to leave* quitted the brig at the same time. The convicts then made sail to the eastward, an American flag was made, the brig's name on the stern painted over, and that of the *Brothers* (!) of Boston substituted. They mutually agreed that anyone might leave the vessel at whatever land they fell in with. Sailing northerly and easterly they passed numerous islands, on some of which a number landed and remained. On leaving the coast of New Holland there were between forty and fifty convicts in all. Sailing northward more land was seen, more or less landing and remaining. They seem then to have been well out in the Pacific, and to have fallen in with

the north-east monsoon, which carried the vessel to the coast of Japan. There she was fired at, being struck two or three times. This led to a more rapid end of the journey, for being hulled, she afterwards made much water. The north-east monsoon compelled them to steer westerly, and now they made the coast of China, where the brig sunk, and 'we two managed to get ashore, the last ones of the party.' How these two men, evidently not sailors, alone, contrived to arrive on the coast of China, and what had become of the last of their companions, was a mystery, and they never could reconcile the 'scuttling' of the vessel, as they had before said, with her 'sinking' from the effect of the Japanese shot. At all events, these two were the only ones who were picked up on shore by the Chinese, and forwarded to Canton. The local authorities were no doubt clearly informed of the entire incident of the landing on the coast, but we heard very few if any particulars, and then at second hand. There had evidently been bloody work on board the brig before these two men scuttled and left her. With their consent I wrote down the full history *as they related it*, and was free to show it to 'any one,' as, they said, 'they could no longer keep the secret, that it was killing them.' After a day or two I gave it to Mr. William Jardine, and he communicated with the Factory at Macao. In the autumn, when the latter returned to Canton, the two escaped convicts were transferred by the Chinese authorities to them, and sent to England in irons by one of the Company's ships. After a long time had elapsed, we heard that they had both been hanged there.

A visit to the Great Temple at Ho-Nam, opposite the Factories, was always interesting, it being one of the largest and finest in the southern provinces. In the evenings the priests, of whom there were from 200 to 250, met in the principal hall of a suite of three, to recite prayers, which terminated by a procession around it, accompanied by chanting, the burning of incense, tinkling of bells, and final prostration before the central one of three large gilt Buddhas, representing the Past, the Present, and the Future. On these occasions the rule is that the priests wear yellow cloaks, but like a good many other things in China, the rule and its observance are two essentially different things. In English the name of this temple is the 'Sea Screen.' It possesses a well-filled library and a printing establishment, where the doctrine is perpetuated on wooden blocks, impressions from which are constantly made and distributed or sold. The series of large beautiful halls, or distinct temples, stand on stone platforms, ascended by broad granite steps, and are surrounded by low stone railings, divided by granite columns which support the overhanging roofs. The varied colours of the buildings, the quantity of gilt scrolls hanging on pillars within and without, present a cheerful, brilliant aspect, to the foreign visitor particularly. The lodgings of the priests stand apart, side by side, on the east and west of the temples in their entire length. The apartment of the *superior* is like the others, plain but comfortable, having a reception room with good furniture, and another adjoining in which is an altar with an image of Buddha, having before it at all times burning incense, and a lighted lamp as usual.

The 'chief priest' we came to know well, and were

invited to breakfast and dine with him several times, on his unique food, 'vegetables' and fruits. The table would be covered with a variety of flowers and was always well served, while I was very glad of the chance of a conversation with him to air my Mandarin dialect, then fresh from the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca.

Amongst the buildings on the right of the broad granite-paved pathway, which was bordered by magnificent large tall trees until destroyed at the time of that insensate rebellion of Hung-Sew-Tseuen, stands one containing the main sight of the temple, viz., a dozen or so of enormously fat pigs, so fat that they could scarcely walk. They are kept and fed in illustration of the Buddhist tenet, not to destroy but to care for animal life. The priests being also *well conditioned*, visiting *them* or visiting the *pigs* became irreverently synonymous. 'Come along, let us go and see the Ho-Nam *pigs*' was taken either way. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'pigs or priests.'

The grounds attached to the temple are spacious. In a remote corner of them stands a small roofed building in which the bodies of the priests undergo cremation, and close by it a granite mausoleum with a pyramidal roof, in which their ashes are deposited.

The running of gold into bars is necessarily an important branch of business in China, where no coin of that metal exists. The card of one of the chief smelting houses, and a jeweller as well, reads as follows :—

This shop was opened in the 8th year of the reign of Yung-Ching,¹ and has established for itself a never-dying celebrity. It sells genuine articles and has never resorted to deception.

¹ A.D. 1730.

It has always followed an upright, faithful course. For these reasons, like a fleet horse, its renown has spread through every province. Since it was established generation has succeeded to generation. But who would have supposed that (as has been discovered) shameless wretches, overstepping the bounds of propriety, have rashly assumed our name with the sole aim of obtaining gain by deceit! Needy competitors have also employed intriguing vagabonds to select characters and phrases from our advertisements, to imitate our expressions, while fabricating articles resembling ours of a cheap sort, which they dispose of to others who are thereby deceived and swindled! Through such fraudulent knavery an hundred schemes are planned and executed. To annihilate these the extreme of resentment should be manifested. Heretofore this has been neglected, and for years everything has been overlooked in the dark and muddy pool of passing events. Now, it having become unendurable, information has been laid before the Government officers, that they may investigate and punish.

This year, the 23rd of Keen-Lung,¹ in the fourth moon, we adopt the bamboo scroll card. It may be distinguished from all counterfeits. Merchants and others who would purchase our goods, acquaint yourselves with this card and never forget the names, 'Yik-Me-Hap-Kee and Tik-Lung-Wan-Kee,' and the small seal on the side.

These particulars render deception impossible. This is real, sincere.

Extracts from the widely spread *Court Journal*, 'which give a correct idea of the nature of the occupations and acts of the provincial authorities' ('Chinese Repository') :—

His Excellency the Viceroy went out by the North Gate to review the practice of the troops in archery.

Choo, acting Che-Foo (chief magistrate), reported that he should go on the morrow, under a salute of gongs and guns, to

the Collegiate Hall, and attend the fourth examination of the undergraduates. Wang-Chin-Kaow, major of the left battalion at Heang-Shan, reported that he had captured a smuggler with fifty-two pieces of camlets, and brought him to Canton.

The officers who had been sent to escort Le, the late Salt Commissioner, beyond the boundaries of Kwang-Choo-Foo, on his way to Shen-Se, reported their return.

The Governor went early in the morning and offered incense in the Ying-Yuen Hall (one of the principal temples of the city).

Their Excellencies the Governor and Foo-Yun went to the Temple of the God of Literature and offered incense. Afterwards to the Great Landing Place; received two Imperial Commissioners, and inquired after the repose of his Sacred Majesty.

Fang, an officer of the ninth rank, reported that he had delivered the Imperial despatch with which he had been entrusted.

A messenger arrived from the Lieutenant Governor of Fuh-Keen, having in charge a barbarian, and requested an interview.¹

The two senior Hong merchants prostrated themselves before the Viceroy, and offered up a petition of the Fankwaes.

One day at Macao, 1853, the bell announced a visitor. This is a very convenient mode in houses there, when a call is made the sound being heard all over it. The bell is hung at the foot of the stairs, inside the street door, which is furnished with a knocker. Soon made his appearance Monsieur Durran, a French gentleman, an old resident, who on entering said :—‘ A Mandarin has just arrived from Peking. We have always been anxious to hear about that celebrated city, of which we know little or nothing authentic, and if you would like to see him, I’ll bring him in. He is stopping with our friends the Padres at the Missions Etrangères. What do you say ;

¹ See page 21.

to-morrow?' 'I shall be delighted,' was my reply, and Durran took leave. The next day he came, and with him the Mandarin. The latter was of middle height, stout, and comfortable-looking, with a pleasant air; his dress was the ordinary robe and black silk boots, with cap as usual, but without button, as being less ceremonious. After chin-chin-ing¹ and inquiries as to his journey, he looked about the room with much curiosity, took a book from a table, opened it, and exclaiming inquisitively, 'This is a foreign book,' asked its title and the subject of it. He seemed struck with the pictures on the walls, asked an explanation of them, and at length sat down, exclaiming, 'Koo-kwae-tih-han; how curious indeed! And these are all foreign objects?' he asked. Tea and pipes having been offered, the Mandarin spoke of Peking, 'Pae-Ching,' as he called it, in the northern dialect. He described its walls and temples, its gates and towers, and the Hwang-Ching, or Imperial city, the residence of the Emperor's family. He had been about six weeks on his journey to Canton, and was availing himself of the opportunity of coming to the southward to see Macao. Thus we passed a couple of hours most agreeably. When he rose to leave, he closed his hands and brought them together, saying at the same time, 'Kaow-Tsze, I announce my departure.' It was a great treat to see and talk with a veritable Mandarin just from Peking, nor did I regret an invitation to call on him at the Missions Etrangères, where he was stopping, and for the members of which (missionaries) he had brought letters from the 'Northern City.'

A day or two after I called accordingly, and while being conducted to his room, after first sending up my card, I saw him on the verandah, coming toward me

¹ Salutation (see also page 223).

laughing, and in *French* apologising for the deception he had put upon me in passing himself off for a Chinaman. I was thunderstruck ! ' I was anxious,' said he, ' to see if I could be mistaken for a Chinese. Pray excuse me, I am a Frenchman, I am the Abbé Huc.' I had never been so thoroughly taken in. We met many times after ; he became a constant visitor at my house, until he left in the French frigate *Sybilie* for Bombay and Europe. He gave me much interesting information respecting Lassa, where he met the former Imperial Commissioner Ke-Shen (at the time envoy to the Grand Lama), who had been Viceroy of Pe-Che-Le, of which Peking is the capital, and who succeeded the Imperial Commissioner Lin, arriving at Canton on September 29, 1840. His negotiations with Captain Elliot, H.M.'s representative, were not approved of at the capital, and he was recalled, being succeeded by Ke-Ying, as was Captain Elliot by Sir Henry Pottinger. The first day that the Abbé Huc called on the Envoy at Lassa, while talking over Canton affairs, the surrender of the opium, and the war growing out of it, Ke-Shen said, with a sorrowful tone, ' A dreadful fate that of poor Elut ; he was a good man.' ' Ah,' replied the Abbé, ' I have not heard. Has your Excellency any particulars what has happened ?' ' Why,' said Ke-Shen, ' Elut, you know, was ordered to England when Po-Ting-Che (Pottinger) came out, and was beheaded ; a great misfortune ; he was a good man.' The Abbé was able to undeceive Ke-Shen by saying that it was not customary in Europe to behead a Government officer for failing in any public matter. Ke-Shen expressed great surprise at this, and as the Chinese Government acted differently, supposed it to be the custom with all other rulers. The remark, however, was another instance of the personal consideration in

which the Mandarins held Captain Elliot. Throughout the difficult position in which he was placed after the death of Lord Napier, as H.M.'s Chief Superintendent of trade at Canton, and however grave the events to which the opium surrender gave rise, it was remarkable the personal esteem in which he was held by the Chinese authorities, by the Co Hong, and particularly its chief, How-Qua, who would say, 'Elut No. 1 honest man.' During the negotiations with the Imperial Commissioner Ke-Shen, who succeeded Lin, several personal interviews took place between him and Captain Elliot, and they were on the point of concluding and signing a treaty, when, on February 11, 1841, the former received an Imperial edict in which he was censured for having favoured the Chief Superintendent; the proposed treaty fell through, and on the 23rd the armistice terminated and war recommenced.

The Abbé Huc made his journey to Lassa, of course in Chinese dress, and from the style of it he was taken by both Chinese within and Tartars beyond the Great Wall for an official personage. This, added to his determined manner and self-confidence, enabled him to reach his destination. On his return to France he published an account of the journey, parts of which have been much criticised as being more imaginary than real—for instance, the prodigious hailstones which fell during a storm while *en route*, and the leaves of a tree sacred to Buddha which stands near the Great Temple at Lassa, the fibres of which form the Chinese character *Fo*, the name of that god. Touching the former it singularly happens that, while writing this, an account appears in an American paper describing a storm at Salina, in Kansas, U.S.A., during which hailstones, rather blocks

of ice, fell of enormous size, one of which 'weighed eighty pounds.' Moreover, that *one* of the largest had been purchased by a Mr. Huyler, a merchant of Santa Fé north, for the purpose of being preserved in sawdust. This is quite a confirmation of the hailstones of the Abbé. As regards the name of Buddha on the leaves of the teak tree, in speaking at Macao of this as well, he explained it by saying that the outline formed by the fibres bore some resemblance to the character *Fo*, and aided by a little imagination (faith), the people of the country saw in it the name of their deity. The leaves were not all so marked, but the greater part were, and differed only as a bad handwriting might from a good one. Even if attributed to the imagination, it is as reasonable as the origin of 'In hoc signo vinces.' Father Huc was an intelligent man and desirous of learning, so much so that an American lady residing at Macao, and at whose house he made his first call, offered to give him lessons in English. The Abbé gladly accepted the offer. The lady in question (from Virginia, U.S.A.) was herself an unusually accomplished person. She was not only a *perfect English* scholar, but a Latin and Greek as well, and moreover spoke French with great purity. During the two months that the Abbé remained at Macao, he scarcely missed a day in coming to *school*, and on arriving at Bombay, he wrote a letter in English to the lady in question, with few faults of grammar or orthography.

As long ago as 1806, a few old Canton residents living at Macao first knew a most singular personage, who still exists (1836), and is known as 'Nankin Jack.' Although a Pekin man by birth, the nickname had been

given to him by his original foreign patrons from his having made visits to the Factories once a year, from March to October, with supplies of Nankin curios, as they were commonly called. These articles consisted of rare bronzes and pieces of porcelain, wonderfully carved bamboos, as well as ancient fans ornamented with openwork handles, ingeniously cut and covered with drawings, besides quantities of other things, the like of which at the present day it is in vain to seek for anywhere! They were of course sold for whatever they would fetch, but in general they brought prices less than the most common things of the kind nowadays.

Jack was tall and robust, and very good-natured, never being put out even if offered two dollars for something he held at fifty! By his dress he could be known as a northerner, his leather shoes having iron nails, his blue wadded stockings coming to the knees, and black cloth cap furnished with a black button and red silk tassel, while his brogue was unmistakable. He possessed the art of selling to a marvellous degree. His sales took place only in the foreign Factories, to enter which he seemed to have a prescriptive right. Besides, every one was glad to see him, always in the hope (rarely disappointed) of finding amongst his latest collection something 'worth buying.' He had been to Pih-Ching (as he would tell us), to visit his family, to replenish his boxes with rarities from the Imperial city, the residence of the Son of Heaven. He was always attended by a lusty north countryman, who carried these boxes and spread their contents upon the ground, while going into ecstasies over each object as he produced it. Meanwhile Jack accosted every foreigner coming in or going out with chin-chin and invitations to examine his wonder-

ful collection. 'This' (holding up a resemblance to a map) 'have *Cheena* Country. *Topside* got Pih-Ching, —large Emperor house—my have see he. *Bottom* side belong Canton—plenty tea, silk, foreign gentlemen have got. *Before*, my sell um *ten* dollar; just now, as you are olo flen' (no matter if he had never laid eyes on the strangers before), 'my sell um you one dollar.' Having disposed of the map, he would then recount the age and make of an old jar of eccentric form, which from his account must have been far advanced in years before the days of Noah, and wind up with 'truly No. 1, olo——' This met with a quick sale. A fan would then be produced, 'only one of the kind known to exist,' produced from a plant 'deposited in the earth by joss—No. 1 curio;' and then the attention of bystanders was invited to the agreeable perfume which filled the air as he waved it to and fro, the attendant looking quietly on the while, listening attentively and echoing, 'It is so! it is so!' 'None but saints and genii,' continued Jack, 'have ever used the like; it came into my possession entirely by accident!' Then were brought out books of drawings and divers other objects, described in his peculiar half-pigeon English, and he always succeeded in persuading lookers-on to open their purses. From being an old acquaintance, no one would allow that he was a successful humbug. He was an original in his way and caused a deal of merriment, of which the above gives but a very faint idea. This reminiscence of Nankin Jack is sketched from my having bought of him for *eight dollars* a peculiarly shaped and very pretty flower jar, for which he had been asking others '*seventy* dollars!'

The Danes and Swedes had retired from Canton some years before 1825. The Factories previously occupied by them continued to the last to bear their names. Neither were there any French merchants doing business there at that time. For thirty years, from 1802 to 1832, the French flag had not been hoisted, and even the staff had been taken away. On December 13, 1832, the French Consul (appointed in 1828), Monsieur Gernaert, rehoisted the flag, but lived almost entirely at Macao. Of French commerce with Canton there was little or none, but the reappointment of the Consul was followed by a correspondence with the local Government, through the Hong merchants, arising from the terrible disaster of the ship *Navigateur* in 1828. This vessel having suffered severely on her passage from Bordeaux to Cochin China, was sold to the Government of the latter. Captain Saint-Arroman and his crew, with one passenger, then embarked in a Chinese junk for Macao. They were fourteen persons in all. Within a few miles of Macao, during the night of August 4, about two o'clock A.M., all hands except one sailor were murdered by the people of the junk. The sole survivor managed by means of a Chinese boat to get on shore at Macao on the morning of the same day, and through him the catastrophe was made known. Off the Grand Ladrões twelve Chinese passengers had previously left the junk, which, after the massacre, continued on to Foo-Chow. On the way there, the money, some merchandise, and the effects of the French were divided amongst all on board, except four passengers who refused to participate and who had not joined in the slaughter of the crew. When arrived on the coast of Fuh-Keen, the junk was wrecked and her people dispersed.

The local Government, on being informed of the above facts, went vigorously to work, and managed to seize all but five or six of these ruffians, who escaped. The others were tried at the Consoo House, when forty-nine were convicted and two *acquitted*; these last were let off with a *bamboozing*, probably as a warning to keep out of bad company in the future. The guilty were 'sternly dealt with;' as far as the captain, Woo-Kwan, was concerned, he was 'cut to pieces slowly and ignominiously.'

M. Gernaert, who had assiduously kept before the Government the feature of indemnity for loss of merchandise, money, &c., of the *Navigateur*, was at length, after *six* years of correspondence, successful in obtaining 13,150 dollars out of 16,000 dollars claimed, with the 'promise' that the balance 'should be brought to the notice of the Fuh-Keen authorities.' A great deal of delay necessarily arose in the correspondence of the two Governments, that of Fuh-Keen and of Canton, and the usual formula of 'this coming before me, the criminal judge,' or, 'on this reaching me, the Viceroy,' were reiterated to that degree that locally, in the course of time, impatience at any delay was currently expressed by 'it will be as long an affair as the *Navigateur's*.' In addition to M. Gernaert, the other occupants of the French Factory were a mixed community of Parsees, Moormen, Americans, Indian and Macao Portuguese, and, while the East India Company's fleet was at Whampoa, an occasional ship's purser.

During the existence of the Philippine Company, whose principal establishment was at Manila, the Spanish Factory was represented by two Spanish members, finally by Senhor Ybar, until its affairs were closed up in 1832. The flag then no longer appeared, the staff was removed,

and the Factory itself, consisting of two buildings, was subsequently occupied by Messrs. Turner & Co., an English firm. It was, next to the East India Company's Factory (although not in size), the handsomest and most commodious of the thirteen. The Chinese had had for a long time an extensive trade with the Philippine Islands before the arrival there of the Spaniards. Consequent upon the latter event and the establishing of their authority, commerce grew up with them, and thus the name of the island of *Luzon*, i.e. Lew-Sung, was applied to them by the Chinese. Subsequently, when the Spaniards first came to Canton from *Luzon* they were given this name, and it has continued ever since. When a distinction was at length made between *European* Spaniards and their descendants or mestizos at Manila, the *former* received the name of 'Ta-Lew-Sung,' or 'The Great Luzon,' and the latter of 'Sew-Lew-Sung,' or 'Little Luzon,' but neither the word *Spain* nor Spaniard was ever heard.

The seizure of Captain Gribble, referred to on page 54, was a perfect illustration of the condition of foreigners, especially English subjects, in the interval between the surrender of the opium in March 1839, and the commencement of hostilities at Canton in 1842. The following particulars of that gentleman's capture were communicated by me to a friend at the time, under date Canton, January 12, 1840.

It is the intention of the senior British Naval officer (Captain Smith of the *Volage*) to blockade the Canton river, three days hence, in consequence of an Englishman having been made prisoner, and detained at Canton in spite of demands made on the local Government in the name of Her Majesty

the Queen, that he should be released. The person in question is Captain Gribble. He was formerly commander of one of the Honourable East India Company's ships, a tall, well-made man, a good muster of an Englishman for the Kin-Chae¹ to see. It is or was his intention to establish a house here, with Mr. W. H. Hughes, a gentleman for many years in Baring's office in London. Gribble arrived at Toon-Koo, where the foreign vessels are lying, by the way of Egypt and from Bombay in the ship *Thames*, with Mrs. Gribble, two children, and his sister. After the vessel had been in a day or two, he very foolishly left the anchorage in a fast boat, manned by twenty or twenty-five Chinese, in order to accompany a member of his contemplated house to a vessel consigned to us² from Sydney, the *Royal Saxon*, Captain Towns, which had already arrived near the Bogue on her way to Whampoa. He got alongside all right about two in the morning, and left her to return to the *Thames* half an hour after. This was about the 25th of last month. His boat's crew pulled lustily when, at daylight, as they approached Lintin, behold, at no great distance from them, a stout Mandarin cruiser full of men and pulling from twenty-five to thirty oars of a side! Having been hard at work all night it was impossible to escape, although for a short time it looked as if they might. They managed, however, to reach the shore, when the boatmen jumped out and 'cleared out' like as many deer, leaving Gribble in the hands of the Mandarins, whose followers, of course, relieved him of his gold watch, gold pencil-case, and other trifles, as well as of a pair of pistols, which he had twice discharged at his captors, but fortunately without effect. The Mandarin boat next rowed in to the land, where their prisoner was made over to a party of officers, who with an escort of about sixty soldiers arrived at Canton after being five or six days on the journey, the prisoner carried the while in a sedan chair. He was set down inside the city at the Ya-Mun³ of the Viceroy, by whom and several other high officers he underwent a questioning of three hours' duration. To his surprise his pistols were produced, and he was asked to load and discharge one, which he did so correctly in aiming at a tree in

¹ Imperial Commissioner.² Russell & Co.³ Public office.

the compound and hitting it, that the *court* laughed very much, and some exclaimed, 'How-how-ah' (good, good!) This preliminary examination being over, Gribble was sent to the Consoo House on the 2nd inst., where he is now as I write. The Mandarins have been out several times to 'examine into,' and they have also 'had up' Captain Towns, whom I accompanied. Towns corroborated Gribble's story of his having been on board of his ship on business the night before his capture.

There is no saying how it will all end. If any hostile measure should be taken by Captain Smith, the authorities will no doubt detain their prisoner, but they will do him no personal injury. The Americans go to the Consoo House to see him.¹ I do so often, as I knew him some years ago. Instead of letting the Chinese feed him, we send him breakfast and dinner, &c., &c., with clothes and whatever may contribute to his comfort.

Two days after this letter was written, Captain Gribble was released, received on board H.M.'s ship *Volage* outside the Bogue, and returned in her to Toon-Koo. At the same time five Lascars, who had been picked up adrift here and there, and confined in the Consoo House, were released and also sent on board of the *Volage*.

When the British men-of-war arrived off the city of Canton in 1841, the curiosity of the people was something extraordinary. The roofs of the houses, the streets on the river-side, were crowded and otherwise thronged with Chinese seeking for a look at the strange monsters. When the vessels lay at anchor in front of the city, off Sha-Meen and in the Macao Passage, representations of them were cut on blocks of wood, innumerable copies struck off, and sold about the city and suburbs for less than a halfpenny. On the topgallant *yard-arm* could be seen a barbarian in the foreign dress of the last century,

¹ The English had all left Canton.

standing unconcernedly without support of any kind, looking through a spyglass. The hulls of the sailing vessels were laughable enough, great guns on wheels were the most conspicuous objects. Men were scattered about in the queerest attitudes, and flags and streamers were *streaming* out in every direction, regardless of the wind. The steamers were supplied with enormous wheels everywhere—astern, under the bows, and in duplicate on the sides.

Notwithstanding the havoc the fleet had occasioned to all the Chinese defences, still the barbarians were described as beaten, and their own imaginary prowess described thus when the city was ransomed :—

How detestable are the *rebellious* demons !
They have *confused* the people, pillaged their houses,
But the *gods*, did they not cause to descend terrific rain ?
The villagers came forward in their wrath,
The drums were beaten, the strong and valiant dealt slaughter.
Fortunate indeed was it, for soon the enemy was annihilated.
The blessings of great peace are now restored,
And all may return to their avocations without molestation !

Another picture represented H.M.'s ships *Sulphur* and *Nemesis*, stationed in front of a temple near Pwan's country house at Pun-Tong. A ship's boat is also included, full of 'redcoats.' On asking a Chinaman in pigeon English who the person was in a three-cornered hat and long coat, with pockets and wide cuffs, standing on the royal *yard-arm* and surveying the country with a telescope, he replied, 'he belong chief mate.'

This picture was 'The representation of a *fighting* ship and a *fire* ship, with explanations,' thus :—

Their length is more than three hundred feet,
Their height and breadth more than thirty feet,

They use iron guns of great size and strength,
They are painted all over of a black colour,
Having the look of being covered with iron garments.
The fire ship has wheels on both sides
Which are made to revolve by fire made of coal.
She runs with the swiftness of a fleet horse,
While sails made of white cloth cover her masts above and
below.

She heeds neither a fair wind nor a contrary wind,
At the prow she carries the figure of the demon of destruction,
On all sides are seen rows of cannon ;
Truly the figures of these vessels cause one to shudder.
But the just gods manifested their wrath,
At Shek-lung the fire ship grounded and was lost.
These demons in creating war and confusion
Rebelled against Heaven !

On the third sun of the fourth moon,¹
They attacked the City of Rams ;
The righteous gods interfered,
But they landed at Nae-Shing.²
The demon soldiers were entirely defeated
And driven to the end of the river,
Darts and arrows flew like hail,
Each gun trebly shotted dealt destruction.
The gods caused a great rain to descend,
Rendering *their* cannon and guns useless.
The brave villagers north of the city
Enraged rushed upon the enemy,
From the summit of the White Cloud Mountain
Rain descended in overwhelming torrents.
Vast numbers of the demons
Were slaughtered and their heads cut off,
Several of their leaders were slain,
Amongst them one named Pak-ma,³
The hearts of the barbarians became frozen
They scattered and fled in every direction,

¹ May 23, 1841.² North of the city.³ Commodore Bremer.

The ships then retired, sailing beyond the Bogue,
Unable to endure the just vengeance of the gods !
Then the earth being wet and soft, many sunk down and were
lost.

Our gods granted us protection,
Peace was established from this moment,
All people now returned to their work,
While joy once more appears and fills the breasts of all !

The Chinese make a good story of it, but unfortunately for them it is false from beginning to end !

This incident of the *first China* war reminds me of a good story told by Captain Harry Eyres, of H.M.'s sloop *Modeste*, one day at dinner on board with John Robert Morrison, in the Macao Passage, a couple of miles from the Factories, March 1841. A few nights before, a small China boat was reported pulling for the ship from the Swallow's Nest Fort abreast of which she was lying. It was allowed to come alongside, when a Chinaman getting on deck asked to see 'Miss-ee Kaptan,' who appeared, but as the visitor preferred to see him alone, Eyres led him down to the cabin. At this time fighting might be recommenced with the Chinese at any moment, and, in fact, not long after a general attack was made on H.M.'s ships *Modeste*, *Herald*, *Hyacinth*, and *Algerine*, by means of great fire rafts drifting upon them at night, and which proved very troublesome. To come back to the visitor, once in the cabin he made known the object of his visit, which was, that inasmuch as Eyres and he were not enemies he saw no reason, in fact considered it madness, for them to *shoot at* one another—the Swallow's Nest and the ship ! 'My show you. My long you No. 1 *good flen*. What for fightee? Large Man-ta-le makee fightee, he please ; s'pose to molla hav got fightee, you no puttee

plum you gun, my no puttee plum my gun ; puttee fire physic (powder) can do very well, makee plenty noise, makee plenty smoke. My no spilum you, you no spilum my !' A short time after, all the forts about Canton having been destroyed, Edward King and I pulled down to the Swallow's Nest, which was really knocked into a cocked hat. Eyres told us, as he watched the bombardment of it with his glass, who should he see amongst the first to take to the open, with his tail tied around his head, but his 'No. 1 good flen !' 'running as if the devil himself was after him.' The Chinaman is a funny fellow ; after the *first* broadside from the *Blenheim* at the attack on the Anunghoy Fort, a boatman who happened to be on the firing side seized his scull to move off, yelling with all his might, 'My *chin-chin* you *stop littee*, my go odder (t'other) sy !' During the attack on Canton, an Old China Street porcelain merchant, named Cum-Chong, told us that as he was crossing the river in a passage-boat with many others, a round shot tore through it, killing several and wounding many, when, as he said, 'My puttee head insi (inside) holo,' the chances being against another shot coming through the same place !

As the story goes, 'five genii riding on rams met in the infancy of the city of Canton, 2,000 years ago, and having given five stalks of grain to the people, with the wish that famine and dearth might never visit them, disappeared from sight.' In this originated its *earliest* name of the City of the Five Genii. At the same moment of the disappearance of the genii, the rams were turned into stone. A temple was then built over them, and they may be seen to this day. From them came *another* one of its

names, that of the 'City of Rams.' In the reign of Nan-Wang (Southern King), of the Chow dynasty, 250 years B.C. (also according to Chinese annals), Canton city was called 'the Martial City of the South.' Amongst my notes, date 1852, I find the following:—'With Mrs. Hunter, R. W. Read, of A. L. Johnston and Co., Singapore; Orne, of Russell and Co.; John Darby Gibb, of Gibb, Livingston, and Co., visited the Temple of the Five Genii, and saw the Rams.'

The city of Canton was first walled in (as it may be seen at this day) during the fourth year of Ying-Tsung, of the Sung dynasty, A.D. 1067. About two hundred years later an additional space on the south was enclosed, when the two became the *old* and *new* city. Extending south from the east and west angles of this *new* city, two additional walls, pierced with one gate each, were built to protect a suburb on the river side. Opposite to the shore ends of these, on beds of rocks, were built the Dutch and French Follies, as now called.

Foreigners, on coming up the river to Canton have been attracted by several lofty pagodas, which are met with after entering the Bogue, as much from the perfect specimens of a peculiar style of Chinese architecture, as from the beauty of the spots on which they are built and their great height and symmetry of form. Two of the most remarkable stand between the city and Whampoa. The one nearest to Canton is to foreigners known as the Lob Creek Pagoda, from a small branch of the river running by the foot of the eminence on which it stands. The other is the Whampoa Pagoda, and a third stands on a height abreast of the second bar. From the Five

Story Hall, within the city walls, this is distinctly visible, though at a distance of thirty miles. They are all octangular, of nine storeys, and about 120 feet high, decreasing in circumference as they rise. At the base they are about twenty-four feet in diameter externally. Surrounding each storey on the outside is a cornice. The walls at the base are eight feet thick. Windows are pierced on the north and south sides between each cornice. Within there are no divisions by floors, the view is uninterrupted to the apex. Idols are placed in a recess opposite the entrance, where stands a small altar, and besides these objects there is nothing. The plastered inner walls exhibit innumerable names of foreign visitors, the oldest that I found being 1750. The Canton Chinese, if inquired of as to the meaning and intention of these pagodas, reply, 'Belong joss pigeon,' that is to say, they are raised to the *Unknown* that evil influences may be warded off; very expressive, but vague. The ones of which I now speak are not ancient monuments, they were built, it is said, during the Ming dynasty, but many exist of great antiquity, amongst which may be named that one on the Min River, a few miles before you arrive at the city of Foo-Chow, where foreign ships anchor, and which gives its name to the place, Pagoda Anchorage. This one is said to have been constructed during the Sung dynasty, A.D. 967 to 1085. They are usually built of brick. We are indebted to the Jesuits, who let nothing escape them of curious or interesting research, for an accurate knowledge of the purposes of these graceful buildings. In a work entitled '*De Christiana Expeditione apud Sinas, de Societate Jesu suscepta*,' is the following notice of the building of one of these pagodas. The author was Father Nicholas

Trigaultius Belga, commonly called Father Trigault, and is composed of his own and Mathieu Ricci's notes. It says:—

At the same period (1583) the inhabitants of Shaou-King-Foo¹ were building at the expense of its Eleven Heens² one of these towers, which ancient superstition led them to believe brought prosperity upon the whole region. Already the first storey, on which eight others were to be raised, had been erected. It stands on a most lovely spot by the bank of a large and navigable river, on which is the residence of the Viceroy, near to the walls and from which the city is distant about a mile, but the suburbs extend quite out to it, and with the fields, the shrubbery, and the gardens, afford the most delightful spectacle. On the same area they were marking out the ground for a splendid temple after the pagoda should have been built, in which, according to custom, was to be placed a statue of the Governor of the Foo, as a testimony of their gratitude. During the six years of his governorship, he had so ruled as to gain a good name among the literati and people.

Subsequently, after the Jesuits had built a chapel in the same area with the pagoda, the Father adds, in explanation of the disaffection of many Chinese toward them:—

Nothing so much vexed them as the false rumour that the tower, which at such great expense and toil was being built, was the work of foreign priests. This report had no other foundation than that the building of the tower happened to fall at the same time with the erection of our chapel. But this rumour was sufficient to cause them to change the name of the tower, which they had called 'Flowery,' to that of 'Foreign Tower.'

It is also from the works of the Jesuits we first learnt that these pagodas are erected to the spirits of the gods,

¹ The old capital of Canton province.

² Districts.

who were supposed to hover over certain spots of ground, as a propitiatory offering, to insure their protection and assistance in all operations in which the community of those places might be engaged, more particularly with reference to their labours in the field, and that they would ward off pestilence or noxious influences, and all this is expressed in pigeon English in three words, viz., 'Belong joss pigeon.'

It is meekly suggested that crapes, like the principles of reason and justice, should be without blemish, spotless, and of undeniable beauty. For their perfect make it is essential that the loom, the materials, and the workmen should be selected with the utmost care. These being in joint operation, through every province will their reputation speed with the rapidity of a fleet horse, and lead to its endurance for myriads of ages.

This establishment is succeeding in accomplishing this for its own productions, and up to the present year of Taou-Kwang twenty-nine years have passed, during which it has enjoyed an enviable character. Now, however, for the purpose of preventing other goods being offered for our own, we have adopted a new double name. This is found on all wrappers, and henceforth will not be renewed nor altered. Should therefore crapes be presented for sale of loose texture, and whose surface is scattered and uneven, depend upon it they are base imitations and not the fabric of this house. For several years some persons unable to perfect 'edges and corners' do not find it so difficult to imitate seals, by which to impose upon strangers. This establishment has therefore chosen the name 'Tung-Kee' for its wrappers, the

characters being in variegated colours, and to it is added 'Wo-Ho.'

Respected strangers, deign to glance at these, and thus become acquainted with the new name of our firm. In the management of its business there is far from being any deception.

TUNG-KEE-WO-HO,
formerly KEE-TSEANG-JIN-KEE.

Beyond the western suburbs of the city, at the north-west angle of the walls, from which it is separated by the remains of the ancient moat, stands the tomb of a Mohammedan priest, a missionary perhaps, which was erected in the eighth century. I was never able to get a translation of the inscription on it, beyond that the priest had arrived from the Far West. Within the old city, however, stands a mosque close to the Tartar quarter, which we were only allowed to visit after the gates were thrown open, but of whose existence we had heard. It bears the marks of antiquity, like all other mosques, has bare inner walls, covered with Arabic sentences, expressing perhaps that there exists but one God, and that Mohammed is His prophet. The floors are covered with fine matting. We found a moolah praying earnestly, with his face turned to the orthodox point. His dress was Chinese, his head was shaved, and he was no doubt a native by birth. Close by the mosque rises a tall circular minaret, of very plain masonry. The earth has gradually encroached upon it until the first storey is now buried beneath it, the others, six in number, being indicated by square apertures originally for light and air, while from the summit there grows a stout tree or two.



V | There were no means of attempting an ascent, as we saw through the upper part of the great door that it was completely filled with loose stones and rubbish. It was a well-known fact that there were many Moham-medans amongst the population of Canton, besides some Jews. The latter we frequently met in the streets, recognising them by an unmistakable feature.

| The Yuen-Ming-Paou, known amongst foreigners as the *Canton Gazette*, or *Court Circular*, from its being mostly taken up with the acts of the officials, was badly printed from wooden blocks, and sold for one or two *cash*, about the tenth of a penny, in the streets of the city and suburbs. It was the only thing in the way of a newspaper, if so by courtesy of language it could be called, that existed at Canton. On the occasion of the disaster that happened to the English ship *Troughton* near Hae-Nan, in January 1835, a notice of the event was put into newspaper shape, and distributed all over the place. It read as follows :—

On inquiry we learn that on a former day a vessel of the 'red-headed devils,' having lost her masts near Fan-Shih (Mandarin's Cap), anchored within the jurisdiction of the district Sin-Ning. Here she sought assistance from the crews of several fishing boats. In the prospect of gain they immediately transferred her cargo to their own boats. The foreigners then laid a statement before the authorities, charging the fishermen with robbery.

The Viceroy forthwith directed Tsang, the admiral of the naval forces, to go with all despatch to the scene and make excessive search for the offenders. Soon there were captured more than ten, and further pursuit being made, two more of the fishing boats were taken. Moreover the military officers

seized four or five boats, and the amount of property thus far recovered is estimated at over two tens of thousands of 'large rounds' (silver dollars).

The Chinese Government acted with much vigour and zeal on this occasion. The ship, after being dismasted in a violent gale, took shelter, as above related, near the Mandarin's Cap. The crew, thoroughly worn out, were nearly all below, when twenty-five large fishing boats dashed alongside, threw on board over two hundred desperate scoundrels, and succeeded in getting complete possession of the ship, notwithstanding the good use of fire-arms and the knives of the crew. The fishermen (usually synonymous with pirates) then bound the sailors and officers, and proceeded so deliberately to break open and extract the contents of chests and cabins, that nothing remained even in the way of nautical instruments—chronometers, watches, spyglasses, &c. They opened the run scuttle and obtained twenty-one boxes of specie, and finally, before quitting the ship, endeavoured to set fire to her by igniting a small quantity of powder found in the cabin. They then released some of the crew and went away. The Mandarin's Cap being within sixty miles of Macao, the news soon reached that place, and the ship being recovered was gotten under way and brought to Whampoa. Through the vigilant and untiring efforts of the Canton Government, of 74,400 dollars in value plundered, it had recovered and paid to Messrs. Whiteman and Co., the agents, by June 15, 1836, 32,500 dollars.

The manner in which the treasure had been concealed by the pirates was ingenious. Made fast to the anchor of one boat, at which she was riding, 3,000 to 4,000 dollars were found, sewn up in a bag. Several thousand dollars were discovered scattered widely amongst the sand and

gravel ballast of another boat, while some boxes unopened were buried in the beach near low-water mark, at a depth of nearly ten feet. Asking one of the Hong merchants what the Mandarins would do with the pirates, he replied, very quietly, 'cuttee fitty, siky piece head so!' that is, fifty or sixty would be beheaded. I had been asked by the agent of the ship, Mr. Whiteman, to translate into Chinese his letter to the Viceroy through the Hong merchants, and a few days after one of the latter brought the reply, which I turned into English. Within five weeks of this correspondence several boats were taken with from forty to fifty of the pirates, who were brought to Canton in chains and beheaded.

On building a house, the ground having been prepared, the Chinese put in its proper place the large round beam which supports the *roof*, as a matter of course inversely to the Western custom of first laying the foundation. This is the initial step. The ridge pole being secured, it is painted red, and around the centre of it is placed a narrow strip of red cloth, which depends a foot or more below it. To the four corners of this cloth brass ornaments are attached, stamped with certain characters, as the Yang-Yin and the Pă-Kwa, often with the figure of a tortoise, emblematical of that reptile on which the earth rests. These keep off, or should keep off, evil influences, illness and enemies. Together these objects may be considered the *foundation stone*, and naturally occupy a place in the *roof*, instead of in the first stone laid! The ridge pole is then roofed over, and finally incorporated in the covering of the house as it is being finished. The foundations are *then laid*, and the walls

run up to meet the roof. Next is built, in the centre of the lower storey or ground floor, an *altar to ancestors*, and behind this, separated by a strong partition wall, are the apartments of the family. Of these main features, the most important one is the ancestral altar. While this is being constructed (as the 'Manual' says), the thoughts of the master of the new house are of the greatest importance as regards the observance of filial piety. He should commune with himself in this way. 'I am now taking possession of a new home. I may have children and grandchildren. Did not my grandfather have children, and was not one of them my father or my mother? The kindness and affection of my grandparents were truly very great! How then can I neglect to build an altar to their memory in this new house, to worship at it and to offer sacrifices upon it? Were I to be thus indifferent, it would be ten parts dreadful. It would look as if I disregarded the source from whence I sprung, or thought that it had nothing to do with filial affection. Suppose that my children and grandchildren should act thus, should neglect to build the family altar to my memory, they would possess no filial piety, the first of virtues, and when *dead* I should be forgotten! Although people who are indifferent to its practice may possess titles and rank, with riches, they are nevertheless despised by men and can never enjoy happiness. They must be mentally miserable here and when they die! Fortunately the number of the unfilial is infinitely small.'

After the altar shall have been erected, a suitable piece of ground must be set apart for the *ancestral ground*, and so designated. Annual preparations must be made on it for the sacrifice of victims, and thus will be secured to it the name of 'Sacrificial Ground.' It must constitute

a general inheritance for all the members of a family, and never must the least portion of it be forfeited or appropriated to any private purpose. As soon as this land is chosen, vessels for sacrifice, incense burners, with all other things needed, must be purchased, and after they shall have served during any ceremony, they must be carefully removed to a secure place.

Daily worship must be performed before the family altar, and in this manner. When the master of the house has risen, he must wash his hands, and in decent attire light incense, kneel four times, arise and retire. Should he (or any member of the family) be about to go on a journey, the day having been fixed, he must prostrate himself before the tablet and say out plainly, 'I am going to such a place.' Then kneel, supplicate protection, arise and depart. On his return he must again kneel before the altar and say, 'I have returned from such a place;' then worship four times, give thanks and retire.

On the first and fifteenth of every moon, on any feast day, at the end of the year, or on any important day, all the members of the family, male and female, young and old, must kneel down and worship at the ancestral altar.

On January 24, 1836, at two in the morning, we were aroused by the sight of a great fire, within three hundred yards of the Factories, in Carpenters' Square. While within the Factories everything was as light as day, without rang innumerable gongs and cries of the Chinamen. It seemed that this time we were doomed to utter destruction. On getting below to the offices, I found everything already packed up and ready for removal. Chop boats had been provided as usual, and coolies from

the Hong were at the gates. The Company's and the Dutch and Creek Factories intervening, we had time to look about. On reaching the Square, so sudden had been the fire, that I found it crowded with vagabonds, and the foreigners armed and keeping guard over the gateways. The creek, about twelve feet broad, running by the side of the Creek Factory, happened to have about three feet of water in it, and to this we owed our safety. The engines were worked splendidly by the Hong coolies ; still, as about seventy carpenters' shops filled with wood and shavings were burning, continuous efforts were necessary. Going to the terrace on the roof of the Dutch Factory, the wind blowing strong from the north-east, the scene was awful to look upon, while the confusion and noise of the Chinese beggars all description. A small bridge crossed the creek in the rear of that Factory, which was almost choked up with bearers of all conceivable things. Three English gentlemen who happened to be upon it barely escaped with their lives, but five Chinese were trampled to death. Presently the fire reached the Factory in the Creek Hong, occupied by an Irish gentleman, Mr. Keating ; but what with the assistance of some foreigners, and an engine sent across the Square by Ming-Qua, which was well manned and worked, the house itself was saved, though the windows, doors, and a part of the roof were destroyed. Had it not been so well protected, not a doubt but that the whole of the Factories would have gone. We had at this moment the gratification of seeing the police and soldiers enter the Square by Old China Street, and the rapid dispersion by well-applied whips and kicks of the most vile-looking crowd imaginable. By nine in the morning the fire was pretty well under. It was almost a miracle

that How-Qua's Hong escaped, as it occupied one side of a narrow street which alone separated it from the block of Carpenters' Square. He had, however, five excellent engines, imported from England, which kept up an incessant stream of water, and to them he owed his safety. I had gone to his Hong about three in the morning, and when I left at ten o'clock all danger was over. About one hundred shops were consumed, but the value of all, with their contents, was estimated at but 200,000 dollars. We knew them all well, these carpenters; they had worked, father and son, for generations for foreigners, and their losses were greatly regretted. Meanwhile in the Factories all were ready to move their treasure and office effects to the boats at a moment's notice, but they held fast, and the coolies had but the trouble of unpacking.

The Chinese possess many traditions of their great Sage, bearing upon his doctrines or his actions, amongst which may be found some that might be deemed almost puerile by Western people, but by his countrymen respect is attached to them, from being illustrative of his character and life, without anything substantial to recommend them. Of this last sort may be the following anecdote. It is a quaint example of Chinese Confucianæ. It is translated from a popular work called 'Tung-Yuen-Tsa-Tsze,' a collection of writings on various subjects.

The family name of Confucius was Mow, his matrimonial title Chung-E. He taught his doctrines in the western part of the Loo country. One day while out in his chair, attended by his disciples, he met several lads at play, while another stood by alone and idle. Ordering

his chair to be set down, he stopped and inquired of the idle boy why he did not take part in the amusements of his companions. The lad answered, 'There is nothing to be derived from playing ; in the first place, if my clothes should be torn, it will cause trouble to mend them, and in the next place, my parents would be angry with me when I return home. What advantage, therefore, is to be gained by it ?' The boy then, stooping down, placed some stones and earth on the road in the outline of the walls of a city. Confucius, passing on, asked him why he did not place the walls out of the way of his chair. 'From ancient times,' the answer was, 'to the present day, chairs and carriages have always turned aside for cities ; how can a city get out of the way of a chair ?' Confucius again stopped, and asked how he, so young a lad, could reply in so ingenious a manner. The boy replied, 'When a child attains his third year he is able to distinguish his parents one from the other ; when a rabbit becomes three days old, it can run about in holes and caves of the earth ; when a fish is three days old, it can swim in the lakes and rivers. All this is well known, and there is nothing ingenious in the language.' Confucius again asked, 'In what Heang do you live, and in what Le ? What is your Sing, what is your Ming, and what is your Tsze ?' 'I live,' answered the boy, 'in a wretched Heang and in a wretched Le, the land of which is very poor ; my family name is Sing, my surname Tuh, I have no Tsze.' The Sage asked, 'How then would you like to travel from place to place with me ?' The boy replied, 'My duties are to my father ; as to my mother, I live to comfort her. I have an elder brother whom I must obey, younger brothers whom I should instruct ; I have a learned teacher to whom attention should be paid ; what

time then have I to travel?' Confucius said, 'In my chair I have a chessboard and thirty-two chessmen, shall we play a game?' The little boy answered, 'The Son of Heaven is fond of gambling and neglects the affairs of state, the Choo-Haou (nobles) gamble and impede the concerns of Government, scholars gamble and lose the little they possess, slaves do the same and are punished by their masters, farmers also, and neglect the ploughing of the ground and the planting of grain, therefore I cannot gamble.' Confucius again said, 'My desire is to *ping*¹ the Empire, perhaps you can assist me?' 'It is not possible,' replied the boy, 'to *ping* the Empire. In it there are high hills and mountains, rivers and lakes, kings and ministers, servants and slaves. If the hills and mountains are levelled, birds and beasts will have no shelter; if the rivers are filled with earth, fish can no longer live; place kings and ministers on an equality with their inferiors, the people will become unruly; if there are neither servants nor slaves, what will masters do? Thus the Empire is full of inequalities; personally and physically it cannot be levelled.' Confucius again said, 'Can you tell me what fire has no smoke, what water contains no fish, what hill has no stones, what tree no branches, what men have no wives, what women no husbands, what cow has no calf, what horse no colt, what male no female, what female no male, what is the superior man and what the worthless one, of what are there not enough and of what too many, what city has no market-place, and who has no Tsze?' The boy replied, 'The fire of the fire-fly has no smoke, well water produces no fish, a hill of earth has no stones

¹ The word here made use of in the sense of making 'peaceful,' also means 'equalising;' the lad took the last.

nor has a rotten tree any branches, genii have no wives and celestial women no husbands, earthen cows are without calves, wooden horses without colts, a widower has no female nor has a widow a male, Heen is a superior man and Yu a worthless one, of cold days there are not enough, of hot ones too many, the Imperial city has no market-place, and little boys have no Tsze.' Confucius asked the lad again, 'Do you understand the mode of reckoning? Which is left and which is right, what is Peaou, what is Le? Which is the father of all, which is the mother, which the husband, which the wife? From whence comes the wind, from whence falls the rain, clouds and vapours, from whence do they arise? To how many thousands and thousands of miles does the earth reach?' The boy answered, 'Nine times nine are eighty-one, that is reckoning; heaven is the father of all and earth the mother, the sun is the husband and the moon the wife, the east is left and west the right, outside is Peaou, inside is Le; wind comes from above, rain from the deserts, clouds from the tops of hills, vapours arise from the earth, heaven and earth extend to thousands of thousands of tens of thousands of miles, from the east to the west, from the south to the north, it is all a mystery.' Confucius rejoined, 'Do you say father and mother are relatives, and that husband and wife are not?' The boy replied, 'Father and mother are relatives, but husband and wife are not related.' Confucius said, 'The latter are laid in one grave, and therefore relatives.' To this the boy answered, 'When a man is born he has no wife, and is like a coach without a wheel, but one is provided in good time. When a wife dies, she may be replaced. The kindness of parents can never be forgotten, it is like the moon, which in brilliancy surpasses that of

all the stars together.' The Sage remained silent for a moment, and exclaimed, 'What intelligence! How worthy!' The boy, then addressing the philosopher, said, 'I have been asked many questions and have answered them, may I also ask you some before we part? How are geese and ducks able to swim, how do wild geese make such a great noise, why are the oak and the fir evergreen?' Confucius answered, 'Ducks and geese swim because they are webfooted, wild geese make a great noise because they have long necks, the oak and fir are always green because their hearts are solid.' The boy said, 'Not so; fish can swim, but they are not webfooted, toads and frogs utter a loud noise, but their necks are short, the bamboo is green, but not because its heart is solid. How many stars are scattered about the firmament?' To this Confucius said, 'All our questions have related to the earth, why converse about celestial matters?' The boy then asked, 'Scattered over the surface of the earth, how many dwellings are there?' 'All that we have spoken about,' replied the Sage, 'are things passing before our eyes, why speak of the unseen?' 'As then we have conversed only upon objects present to us,' said the lad, 'I ask you to tell me the number of hairs in my eyebrows?' Confucius laughed and made no answer, but looking round to his disciples said, 'Youth is deserving of respect and consideration, for we know not what in a future day it may become.' He then entered his chair and rode on.

I heard a person say of the foregoing anecdote of the great Sage, 'And such are the popular traditions of the Chinese, and such the wisdom of Confucius, consisting of mere truisms clothed in pompous phraseology.' But he was a man full of prejudice and hypercritical; what

would he have said to the following? Tsang-Tsze was a favourite disciple of Confucius. One day he said to the master, 'A round vessel without corners cannot be a square vessel;' and received this reply, 'A vessel without corners, and round, is not a square vessel; how can it be a square vessel?' Tsang-Tsze bowed to the profound wisdom of the philosopher.

Chinese history says that the great historian Chow (who lived 1042 years B.C.) was the inventor of the *Seal* character. The knowledge of it exists amongst the most learned of the Chinese only, and at the present time it is used for names and titles. It further says that in the time of Confucius, 500 years B.C., there were no books extant of previous authors. That a mode of making known events by written or pictorial means came into use at a remote date, there is evidence in the following extract from the historical records of the same dynasty Chow, which existed from 1100 to the year 242 before the birth of Christ. 'At this time the Chinese wrote on bamboo with a style, and this gave its name to the engraving of characters called Tsze-Tsze, or pricking the characters, which exists to this day.' At the same period writing was in vogue, through the medium of a red ochre.

During the early years of the Western Han dynasty (200 years B.C.) hair pencils were invented by the celebrated Mung-Teen, the general who, with 300,000 men, was sent to reduce the Tartar tribe Heung-Noo, to keep which people out of China, on his being raised to the dignity of Emperor of the Tsin dynasty, he built the Great Wall extending from Lin-Tow on the west, to Leaou-Tung on the east, more than 2,000 English miles.

In order to obliterate the works of scholars and learned men, that *no records should remain* of any of his predecessors, he ordered all existing books, including the works of Confucius and Mencius, to be burnt, and buried alive 400 of the literati; he then assumed the title of Che-Hwang-Te, or 'The *First Emperor*,' and died 204 years B.C., after a reign of eleven years.

In the beginning of the first century after Christ, 'tombstones were first raised on which records were *engraved*; they extolled the virtues of the deceased.' We now approach a period when writing and engraving were making great progress. In the year 286 A.D. a paper money, *illustrated by figures*, was invented for scattering at funerals. On the death of the Emperor Min, of the Western Tsin dynasty (A.D. 313), a descriptive epitaph was placed on his tomb which read thus, 'Presiding over the nation, grief and sorrow were his lot.' In the reign of Tae-Wo, of the Eastern Tsin dynasty, '*stamps*' originated, and were used for the sale and transfer of estates. In the year 522, books of the Leang dynasty *represent* 'people sitting with their legs hanging down,' the custom theretofore having been to sit on mats on the ground, and these were undoubtedly *pictorial*.

It was not until the year 745 A.D., during the Tang dynasty, that books were no longer made up into *rolls*, but were 'bound up in *leaves*.'

We now emerge from the primitive forms of Chinese writing, and of pictorial illustration, to the invention of *printing* in China. According to Du Halde, it was in the year 924 that a Minister of State named Fung-Taou (*now worshipped by type-cutters*), first introduced the art to the then Emperor Kaou-Tsoo, of the How-Tsin dynasty, and at the close of the thirteenth century,

during the Sung dynasty, *movable types of baked clay placed in a frame* were invented. In 1722 the celebrated Kang-He, second Emperor of the actual Manchoo dynasty (whose Dictionary of the Chinese language is considered the best of any in the Empire), caused movable types of copper to be made (some say for the purpose of printing his dictionary), but during a scarcity of coin, the Emperor Keen-Lung, the fourth of the present dynasty (who died in 1795) caused these types to be melted down, and in their stead had 250,000 *wooden types* cut, to which he gave the name of 'Congregated Pearls.' These are, however, no longer heard of, and have been entirely superseded by characters cut on wooden blocks, from which impressions are taken for books as well as for pictorial sheets. Paper was invented in China during the time of Wan-Te, of the Western Han dynasty, whose reign closed 151 years B.C.

In the *printing of books* at the present day, when its size has been fixed upon, the type-cutters prepare suitable blocks of wood from which to print it, and which are planed to a smooth surface (the kind of wood most suitable is of the pear-tree, from the evenness of its texture and fibre), and the average *thickness* may be about half an inch. When the text is prepared for printing, the sheet is carefully spread upon the surface of the block, which has been previously rubbed with a thin paste, usually of boiled rice and a little gum, and this causes the paper to adhere firmly. The manuscript is in columns from right to left; one sheet forms *two* pages, on the middle of which, in a space reserved for the purpose, is the title of the book, and the number of volumes, if more than one. From the thinness of the paper, each line of the character is quite distinct to

the type-cutter. It will be remarked that when the two pages of the text, forming one sheet, are thus pasted on the block, the characters are reversed. With a delicate sharp pointed instrument of a triangular form, the cutter then removes all the wood surrounding each word. If the columns are to be separated by perpendicular lines, the wood forming them is dressed on its surface to the thickness required; if they are not to be, it is then all cut away. When the cutting is finished each character and each line is in clear relief, and all on a perfectly horizontal plane. The block is then carefully brushed, any small particles of the wood diligently removed, and prepared for printing. The ink, which is of a thickish consistency, is now spread over the surface of the characters by means of a firm brush made of the fibre of the cocoa-nut or other wood, but sufficiently pliable to insure an even distribution of it. This being done, a sheet of blank paper is placed upon the characters, and over it a second dry brush having been applied, the sheet is adroitly removed, and presents the two pages (in one) clearly printed. It is then folded in *two*, the *closed* edge bearing the name and number of the page and volume, and the two *open* edges are closed by binding. The sheet is now passed to the binder, who, as he receives others, places them in order according to their numbers, then, when all are struck off he sews them together and the volume is finished. Seeing that when the binding is done there is no external indication of the *title*, the last process is for a writer, whose particular business it is, to write on the *foot* of the closed work its title, and, if more than one volume, the number of all, thus, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{2}{4}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{4}{4}$, the *total* number, however, not being imperative.

From this long description it might be assumed that the process is a tedious one. Quite the contrary ; the adroitness of the workmen, and their intelligence, enable them to get through a job with wonderful celerity and neatness. It may be seen that the variety of shapes to which a block may be adapted is endless, depending only upon the style of a work, whether of square, oblong, or oval shape, or in the form of a fan, or a leaf, or any other.

Pictorial sheets are treated in precisely the same way as the pages of a book. If to be *coloured* it is of course done very carefully, the *colouring* being laid on according to the author's instructions. It may be useful here to say that in representations of battles, generals and other superior officers appear in a peculiarly unfit garb for the field, according to Western ideas. These uniforms, however, are not modern by any means, but date from a great antiquity. They are made of rich stuffs, and are constantly seen in historical subjects on the stage. Warriors on horseback, with 'loosened rein flying,' in each hand a strange weapon, and plunging into the midst of the enemy in a most reckless fashion, produce a marked theatrical effect in an illustrated paper.

The details here given of the mode of printing, it will be seen, result in a stereotyped work. After the blocks have been used for a book, they are carefully freed from the remains of ink and well dusted, then arranged on edge on shelves for further editions, if wanted. Should alterations be required in the text while being printed, the type-cutter has simply to cut out the objectionable characters or sentence, which is rapidly and very neatly done. The space is then refilled with a fresh piece of wood, and the alterations or substitutions are cut on it.

The publication of any extraordinary event, such as an earthquake, a famine, invasion, or battle, or the illegal acts of a mob, of anything in fact (save criticism on political or governmental matters), is at once made known by the issue of a single small sheet, with or without illustrations. Suddenly you hear a loud voice in the street, crying out the nature of its contents, which have been first cut on the printer's block and struck off in the manner described above. The *first* news we had at Canton of the piratical attack on the French ship *Navigateur*, Captain Saint-Arroman, in 1828, was by means of one of these newspapers. The dreadful story of that vessel, the murder of her captain, her passengers, and every man on board, except one sailor, are still fresh in the memory of 'Old Canton' residents. Thus was also published the wreck of the English ship *Troughton*, near Hai-Nan, in the month of January 1835. It is curious and interesting to visit the establishment of an extensive publisher, or the printing rooms connected with it, for instance, the Buddhist temple at Ho-Nam (opposite the old Factories at Canton), called the 'Hae-Chang-Sze' (or Sea Screen Temple), or those of the 'Chang-Show-Sze' (or Temple of Longevity) in the suburbs of the city, north of the foreign Factories. In well-lighted rooms, on shallow shelves reaching from floor to ceiling, and divided by compartments much as one sees in a European fancy goods shop, are arranged edgeways, with great system and neatness, the wooden blocks which have served for works of all descriptions. Above each compartment is a label on which is written distinctly the name of the work it contains, so that it may be found without trouble.

The Chinese word Hong signifies the place of business of *one* merchant only, with all in his service (hence the title of Hong merchant); or a Hong may comprise several mercantile establishments, with their respective clerks, coolies, servants, cooks, &c.

Those of importance cover an immense area, and being divided into sections with open spaces intervening, they are light and well aired, being also wonderfully clean and well ordered. The great gate of entrance is closed at night, and they are then left in the charge of one or more keepers whose quarters are close to it. Under exceptional circumstances, however, such as a press of business, merchants remain in them night and day. Against such an emergency they are provided with comfortable rooms and kitchens, the former ornamented with carved woodwork, with lanterns suspended from the roofs (ceilings being very rare), while pictures, as well as scrolls on which are written characters, adorn the walls; in fact, they are fitted up in the same neat and attractive manner as suites of rooms in private houses. The floors, which are of plain red tiles, are covered usually, both in summer and winter, with rattan or grass matting. Should the winter prove severe, which is rarely the case at Canton, they are warmed by braziers, which emit little or no smoke, as there are no chimneys in Chinese houses. It was in the establishments of the Hong merchants where teas were weighed, marked, and rattaned for shipment to foreign vessels at Whampoa; and silk and silk-piece goods examined and weighed before being shipped off. On the other hand, they received all import cargo from Whampoa, which if woollens or cottons were stored on joists or beams of wood raised a foot or more from the ground, and resting immediately

on paddy husk, to preserve them from white ants, which abound and are very voracious, but to which 'paddy chaff' is obnoxious. The Hong merchants, or, as designated by the Chinese, 'foreign Hong merchants,' were thirteen in number, especially licensed by the Imperial Government at Peking to trade with foreigners, and required to overlook them, as well as to be their *securities* against breaches of the law, or departure from 'old custom,' and hence the title of 'security merchants.' They paid enormous sums for the privilege of becoming Hong merchants, but the benefits they derived pecuniarily were in proportion. They formed a body of intelligent, influential, and well-bred men, always most friendly and courteous in their daily relations with foreign residents. The monopoly they enjoyed of controlling the entire 'outside' trade with the port of Canton, amounting to many millions of dollars annually, could not have been under the direction of a more honourable, liberal, genial class of men.

The leading members of the Co-Hong, as they were conjointly called at its close, were How-Qua, Mow-Qua, and Pwan-Kei-Qua. The grandfather of the latter had been chief of the Co-Hong in 1785. He was succeeded by Pae-Qua, whose active co-operation as a member ceased at the commencement of this century, when the office was transferred to his brother How-Qua, who remained chief until the association was finally broken up in 1842, through the treaty between China and Great Britain, after an existence of 130 years.

It has been supposed that the Co-Hong was a co-partnership; on the contrary, each member transacted business on his individual account with whomsoever he chose. In their *joint* capacity, however, they were the

intermediaries between the local government in everything that related to the residence of foreigners at Canton, the safety of their persons and property. If changes were to be made in outward or inward duties, they were the medium of communication. They were expected to prevent, or were supposed to prevent, any breach of the 'rules and regulations' under which foreigners lived in or out of their Factories, to watch that they were 'duly obedient' as regards excursions, clearly set forth in the 'Eight Articles.'¹ Also were they expected to contribute to losses that foreigners might otherwise suffer from the bankruptcy of any one of their own number. Towards such a contingency they levied a special tax in addition to the regular duties, on certain imports and exports, which went by the name of 'Hong tax.' It was their duty to keep guards about the streets of the suburbs to prevent the 'far coming strangers' from losing their way or getting into trouble with the people, to protect their persons and property when the Factories were threatened with fires (which was quite often), by placing at their disposal boats and coolies of their own. Whenever one or more foreigners wished to go to Macao, or return from thence to Canton, they petitioned the authorities through the Hong merchants to grant the customary passes, and leave to go or come, which was never refused.

The Hong of the 'security merchants' were on the city side of the Pearl River, and bordering it for the convenience of landing and shipping off cargo. Several, however, had vast warehouses or godowns across the river on Ho-Nam, in which were stored immense quantities of raw cotton from India, woollen and cotton goods

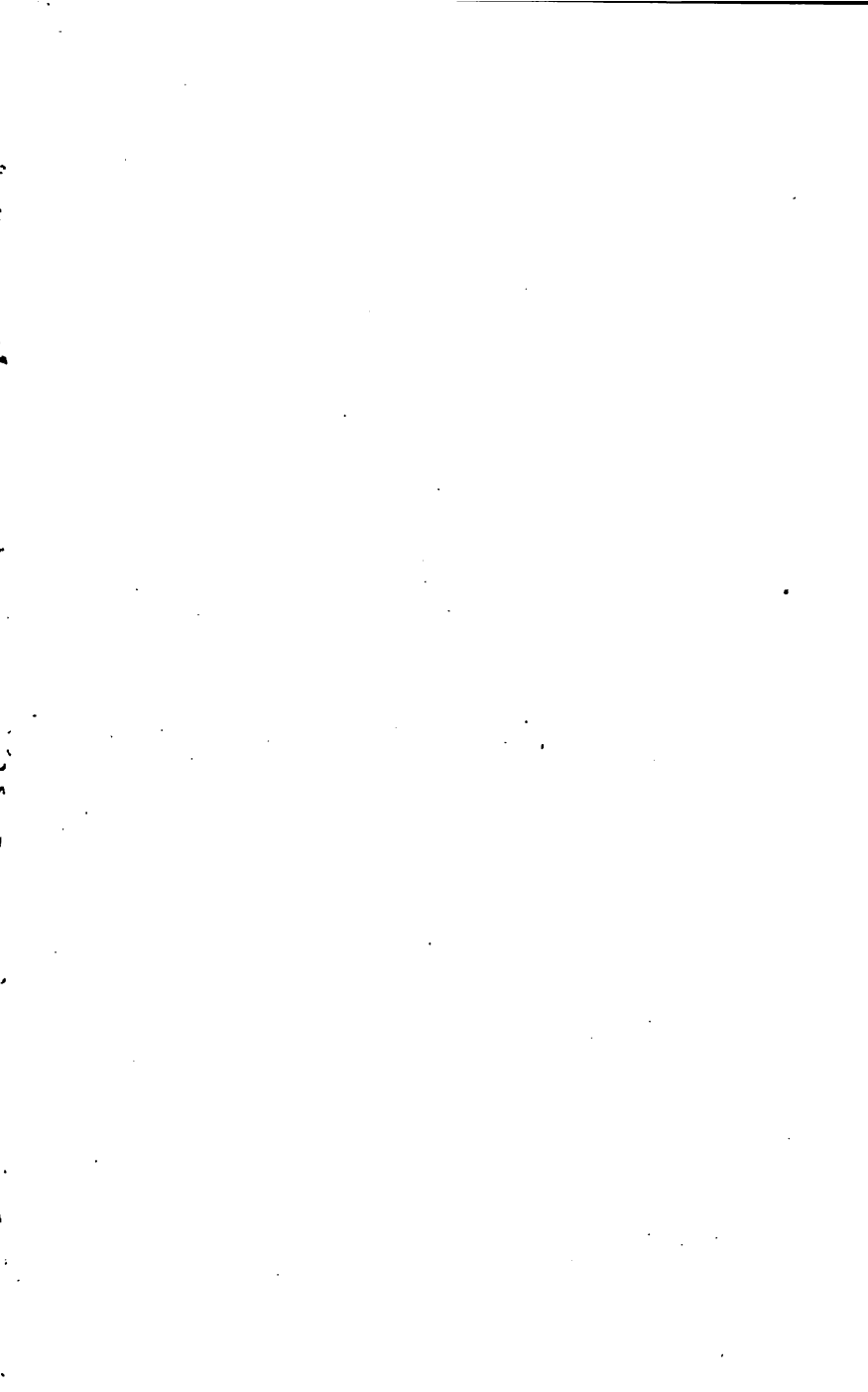
¹ For the control and government of foreigners coming to Canton ; they date fr m 1760.

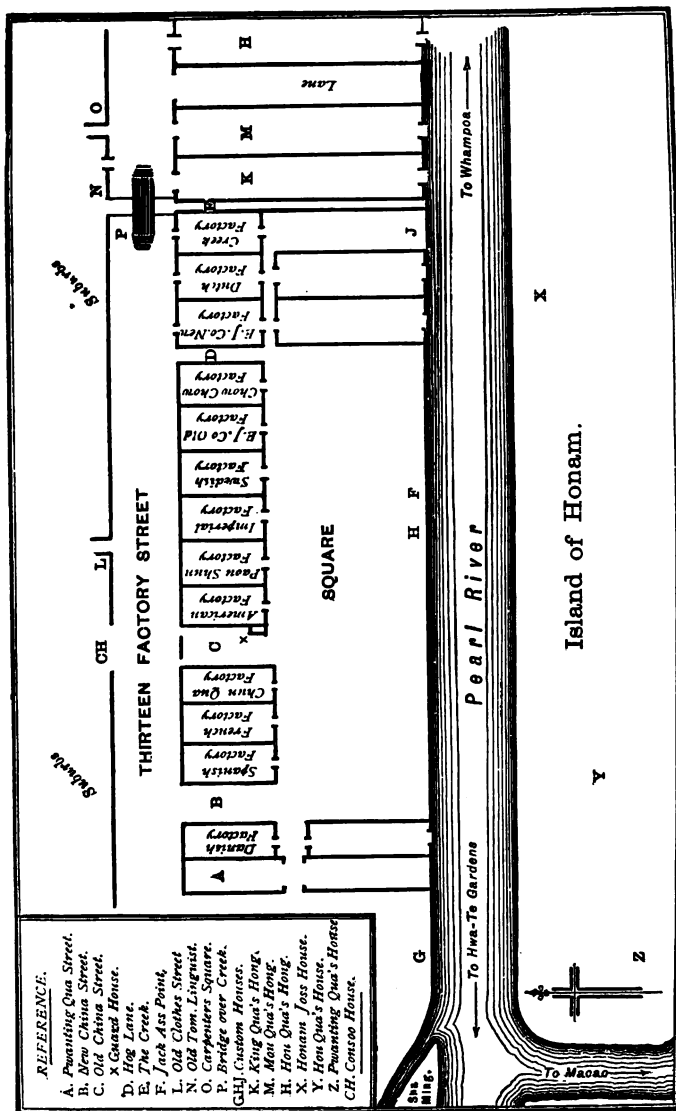
and other merchandise from England and the United States, as well as the Straits of Malacca, say rice, pepper, and betel nut, rattans, tin, &c. These articles arrived in the south-west monsoon in quick succession at Whampoa, and were immediately landed in presence of an officer from the Hoppo's office, who attended with a large staff of pursers to examine and take note of the duties to be collected. Boat hire from the ship to Canton was paid by the consignees to the linguist, but no other charge was made, whether for storage or labour, while the merchandise was at the risk of the Hong merchant, unless the importer chose to hold for an advance in price, but in settling prices these charges were considered. It was a convenient usage, which arose from the merchant who secured the unloading vessel becoming the purchaser of her cargo, while it saved the foreigner all trouble regarding details.

It was not customary for the Chinese merchants, in ante-Treaty days, to insure, and from the absence of such a custom the senior one, How-Qua, during the first war with England, lost by fire several large warehouses on *Sha-Meen* side of the river, with their contents, valued at 750,000 to 800,000 dollars. This loss, together with 1,200,000 dollars which he contributed towards the ransom of the city of Canton, when occupied by the British forces under Sir Hugh Gough, made the war an expensive thing for him.

The *foreign* Hong of 'Old Canton' were twelve in number. They were the property principally of How-Qua and of Pwan-Kei-Qua, of whom they were hired.¹ The rents were moderate, and paid once a year. During

¹ No foreigner was allowed to own house or land at Canton in ante-Treaty days.





the whole of my long residence at Canton, I never knew of a formal *lease* being drawn up for any one of them. Their relative positions may be seen on the accompanying plan. Collectively they were known as *Hongs*. Each one contained separate *residences* including counting-rooms, one behind the other, with small open courts or spaces between them in the direction north and south. These were the *Factories*. Fronting the six central ones was an open *Square*¹ down to the banks of the river, about 300 feet distant, especially set apart by mutual consent for the use of the foreign residents. It was originally surrounded by a stout wooden railing on a stone base, with gates leading into it from each Hong, with others opposite on the river side, so that each one had its separate landing. The *three* easterly Hongs, as well as the *three* westerly ones, had communication with the river through separate walled enclosures, with gates at each extremity, the enclosures being of the width of each respectively. This system had been adopted from the first days of the restriction of foreign trade to the single port of Canton, by order of the Emperor Yung-Ching, the third sovereign of the actual dynasty of Ta-Tsing, in 1745, and was a very sensible one.

The accommodation it afforded to the inmates of the several Factories was also a feature of the general order and system which contributed to the convenience of all the resident Fankwaes. As may be seen on the plan, the Hong of Chung-Qua, Hong merchant, was built in line with the twelve foreign Factories; together they gave the name of 'Thirteen Factory Street,' which ran in the rear of them east and west. So long as these enclosures

¹ See p. 12.

and the Square existed in their original condition, a period of eighty years, no strange Chinese were permitted to pass through them, but in the great fire of 1822, which 'destroyed 12,000 houses, temples, and shops' in the western suburbs, and nearly all of the original foreign Factories, the limits of the public Square and special enclosures were involved in the general ruin, except that of the Danish, the English East India, and Dutch Companies.

The Chinese and foreign Hongs, being near to each other, was an aid to the quick despatch of business, which, it is needless to say, was on a colossal scale. The transacting of it was of the pleasantest, nothing being left undone to render it easy and convenient in all its branches. The Hong pursers, as they were called (or clerks), were intelligent, quick at figures, and correct. Coolies and boat-people who served us were uniformly good-natured, insolence was never met with, while sobriety was their unalterable characteristic.

If we were without banks, daily papers, steam in all its multifarious applications afloat and on shore, without post-office or custom-house, speaking tubes, telegraphs, electric lights, even gas (as an *illuminator*), if we had neither churches nor a Zoo, Saturday afternoon concerts nor Monday pops, had we not our *multum in parvo*, our all in all, Jackass Point?

The most important of Chinese festivals is the *New Year*. On the eve of it the temples are crowded with worshippers in *new* clothing, after a warm bath, in which leaves of the fruit tree Wampee are distributed; this is *de*

rigueur. The 'chin-chin-ing' ¹ of joss' ² begins at midnight and continues until near daylight. Small printed papers containing enigmatical phrases are offered by the priests, from which one is selected and burnt, the ashes thrown in a cup of tea and drunk by the suppliant, while another priest beats on a drum to arouse the attention of the gods. The fortune of the coming year is then sought by throwing three small oblong pieces of wood in the air, and as they fall on the ground predicting good or evil.³ This is a cheap ceremony and costs a few cash—a penny or two. These observances are curious, and foreigners would be present in numbers to witness them. We would also visit the most celebrated temples in succession, such as that of the Northern Emperor, the Flowery Pagoda, and even the Temple of Longevity. It is incumbent on every Chinese to resort to these or others as an act of devotion to the gods. The first day of the New Year is with the family, and few persons are abroad in the streets. But from the second day onward festivities abound, and are kept up according to one's position to the *tenth* day, when everything resumes its normal condition. The government offices, however, are closed from the twentieth day of the last month of the year until the twentieth of the new one. During this interval the seals are covered with new red cloth and locked up. This custom, which applies to the entire Empire, is rigidly observed. Before Treaty days an exception was made as regards foreigners at Canton. That their business might be interrupted as little as possible, the Hoppo's office was open to them throughout the entire year, except on the *first* day of the *first* month. At the door of every

¹ From 'Tsing-Tsing,' to pray to, to congratulate, beg as a favour, &c.

² From the Portuguese word, Deos.


³ See p. 32.

dwelling lighted lanterns are suspended, on which are painted the clan¹ name of the family, and at the entrance to a place of business the name by which it is known in addition. The streets thus become illuminated throughout every city, town, and village, as do the rivers from the many boats and junks which crowd them. At the close of a year everything is brushed up, scrubbed and cleaned within doors, and on the first day of the new one lacquered trays filled with fruits are placed on tables, with tea and pipes, which are served to all comers on entering shop or dwelling.

New Year is the universal holiday. There are other fête days, as the *lantern* festival, when the roofs of houses, temples, public buildings, &c., display lighted lanterns at night, which, in a large city like Canton, produce a singularly striking effect; or as the *dragon boat* anniversary, which is on the fifth day of the fifth moon, and is observed throughout the Empire. But it is only on New Year's Day that the 350,000,000 of his Celestial Majesty's subjects give themselves up to mutual congratulations, unreserved festivity, and washing. It is the invariable custom too at this season to settle accounts by payment and receipt, or at least by a comparison of them, that no errors may be carried over to the coming year. This is a striking feature of the industrious Chinese people, by which their position is accurately ascertained, and as

¹ The Chinese have three names, the 'Sing,' the 'Ming,' and the 'Tsze.' The first is that of the clan with which a family is affiliated. The number of clans throughout China is singularly small, being under three hundred, and they comprise the whole of the vast population. The second, the familiar name, is given at birth, as 'Anan,' 'Akee' or 'Ahoy' (the prefix 'A,' pronounced 'Ah,' is simply a matter of euphony, and has no signification). The third is taken on arriving at manhood; it is also called the marriage name. The three together form an entire name, as, for instance, 'Loo-Nan-Tsing;' of which, familiarly, Anan.

little uncertainty as possible carried forward to the future. Meanwhile the never-failing visits are paid. On the second or third day, for instance, one suddenly hears at the Factory gate the footsteps of servants preceding a sedan chair, borne on the shoulders of four coolies well dressed in the universal blue, and in which is one of the Hong merchants whose card is brought in in advance by one of the servants to announce his coming. These servants are dressed in long garments and wear conical hats of split rattan, surrounded with red silk thread and a brass button on the apex. You go to the door to receive your visitor who, as he enters closes his hands together, bows low and salutes you with 'Kung-He-Fä-Tsae' congratulations, 'May you be prosperous!' His dress is of the richest silks and furs, his black satin boots have thick soles of snow-white pith, which render his step noiseless. He is a thoroughly well-bred man. Thus the Hong merchants would come, the linguists also in official attire, the opium brokers and 'outside' merchants dealers in manufactured silks, grass cloth, nankins porcelain, and so on, while *cards* were brought in by the Factory tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, and blacksmiths. Old Head too and his brothers, and the 'boat boys,' who looked after our sailing and pulling boats, who kept them so clean and in such nice order, these would come in person—good-natured representatives of a class of whom we saw so much, and whom we always found ready to obey an order, civil and respectful in demeanour. All this was, however, the outside of Chinese life, and it did not fall to the lot of the barbarian from afar to see anything of the inner or family mode of celebrating a holy day, or even of its daily routine. On my first arrival at Canton as a 'very young Fankwae,' I was



pecially favoured by receiving an invitation, it being in the midst of the New Year holidays, to visit the family of How-Qua's eldest son, who at the time occupied that palatial residence and gardens in the most aristocratic street of Canton, of the late Con-See-Qua, who had been one of the most important members of the Co-Hong. The *Golden Lilies* and other ladies received me with great kindness and unbounded surprise. I was presented in succession with dried fruits, pressed oranges, confectionery, and delicious tea in small cups with silver saucers and covers. Including servants, all of course women and young girls, there were nearly fifty members of the family present. The dresses of the ladies were of silk, in many cases lined with fur of those subdued colours in which the Chinese show so much taste, such as plum, chocolate, pink, or pea green, the sleeves and edges of the outer garment being embroidered in bright colours on a broad black or blue ground.

Their black glossy hair was dressed in Canton or *Pekin* fashion, the latter being much affected. It is such as one sees on old porcelain, secured with long silver or jade pins, at the ends of which, attached by thin wires, fluttered silver or gold ornaments. The shoes both of the 'golden lilies,' as well as of those of a natural size, were in colours as diversified as the dresses, and like them beautifully embroidered, the snow-white soles being an inch or more high and made of pith, rendering them noiseless in walking. Many of these ladies had sparkling black eyes, splendid eyebrows, and teeth of ivory whiteness. Some smoked the long thin delicate pipe with jade mouthpiece, having attached to it the small embroidered silk tobacco bag. Others in moving about, from

numerous bangles on arms and ankles with gold and silver charms attached (worn to keep off evil influences), caused silvery sounds pleasant to the ear. Never before had they been visited by a Fankwae, nor ever after, except when I saw the family again, two years later, when I could speak to them in their own language. Then, as before, their bearing was full of grace, civility, and kindness, and on both occasions on taking leave a servant accompanied me to the Factory with boxes of Nan-Kin dates, dried lychee from the province of Fuh-Keen, and the large scarlet mandarin orange.

An annual custom with which we became pleasantly familiar in Canton was the sending of cumshas or presents a few days before New Year, by those Hong or silk merchants with whom they had had the most business, to all the members of a Factory. These *cumshas* consisted of the *finest* teas, in boxes of ornamented lacquered ware, or of black lacquer inlaid with mother-of-pearl, pieces of the best Nan-Kin crape richly embroidered, and shawls, pieces of the finest grass cloth, and tubs of choice dried fruits, as preserved oranges, Nan-Kin dates, lychee, &c. To the coolies who brought these presents a few dollars would be given by each recipient. The younger members of a Factory would usually ship home the teas, shawls, and grass cloth, partly as presents and partly for sale, and realise from them several hundred dollars yearly. The teas thus acquired and disposed of gave the name (familiarised afterward) in the American and English markets of *Cumsha teas*.

Long before writing was known in China there existed a hieroglyphical system representing natural objects and their attributes, the first inception of which originated from the lines or marks on the back of a tortoise. This is historical.

As time passed, as words were formed and a written language created, the hieroglyphic system fell into disuse, but to the tortoise was ever after attributed the origin of hieroglyphs as well as written words.¹ This ancient tradition is still perpetuated in pictorial illustrations which are sold in the book shops at Canton. They represent the world on the back of a tortoise, as emblematical of the source of written language, which sustains it. At the Malacca College the Chinese teacher, Choo, lent me a scarce and remarkable little pamphlet which professed to give a *true* account of the initial incident from whence sprang that unique means of communication, or writing, now used by one-third of the human race. The following is a close translation of it.

When on the 'Dragon's seat' ² sat Hwang the long-lived king,
In cycle one, ³ as all agree, writing had its origin.
Some thousand years ago, where smoothly flows Loo-Shěk
At foot of Mount Tang-Kō, there dwelt the wise Tsāng-Heě.

In truth the wizards of the day, for Tsāng foretold,
While yet in nurse's arms he lay, a fame more bright than
gold.

¹ To mention a few : the sun was represented thus, ☉ ; the moon, ☾ ; light of the sun, ☼ ; man, 人.

² The imperial throne.

³ The cycle of sixty years was invented by the astronomer Ta-Yaou in the reign of Hwang-Te, who is said to have lived 110 years ; died B.C. 2622.

That sovereigns at his name would bow for many, many ages,
And all mankind in 'Heaven Below'¹ would sing aloud his
praises.

Tsāng-Heě, like many of renown, was child of parents poor,
His humble cottage in a town near Ta-Keang,² named Yang-Ur.
While others of his youth would play, Tsāng roamed quite alone,
Or by the banks of Shěk³ would stray, or worship at the Tomb.⁴

His form (no records are more true) was odd, eight covids⁵ high,
His eyes were piercing, large and blue, his ears in length six
chih;

His hands fell far his knees below, his beard was long and red,
His voice was like the tiger's roar, of all the town the dread.

In cycle number one, perhaps before, 'tis true 'twas long ago,
Tsāng went one day to roam the shore as he was wont to do ;
He had not wandered very long, when close by he espied
A *tortoise* slowly crawling on near by the flowing tide.

No writing now did China know, to express a thought
Was used a cord with knots a row, and this alone was taught.
But as above 'tis said Tsāng saw a lazy Kwae⁶
Then slily crept along the sand and made the Kwae his prey.

Then as he held it on the sand, was much surprised,
To find its back on every scale with lines diversified.
He looked and looked again, stroked his long beard and said,
'These lines so round, they form the sun, which shines o'er
head.'

More attention then was given : 'What's this semicircle ?'
Tsāng looked above, 'twas then new moon, 'That orb it does
resemble.

Motionless he gazed, enraptured Tsāng ! his eyes betrayed him
not,

'These points I'm sure are stars which brightly shine at night.'

¹ China.

² A branch of the Ta-Keang.

³ A covid = 13 inches.

⁴ The present Yang-tsze-Keang.

⁵ Evidence of filial piety.

⁶ Tortoise.

'Again, what have I here? It is not possible they can—
They do indeed, if I'm not mad, these lines must be for man.'
Next in order Tsāng discovered for river, hill, and sky,
A symbol each, knelt down and chin-chin-ed joss on high !

At the same moment from the skies celestial music issued,
Joyful voices filled the air, and food by unseen hands supplied; ¹
Thus in form of hieroglyphs in linear shape was traced
On stone or leaf that gift inspired by 'Heaven Above' ²
For all in 'Heaven Below.'

Over wine, hookahs and cheroots; dinner ended one evening at the Honourable East India Company's Factory at Canton, about 1829, the following was improvised. The dinner had been a large one, and the services of its steward, an Englishman named Canning, and of a Chinaman known as Bacchus, whose sole duties were 'pouring out the wine,' had been so attentively carried out as to call forth general approval.

CANNING.

Not the great George, he rules at home the State,
Oh no ! 'tis *Jeems*, whose duty 'tis to wait,
And from behind the Tai-Pan's chair,
With napkin wand, with hand and eye
Directs *celestial* flunkeys with *demon-iac* air !

APONG.

While corkscrew Bacchus, son of Han,
In joss-like silence walks the table round,
Nor asks each guest, 'Spose can, no can ?'
But armed with bottle, swift as eagle's glance
He sees—and fills each empty glass.

¹ Alludes to the spontaneous yielding by the earth of grain, fruits, &c.

² Heaven, as understood by the Chinese ; as, for instance, Teen-Shang—'high heaven.' It has reference solely to the firmament : that

To study Chinese I was sent to Singapore in the Bombay ship *Good Success*, Captain Poynton, April 1825. We anchored there on the seventeenth day from Macao, where we remained two days, and called on Mr. Thomas Beale and others. I landed with Captain Poynton, and having delivered my letters at the office of Messrs. A. L. Johnson & Co., was taken by Mr. Christopher Read, the partner, to his bungalow on the side of Government Hill, overlooking the esplanade and the harbour, and where I was most kindly received and put up by Mrs. Read and her sister, Miss Frazer. The island had been purchased through Sir Stamford Raffles of the Rajah of Johore, in 1819. Up to May 1825, the place had taken but little development. Very few, perhaps not more than half a dozen English firms, were yet established, whose offices were mostly on that point of land, on the right of a small stream running inland, now occupied by a battery. Here also was the private residence of Mr. Johnson, those of the other firms being at the foot of Government Hill or bordering the esplanade, from the occupant of one of which, Mr. Napier, I received a good deal of kindness and hospitality. These dwellings were spacious, of two storeys, surrounded with broad verandahs and situated in the middle of gardens then but little more than laid out. Messrs. Quiros & Co., represented by Mr. George, were on the left of the stream mentioned, and included dwelling, offices, and godowns. The European population was very limited, but already had arrived and established themselves many Chinese along the right bank of the river and beyond Battery Point. Amongst a few space in which move the sun, moon, stars, and planets, 'the spangled heavens.' Beyond this they profess to know nothing; they are Agnostics in the fullest sense of the word; they say 'no man can savee' the remote past or the future.

square-rigged vessels in the harbour, trading prahus and Chinese junks, was a Siamese man-of-war, transformed from an old English-built country ship, with the white horse on a red ground (her national colours) flying from the spanker gaff, and a pennant at the main, her bends between the ports painted green, of course, and altogether a most facetious imitation of an English corvette. There was, however, a good deal of movement and bustle in the harbour, particularly on the arrival of a vessel from England, when everyone was agog for *latest* news from home and families, rarely less than four months old! The garrison consisted of Madras sepoy with a few European artillerymen, including a band which occasionally played on the esplanade during driving and walking hours. The esplanade was a fine well-kept space running from towards the river along the shore, from which it was separated by the drive. It was in luxuriant grass kept closely mown, and was the daily evening resort for gharries or other one-horse carriages, and for pedestrians during the hour between *le chien et le loup*.

The present beautiful carriage road leading up to the summit of the hill, on which stood a large mat and bamboo bungalow, the Government House, was in the wildest possible condition, being a simple cutting through the jungle. The trees which were left on both sides were filled with birds of brilliant plumage and parroquets, with monkeys springing from branch to branch or hanging by their tails and chattering loudly as a gharry or foot passengers passed by. In every direction a luxuriant vegetation of an emerald green. What a novel and wonderful, what a glorious sight this world of tropical beauty to me! About the middle of the esplanade stood a large three-storeyed brick building unfinished, without

doors or window shutters, the ghost of a house. It was the skeleton of what was intended to be the Singapore Institution, notices of which had reached New York before I left, and at which I had now come to study ; but the Reverend Doctor William Milne (who had been the first principal of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, and the building of which he superintended in 1818-19) had lately, while overlooking the work of the Institution, become insane and died, consequently the building was at a standstill. Not long after it was pulled down and the materials removed, greatly to the advantage of the esplanade.

The novelty of everything surrounding me caused my stay at Singapore to be of immense interest and enjoyment, in spite of the stories current (and too true they were) of the existence of tigers in the jungle, on the skirts of which many field labourers lived, some of whom were carried off by them, as well as Malays and Klings while working on the roads, to say nothing of the reports of venomous snakes being found struggling up bungalow steps in chase of rats or frogs, of centipedes climbing up bedposts, or of scorpions running playfully about the floors.

Government House was a large bungalow, by the side of which stood the flagstaff. It was spacious and cheerful. The view from it was enchanting, across the esplanade and over the harbour to the Point, including a portion of the Chinese town, while in the distance was the south-eastern extremity of the island, and southerly the shores of Sumatra, Bintang, &c., &c. Dinner in its spacious room, the floor of which was covered with matting, the band on the verandah, the punkah, the sepoy sentries 'walking their lonely round,' was to me a new world. I

could scarcely keep my eyes from the attendants in long white robes, turbans, and cummerbunds, as they glided noiselessly about the table, serving each guest in silence and with alacrity. When the ladies had left it, strange objects were placed by the side of the guests with long flexible tubes attached, ending in silver or ivory mouth-pieces, and when I saw the latter conveyed to the mouth, heard a hubble-bubble sound follow each inhalation, while a pleasant odour diffused itself about, I was reminded of the hookahs smoked at the Company's Canton Factory.

The Resident (or Governor, as now styled) was at this time Mr. Crawford, who had lately concluded a treaty with Siam. I had brought letters of introduction to him from Sir James Urmston and Mr. Majoribanks of the Company's Canton Factory, and during my stay at Singapore I received from him, from Mrs. Crawford and their nieces, many civilities and acts of kindness. Without notice Mr. C. would send his palkee-gharry with a word to come to dinner, and thus made the 'youngster' from Yankeeland quite at home. The nieces were the Misses Graham, one of whom was subsequently married to the colonial surgeon, Doctor Montgomery, who was a frequent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Read, my hospitable hosts. The Assistant-Resident was Mr. Samuel G. Bonham, with whom acquaintance was subsequently renewed as Sir George Bonham, when Governor of Hong-Kong in 1851. I left Singapore after two months' stay for Malacca, full of gratitude to all with whom I had become acquainted, and who had greatly contributed to my enjoyment, especially Mr. A. L. Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Read, and who even now at this distance of time are fresh in my memory, as well as also their little children, one

of whom now so worthily represents A. L. J. & Co., one of the two oldest firms in the remote East, the other one being Messrs. Russell & Co., of China. The vessel in which a passage had been taken for me was a small country brig under English colours, whose crew was composed of Malays and Lascars. There were several other passengers, amongst whom were three Dutch gentlemen from Bencoolen to remove certain archives and other property belonging to the government of that colony, which had been but quite recently exchanged by the East India Company for Malacca, thus giving the latter unbroken control of the Straits Settlements, viz. Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island, Malacca, and Singapore. Our brig sailed badly, and besides was overrun with rats and centipedes, one of which we caught under the table, six inches long. The second night out we were nearly thrown on our beam ends by a terrific squall off Sumatra. The thunder and lightning were appalling. Some fellow passengers, women and children, the former mestizoes, the latter mahogany colour, were pitched head over heels by the careening of the vessel and came thundering down upon me, there being no bulkheads but simply curtains before the cabins, almost crushing me to death; and what with the noise of the ropes, the flapping of the sails, the shouting of the captain, mate, and serang for nearly an hour, I imagine we presented a scene as near like pandemonium as could be. Words of command roared out by the skipper or the mate partook of all the languages of the East, well seasoned with a good old-fashioned English, a *sea-going* English, which gave emphasis to an order. Bengalee was used but in a careless way, as if indecent references to maternal parents were a matter of course, while for the sea cunnies doing duty as steersmen,

who were Malacca Portuguese and *Christians*, I am sorry to say their souls seemed of no account, and generally they were not only blown up hill and down dale, but if the wheel was not put to larboard, or to starboard, or kept 'steady as you go,' in a twinkling, the reverse of blessings fell upon the poor devils 'hot and heavy.' And yet, during the four days and nights passed on board the brig we made a jolly time of it. Mr. Fischer, who had been Fiscal of Malacca under the Dutch flag (one of the gentlemen passengers with us), spoke English fluently, and amused me immensely with the stories of his experiences. He was the last official to quit Malacca for Bencoolen, so that we constantly met during his stay there. Finally we made sail again, and while one watch 'turned in' on deck, the other kept their eyes open for prahus that might come near us. The rain that had meanwhile fallen, not in torrents but in bucketsful, gradually ceased. A 'sumatra,' with which I afterwards became so familiar at Malacca, is preceded by Cimmerian darkness, and bursts with unexampled fury; in a short time, an hour or two, you hear it rolling over the mainland. Rain has its own way for a little while after, and at length, if at night, the air becomes calm, the stars reappear and shine with increased brilliancy.

On the third day we fell in with a Dutch frigate and several transports, having on board the late garrison of Malacca on their way to Bencoolen. Officers crowded the poop decks, the soldiers lined the bulwarks and filled the rigging, looking neat and cool in their snow-white undress uniforms. We spoke one of the ships, and were told that the Dutch flag had been replaced by the English Jack (East India Company's) the day before they left. We anchored in Malacca Roads the next afternoon, the fourth day from Singapore.

I have often regretted not having kept a note of the name of this brig and of her captain. He had made several voyages to Calcutta and back to England in one of that celebrated fleet of free traders so renowned in India as Green's ships, when he left that service and took charge of a 'country' vessel, as all hailing from the Three Presidencies, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, were styled. He was an out-and-out old salt, severe with his crew, but a kind-hearted man. During the four days we passed together, with other stories he amused us by relating incidents of his passages out from England and back. Green's ships were the favourites for passengers, amongst whom were frequently more or less young ladies, as he remarked, either going out to be spliced or to take chance; grass widows, Company's officers military and civil, and merchants as well, altogether making those trips to and fro 'awfully jolly.' Those splendid ships were the precursors of the Pacific and Oriental Company. Should any old Indian 'deign to cast a glance' at these pages, he cannot but recall those good old days of pleasant memories, and say with me, 'Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni!'

The Reverend Mr. Humphreys, the principal of the Anglo-Chinese College, came on board and took me on shore. I was soon comfortably put up in a large airy room. With Mr. Humphreys were the Rev. Mr. Kidd and the Rev. Mr. Collie, who was Chinese professor and my teacher during my stay, aided by a Canton Chinaman who read and spoke fluently and correctly the Mandarin dialect, to which before leaving Canton I had been directed to apply myself. The College was a spacious building of two storeys, surrounded by broad verandahs. It stood within a vast enclosure, along the front of which ran the public road, and beyond this and

the shore of the bay was a large space railed in on three sides, on which stood rows of tall trees. It was a recreation and playground. The road which emerged from the gate of the town close by, perhaps three hundred feet, passed on to the large village of Campong Glam, inhabited by Malays as well as by Portuguese, Dutch, and Chinese mestizoes, and then to the boundary line called *Tanjong Tuan*. This singular name had its origin at the moment of running the line by the joint European and Malay Commissioners. As they stood upon the spot to determine it exactly, the former said, 'This is it,' to which the Malay answered, 'Sya, ini Tanjong *tuan*;' 'Yes, this cape, Sir,' and by this name it has since been known. The word *tuan* may also be translated master. Behind the building was a large garden filled with flowers, coffee, pepper, nutmeg, and cinnamon trees, besides a variety of fruits, such as the rambutan, the mangosteen, that queen of fruits, the mango, plantain, durian, pine-apple, and others, the whole under the care of Chinese, and everything thrived well. Separated by a broad walk from it was a large piece of ground uncultivated, while bordering the first on both sides at a distance of about twenty feet stood a row of two-storeyed red brick houses, occupied by the numerous Chinese and Malay dependents of the establishment, the former as type-cutters, copyists, or bookbinders, carpenters and gardeners, and three Chinese teachers. The number of students (all being from Malacca, Penang, or Singapore) was about eighty or ninety, to whom was paid a certain sum in cash, as an inducement to 'come to school.' They were prepared for varied occupations; many became shopkeepers or clerks, and before I left had found employment with the foreign and Chinese merchants rapidly being established at

Singapore. The first brick house of the row was a dispensary, from which were gratuitously supplied medicines to all who were in need of them, and advice as well. It was under the especial supervision of Mr. Humphreys. The daily routine of study was regular and serious, the utmost harmony existed throughout, as well as order, and the College was in fact a model one in all respects. At eight in the morning the scholars would arrive, none living in the building, when the duties of the day commenced with Scripture reading in Chinese, with explanations by the missionaries in turn, ending with prayer. The boys were simply required to be present and to behave quietly as a matter of discipline. The service lasted about fifteen or twenty minutes, when away they went to their respective teachers in different rooms.

An extensive library occupied a large room on the ground floor. It consisted of works in various European as well as Eastern languages, while on the walls was a curious collection of Malay and Chinese arms, instruments of music, &c., interspersed with coloured maps.

I had been but a short time hard at work with my lessons, when there arrived a young Macao-born Dutchman, named Moore. He had passed some years at school in England, under the auspices of Doctor Morrison, by whom he was now sent to Malacca for the purpose of acquiring the Chinese language. He and I henceforth formed 'one class;' our rooms were side by side, we tiffed together daily in his or in mine, dining in the evening with the missionaries *en famille*. Moore was a great resource to me; he was my senior by three or four years and very companionable, so that we could walk, drive, or ride together.

We soon made ourselves acquainted with the town and its environs. We were 'prescribed' daily exercise and gladly accepted it. Passing through the gate to the main street, we were startled at first by noticing under the porticoes of the Chinese houses, bordering one side of it, ready-made coffins, in which the members of the family could daily contemplate their final home. They were constructed in the usual way of enormously thick teak planks, rounded off at the four edges. The inhabitants of the town were a mixed race, of Malays and the descendants of Chinese, Portuguese, and Dutch settlers of the olden time. With the exception of the Resident, Mr. Cracroft's, establishment of a few civilians, three or four garrison officers, the harbour-master and Recorder, the missionaries, and *one* merchant, William Shand, there were no other pure-blooded Europeans in the place.

Of the ancient Portuguese dwellings nearly all had disappeared, and were replaced by large commodious houses of their Dutch successors, who were very numerous. On the broad 'stoops' of these whole families would sit to enjoy the cool of the evening. These Dutch families held evening receptions, partly within doors, on the front verandahs, and in the gardens looking out upon the bay. We availed ourselves frequently of invitations, but as it was *chic* on entering to make a bow to the hostess, who sat in state at the further end of a long room, the sides of which were occupied by lady guests, it was an uncommonly 'trying thing' to a youngster not yet fourteen to run this gauntlet, walk up to her ladyship, and bow to the others on retiring, before becoming one of the general company. Nevertheless we got accustomed to it and enjoyed ourselves very much, even at the invariable supper, consisting of delicious fruit,

wine and cake. Amongst these kind people was a family named Kraal, the head of which had lived in the colony for seventy years continuously. Fancy chatting with an old gentleman who had 'come out' in 1755! The Chinese inhabitants were more particularly looked after by an overseer, whose appointment originated with the Dutch, and a very sensible one it was. He was styled 'Captain China,' and acted under the authorities towards the preservation of peace amongst his countrymen, for the hearing of petty causes, for settling disputes, and handing over incorrigibles to the magistrate. If a new law or order was promulgated, bazaar arrangements to be modified, or sanitary measures to be enforced, Captain China was the medium not only of publishing them, but handing up any delinquents to be dealt with 'as the law directs.' The incumbent during my stay was a native born, very brown like all his countrymen, and always in undress; that is to say, slippers and a light pair of continuations attached to his waist by a girdle and a checked cotton handkerchief thrown over one shoulder; but on great occasions, as for example, at New Year, or when obliged to make his salaam to the authorities, he arrayed himself in a gorgeous gown of grass cloth, real trousers, the conical hat covered with red fringe, white soled shoes, fan, and paper umbrella. To see him under these circumstances driving in a buggy, with the syce running at the horse's head, on his way to Government House, was a magnificent sight indeed. Of the entire Chinese population there were none from China. It consisted of the descendants of so-called 'Chin-Chew men,' who had migrated to the place generations before Europeans made their appearance thus far east, but no man can form the faintest idea of the lan-

guage that passed for Chinese at Malacca and Singapore, as well as at other Eastern places where those people had settled. It is composed of various Chinese dialects, including Fuh-Keen generally, Tew-Chew, Amoy, and Chin-Chew, as well as Malay, Indian, and Javanese, with Spanish, English, and Portuguese mixed therewith. It is in short a pigeon Chinese, and incomparably richer than pigeon English.

The descendants of the Portuguese, who long held Malacca, were numerous, and the language was still spoken, but they seemed rapidly becoming absorbed by the Malay element. Already the superior advantages of the new settlement of Singapore had dealt a serious blow to Malacca, as vessels bound east or west rarely anchored in the roads. The consequence was that the venerable old town, once so 'mighty and important,' was assuming a dull air. Shops even were few and far between, and supplied with just sufficient for the daily wants of the population. Nearly all the keepers of them were a mongrel race of Chinese, here and there a Moor-man, but rarely a Malay. A few printed chintzes, white and blue cottons, sarongs and kabayas, checked kerchiefs for turbans, pipes and tobacco, fruits and fish, with betel and siri, were the chief articles offered for sale, as well as a brown pasty sugar, sago, cocoa-nuts, and the bread fruit.

Moore and I called one day on M. Rodyk, the registrar of imports and exports (almost a sinecure). He was at tiffin; an indescribably horrible odour pervaded the room, though all the doors and windows were thrown open. We were invited to join him, and laughingly he made us acquainted with the cause of the too evident symptoms I betrayed of an offence to my olfac-

tory nerves. 'It is only,' said he, 'the durlan you see before you.' After a great deal of entreaty I suffered myself to be served, but the odour was so repugnant, so nauseous, that a cold perspiration overcame me. After a little I resigned myself to the inevitable and tasted it. I got over the first dislike, and gradually became excessively fond of it, but I never could go the length of some, and say I preferred it to the mangosteen.

The better class of houses were occupied by the Dutch. They were usually closed during the day to keep out the glare of the sun and the heat; the windows were protected by venetians, the doors, separated in two halves, with bulls'-eyes in the upper half to admit light, just in the style of the old Knickerbocker dwellings in New York, and some of them were built with bricks brought from Holland.

In one of our walks we suddenly came upon a crowd headed by a Malay, who carried over his shoulder a long bamboo, at the extremity of which an enormous boa constrictor was firmly secured by a rattan thong about its neck.

The length of this dreadful-looking brute was not less than fourteen feet. It would stretch itself along the bamboo, its tail approaching quite close to the bearer's head. The animal writhed in graceful curves, at times raising a portion of its body high above the bamboo, then depressing it until it nearly touched the ground. It darted out its fangs with lightning rapidity, its eyes glared with a fascinating brilliancy, while the diversified colours of the body as it turned and twisted partook of the nature of the chameleon. It was at once repulsive and attractive. The crowd increased as we went on to a motley collection of Malays, Chinese, Klings, and half-

castes, of colours as numerous as those of the serpent. It had been caught near the little river bordering the town on the east, called the Malacca River. As we left the rabble for the College, I could not help saying to my companion, 'Well, Moore, what with the rows of coffins in front of the houses and the row kicked up by the boa, Malacca is a dead-and alive place after all.'

This ancient colony, founded by the great Albuquerque in the early part of the sixteenth century, was for some years the residence of the celebrated Apostle of the East, St. Francis Xavier. Traditions of him still existed amongst the inhabitants, some of which attributed to him prophetic powers. On a high hill overlooking the town and sea, stand the roofless ruins of what was once a fine large church. Its floor was covered with very old tombstones, on which were sculptured coats of arms and heraldic devices, with figures of European ships of a date not far this side of the days of Vasco de Gama. I have been surprised that the inscriptions on these ancient monuments have never been copied and translated. They would form a curious memento of this, for so long a time the remotest European colony in the distant East.

St. Francis Xavier, after passing some time at Malacca, went from it in a Chinese junk to Japan in 1549, returned to the south in a Portuguese ship, was landed ill on the island of San-Shan (St. John) and died there on December 2, 1552. His body was subsequently removed to Malacca, where it lay for some time in the ruined church, and subsequently to Goa. San-Shan signifies the 'Three Hills.' On the spot where the Apostle of the East died, the late venerable Bishop of Kwang-Tung and Kwang-Se, Monseigneur Guillemin, erected and consecrated a chapel, and built near it a schoolhouse.

On his visit to Europe in 1870-71, he brought with him and presented to me, as an old friend and acquaintance at Canton for many years, a walking-stick cut from a tree that overshadowed the grave. Excursions have become frequent nowadays to San-Shan by the Portuguese from Macao, after an interval of over three hundred years, during which time no one ventured there from fear of pirates, and as the Canton authorities had forbidden them.

The southern suburb of Malacca, after crossing the small river which ran inland for a short distance and was soon lost in the jungle, consisted of a broad road on which were the house of the Resident, Mr. Cracroft, of the harbour-master, Mr. Cuthbertson, the barracks and the quarters of the officers. Further on stood numerous bungalows¹ inside of gardens, amongst them Mr. Beasley's, the government secretary, and on the gate-posts of many were seen legends like those on country houses on the outskirts of Rotterdam to-day, indicating quiet and contentment, such as 'Mein Roost.' The road then winds around the hill called Bukit-China (China Hill), from its having been used by that people for generations as a burial-ground. Its entire circuit is about five miles, and it was the usual drive or ride for those who possessed palkee-gharries, or the old-fashioned gig, or Java ponies. Another branch of this road cut through the jungle led to Ayer-Panas, the Hot Water Springs, a distance of twenty miles, and on to Mount Ophir forty miles. From the latter small quantities of gold dust were continually being brought to Malacca by Malay 'gold-diggers' or 'scratchers.'

The mountain, as all eastern travellers know, is a

¹ Of Dutch origin.

conspicuous object to vessels passing through the Straits. Its height is about 6,000 feet, and in form an unbroken oval, not precipitous. It is the Mount Ophir of Solomon's days, as some enthusiastic sacred historiographers pretend. It may be. Facing the sea side of the same part of the town stood a Dutch church and a private residence or two, built of small thin bricks brought from Holland, and a saluting battery on the ruins of one of Portuguese origin.

When the British Government took possession of Malacca, in the early part of this century, the entire town was still surrounded by the walls and defences erected by the Portuguese over 250 years before. When, after the treaty of Amiens, it was about to be restored to the Dutch, the English committed a great piece of vandalism in blowing up those interesting specimens of early sixteenth century military engineering, for the reason that if the place should fall into the hands of a future enemy, those defences would offer certain obstacles to its recapture. Except against native attacks they were of no great use, against a modern enemy like England useless, and could well have been allowed to remain. The destruction of them was greatly deplored by all the inhabitants of the town. During some repairs to the road, which originally passed through the walled town, a curious discovery was made (amongst other relics of bygone years) of a quantity of old Portuguese swords and packages of quicksilver. In 1825 there alone remained a section of the original wall running by the side of the river close to the drawbridge, and at the gate of the town the road ran by a small ancient outwork close to the grounds of the College.

Aside from the study of Chinese, Moore and I, after a

few months, could speak Malay fluently, although neither one studied it. It is a language full of harmonious sounds, soft and agreeable to the ear, which has gained for it the name of the Italian of the East. In our wanderings we spoke it habitually, and this added to the pleasure of our short journeys on foot or on horseback. We had furnished ourselves with fleet Java ponies, there being but few wheeled vehicles in the place. The most interesting of our excursions was to Ayer-Panas, with M. Rodyk. The road to them was by a frightfully bad path through the primitive jungle. Our escort consisted of ten Malays on foot, who carried on bamboos slung across their shoulders provisions and other impedimenta. Besides the Springs we were promised a treat in the way of an elephant trap, so, all things considered, the excursion gave hopes of a novel enjoyment. Great trees lay across the path at intervals; the jungle on either hand was wreathed with creepers, the wild flowers of various hues were beautiful to behold. Birds of brilliant plumage, parrots and parroquets, with innumerable monkeys, were present everywhere, and they alone gave voice to an otherwise profound stillness. Having left Malacca about seven in the morning, we stopped at a small clearing and made a capital tiffin. Without incident of any kind, we reached our destination about eight in the evening and took up our quarters for the night in a solitary Malay bungalow, built on piles perhaps twelve feet above the ground. This is a measure of precaution against wild animals. Climbing up a ladder we found ourselves on a broad verandah with a low-pitched roof, indistinctly lighted by a cup of cocoa-nut oil, in which floated a wick. The dogs had ceased to bark, our Malays had spread our mats as well as our cloth, and we refreshed after the

long and tiresome ride with 'Hodgson,' an excellent curry, and fruit. Lanterns also and torches of resin had been prepared, and when the wreck had been cleared away, we received the visits of the inmates of the bungalow. Each one was accoutred in sarong and baju, with the never absent companion the kris; sandals and dark-coloured turbans completed their attire. After salaaming and going over the chances of 'seeing the elephant' in the morning, they left us. We turned in and slept like brickbats, in spite of all sorts of noises proceeding from the densely thick surrounding jungle. The next morning we visited the Springs. They consisted of several separate sources confined within low walls of masonry, and deserved well their name. We had no means of measuring the temperature, but it was quite what the name expressed, it being impossible to hold the hand in the water an instant.

We next made acquaintance with two splendid tame elephants in a large circular enclosure about half a mile away. They were serving as decoys, and as a wild one had been in the neighbourhood for several days, we were all expectation. During the second night we were aroused by the Malays and by indefinable loud bellowing noises, the snapping of branches of trees, as of heavy bodies crashing through the thick jungle, the cause of all which ill-timed rumpus was, as they said, *the* elephant. We were all astir at daylight, and after coffee started with our own coolies and the Malays of the bungalow for the trap.

On the way we met two others who said, 'Go on quickly; a capture has been made.' We soon arrived at the enclosure, which was about forty feet in diameter, without roof, constructed of cocoa-nut trees planted side by side in the ground, interlaced at intervals with rattan

ropes binding them strongly together ; in height it was about fifteen feet. It was furnished with a swinging gate, at each side of which at the top was a light platform covered with bark, in which two Malays were stationed to close or open it by means of ropes. From within there came the almost deafening noise of three huge elephants, the third being the new arrival which had been attracted by the others, and was now going through the process of being tamed. This consisted in lashing him with what Doctor Worcester styles their 'prehensile organs, formed by a prolongation of the nose,' prodding with their tusks, pinning against the enclosure, and butting right and left. It was at once amusing and nervous for us on one of the platforms at the top of the gate, as we imagined the whole fabric would assuredly come to the ground. By degrees the stranger who had been thus taken in gave it up, seemed humble and disposed to a future civilised career. Availing himself of the lull, one of the Malays slipped down inside the trap, with a rattan cord having a loop at the end. This he adroitly attached to one of the ankles of the new-comer, and in a twinkling again reached his perch. Finding his movements now restricted, a new series of objections were made. He roared like native thunder, and made desperate efforts to get free. Soon the other two, with their little twinkling eyes now glaring almost, returned to the charge. It was rich indeed to see the great unwieldy bodies perform a sort of dance around their now prostrated victim, trodden upon, kneaded, punched, and butted. At length he became as docile as a kitten and threw up the glove, the contest *too* unequal. Nor could we refrain from roars of laughter at the great lumpy awkward creatures, which seemed to be conscious that they had acquitted them-

selves creditably. With this terminated our stay at Ayer-Panas, and we rode merrily back to Malacca, after witnessing a sight that fell to the lot of few, and a pony ride through a jungle, traversed in those days by natives unfrequently, by Europeans scarcely ever, by an American never yet.

As with the other Straits Settlements, Malacca was garrisoned at this time by Madras sepoy and some artillerymen. The officers in command were Captain Davis and Lieutenant Chitty. I had the pleasure of dining frequently at the mess, which was in fact a great treat. The war with Burmah was then going on under General Ochterlony, and Malacca became the sanitarium for many of the officers of the expedition invalided from wounds or illness. They being present at the mess I listened all ears at their experiences, and it was a novel sight the various costumes and turbans of the numerous native servants they brought with them. It was there that I heard for the first time the time-honoured toast of 'A bloody war and a sickly season,' followed by another called the chaplain's toast, which, playfully perhaps, was attributed to a young Indian army chaplain soon after he had joined. Called upon one evening after dinner at mess for a toast, he rose from his chair embarrassed, and began with 'Really, gentlemen, not expecting to, to——' then hummed and hawed apologetically. Encouraged however by 'Go on, go on,' from his brother officers, he began again. 'I am really at a loss,' said he, 'what to say. Alas and alack a day! that, that——' 'Stop there, chap,' then quickly cried out another; 'you can't do better,' and springing to his feet gave 'the chaplain's toast,' 'A lass and a lac a day!' which was received with uproarious applause, and became thenceforth a standard

sentiment at all Indian messes. Many an evening did we pass on the verandah of the mess-room, with a clear bright moon above, in hearing of the rippling waters on the beach, and fanned by gentle land winds, around us so many memories of those Western warriors who had come long long ago, had their day and disappeared. We recalled Alfonso Albuquerque, who first took possession of the site on which now stands Goa, and who founded the town in which we were ; and the gallant Portuguese gentleman Andrea Fortado da Mendoza, who defended it in 1606 against the Dutch, commanded by equally as famous a captain, Corneille Madalif, and the Rajah of Johore, with 60,000 men under them ; besides others celebrated in its history. Of its importance immediately after the period named, we may judge by the following extract from the travels of Pyrard, of Laval, who visited it in 1608. He says :—

Having left Ceylon we came to Malacca, distant from Goa 600 leagues, near the Equinoctial line, and at one degree within the Arctic pole (north of the Equator). It is close by Sumatra and Pegu. The Portuguese have built there a strong city. It is of great importance to them, because it is the key and *étape* of their navigation with China, Japan, the Moluccas, and other islands in the neighbourhood of the *Sonde* (the Eastern Archipelago). After Ormuz, none of their captains (governors) make such great profits as those of Malacca, for it is in a strait on one side of which it stands, and on the other is Sumatra. No vessel can therefore pass without sailing close to it and acknowledging its supremacy. Even Portuguese vessels cannot sail past without a permit of the government, both in going eastward or in returning. As it incommoded the English and the Dutch, the latter laid siege to it and bombarded it with twenty-five cannon in battery. Their fleet consisted of fifteen great ships under Corneille Madalif, general-in-chief

in the Indies. The siege lasted three months and nineteen days, when the Dutch commander raised it, and embarked with his whole force on the 19th August, 1606. There were at the time only 150 Portuguese and Indian fighting men in the citadel, and some Japanese, who are the best soldiers of all India. The cause of his abrupt departure was the news he had received by one of the Dutch factors of Sumatra, who came over in person to tell him that the Viceroy of Goa, Dom Martin Alphonso da Castro had arrived off Achin on his way to Malacca with a fleet of seventy vessels and 15,000 men, which was the finest force the Portuguese ever yet had in the Indian seas. Amongst the killed on the Portuguese side were two brothers, Dom Fernando and Dom Pedro Mascarengue. None were ever more regretted then, and are even now.

The city of Malacca is now the richest, and its commercial transactions more vast, than any one in the Indies except Goa and Ormuz. From China, Japan, and the Moluccas, all descriptions of merchandise arrive at it ; at the same time the cost of living in it is very dear.

The second siege by the Dutch lasted five months and twelve days, and ended by its capitulation on January 12, 1641. The Dutch lost a thousand men in killed, and great numbers were wounded. They took possession of seventy cannon and a very rich booty.¹

Our communications with distant countries were few and far between. There was no inducement for ships to anchor in passing through the Straits.

An English man-of-war anchored in the roads one day, bound to Singapore. I fancy she must have been a Company's cruiser, like the *Challenge*, that in after years took a run up to Lintin in 1831. The captain made a visit to the College, which was the lion of the place. Moore and I being out for a walk went to the jetty, where his boat was waiting, to take a look at Jack. A

¹ Journal of Surgeon Nicholas De Graafe, who was present at the siege.

middy was in charge, who wore a small dirk at his side. The men were nearly all on the quay, discussing French sailors. We were much amused by one saying, 'Sailors, them fellars sailors! Blow me, boys, if they can ever be sailors until they can speak English.'

We were, however, not entirely cut off from Singapore and Penang, as there existed certain pulling boats, called *sam-pan-pukits*, which occasionally arrived with despatches from those neighbouring colonies, or came for tin, pepper, nutmegs, sago, &c., from Bintang, Padang, and Rhio. These boats reminded me of the Lintin smug boats, being on the same model, propelled by numerous oars and huge mat sails. They were also well armed for protection against Malay piratical prahus which infested the Straits. The crews of the *sam-pan-pukits* were composed of Straits Chinese. Their arrival in the river at Malacca was an event. At the landing-place, under a large wooden and mat shed, there was a market-place, and at times a good deal of animation existed in the up river boats and buffalo carts discharging heaps of articles, rattans, pepper, &c., with great varieties of vegetables and delicious fruits. Of the latter nearly thirty kinds of plantains or bananas might be seen, green, yellow, and red skinned, and from the size of one's little finger to a foot long. They were an immense resource in a culinary point of view, as were the brinjal and the okra. When these market days came round, if we could get out of school, all hands, Chinese scholars, Moore and myself, professors as well as teachers, would be sure to meet at the bazaar. It was always clean, peons¹ kept order, while buying and selling went on in the good old Dutch style, no one in a hurry.

¹ Native police.

When Europeans made their first appearance in the Eastern world, they found the whole Archipelago from Malacca to Amboyna thickly peopled with Chinese, who were the first to establish factories or depôts for commerce, and which became the nuclei of so many colonies. In their own clumsy junks they had sailed down the China Sea to Java, and across it to Japan, Formosa, and Luzon, to Macassar and the Banda Islands. All this is conceivable, when at the present day one witnesses their expertness as sailors, and the enterprise and sagacity of their sea-coast populations, but they must have been acquainted with the mariner's compass or the magnetic attraction. From the following they were familiar with it for centuries before the Christian era: 'In the reign of Ching, second king of the Chow dynasty, B.C. 1112, Duke Chow invented a chariot which pointed to the south.' The chariot is now replaced by a needle set in a box, and only differs from the European compass in the needle travelling *above* a fixed card, instead of acting on a rotatory card.¹ It is only within a comparatively short time, that in Europe a knowledge existed of a southern pole of attraction at the antipodes of the northern one. In China the original compass was a movable figure, whose hand always pointed to the south, and hence was, and is now, called by the Chinese Ting-Nan-Chin, or 'The needle pointing to the south.'

Coastwise, in sight of the shores lying to the southwest of China, there would be no difficulty in navigating, but it was a very different thing for the fleet sent by Kublai Khan (if no knowledge of the compass existed at the time) to the port of Ormuz in the Persian Gulf, and

¹ The European mode reversed.

which arrived there 'in due course.' Marco Polo sailed in this fleet, having been delegated by the monarch to accompany his daughter, who was betrothed to a Persian prince. The reign of Kublai Khan ceased in the year 1280. Marco Polo left Ormuz and returned to Europe 1295, and in the year 1302, as some say, the mariner's compass was invented by Flavio Gioia, of Amalfi. It is remarkable, however, that so many new inventions were created in the West after that great traveller's return from China. Did Schwartz, whose 'brazen image' may be seen at this day at Freiburg in the Breisgau, then invent gunpowder (about 1320), as an inscription on the base of the monument records?

Gutenberg invented printing, but centuries after the art was practised in China. In the year 937 A.D., printing was introduced to the notice of the Emperor Teen-Füh, of the How-Tsin dynasty, by a Minister of State, and 'movable types,' made of burnt clay and placed in a frame, were used in the reign of Han-Shun, of the great Sung dynasty, A.D. 1275, the year of Marco Polo's arrival in China.

With the same pertinacity with which the Chinese adhered to their own customs wherever they settled in the Archipelago, they retained the traditions of their native land. Moreover, besides merchants, others of their countrymen engaged in every description of mechanical labour, migrated also, as carpenters, blacksmiths, brick-makers, tailors, and shopkeepers. It was not a difficult matter, amongst so indolent a people as the Malays, the Javanese, and the races inhabiting the Celebes, Borneo, and other neighbouring islands, for the Chinese to dig and to hoe for them and for themselves too. Coffee and pepper plantations, tin mines, the cultivation of cereals

and of spices, &c., were in their hands. Go upon any of those clearings within twenty miles of Malacca, and you find the hut occupied by Chinese, with long scrolls on the doorposts in black ink on a red ground, with the sayings of Confucius written thereon. Between Malacca and Ayer-Panas we came upon several of these huts in the depths of the jungle, where small clearings had been made. These were the Chinese planters, in the same shaped habiliments, with the same tools and implements the like of which no doubt they had pertinaciously worked with for generations, while on a door-post was seen, 'That friends should come from a distance, is it not delightful?'—a well-known sentence from Confucius.

Their transactions with the natives of the Eastern Islands, and subsequently with the early Portuguese, Dutch, and English, all of whom they had preceded for ages, were of an important kind, and kept up with the regularity of the monsoons.

The French traveller François Pyrard, already alluded to, who visited nearly all the European settlements in India between the years 1601 and 1611, thus speaks, in his rare and interesting book, of the commerce that he found systematically carried on by the Chinese with the Philippines, Java, Banda, &c., in short, with all the Moluccas, and which must evidently have existed for, perhaps, centuries :—

I saw at Bantam many Chinese inhabitants engaged in a great traffic. Every year in the month of January nine or ten great vessels arrived from China, loaded with silks, cotton cloths, gold, porcelain, musk, and much other merchandise of their country. These Chinese live in fine houses (built by themselves) while conducting their business, and until they

become rich. They have about them the characteristics of Jews in their manner of traffic. Those who die abroad are not buried nor are their dead left in any strange country, but are embalmed and taken back to their native land. The island of Ternate produces abundantly of cloves, for which come Chinese and Christians, Indians and Arabs. Banda produces the nutmeg, Borneo camphor and benzoin, and for these, with other people, come the Chinese as well as the Dutch and English. The Philippines are not occupied by the Spanish except as a depôt for their commerce with China. As strangers are not permitted to land on the coast of China, it became necessary to have a place to serve as a mutual warehouse for merchandise. As to the Portuguese they have the island of Macao. It is at Manila therefore that the Spaniards established a bureau for their trade with China and the East Indies. The King of Spain, wishing to make other arrangements for trade (than had existed), the Chinese protested, and threatened to discontinue all further communication unless it could continue according to 'old custom.' Now there arrive annually thirty or forty ships (junks) from China. The Chinese collect great quantities of silver, which comes from the *Indes Occidentales* (Peru and Mexico), which they take to their own country. They number about 20,000, chiefly at Manila.

In enumerating the inhabitants of Goa, he says, 'There are also a good number of Chinese and Japanese; the former used artillery and powder long before either was known in Europe.'

The Chinese were in fact the bone and sinew of the East. They were the lords of the East. Neighbouring nations brought tribute to the throne of China in recognition of its universal sway, while the inhabitants of that great Empire, in all that related to their physical well-being, contributed to it an untiring energy, an intelligence, a sobriety and thrift unexampled.

But one instance of running a-muck took place during

my stay at Malacca. Gambling was then in full force; all the ruffians in the place, in the evening especially, would 'gather around the board' in the town. There we would see Malays, Klings, Chinese, Portuguese, and Dutch half-castes. Mild rows were common enough, and it was no rare thing to see the kris half drawn to settle a dispute. One night, however, a Malay who had lost all he had staked, at last put up his wife and lost her. Frantic (perhaps with delight) he rushed up the main street, kris in hand, striking at everyone he met. Two Malays had already been killed and several seriously wounded, when he rushed through the gate to the left of the college. The crowd in pursuit, as customary, to despatch him, were close at his heels. He was soon set upon and stabbed and hacked until he fell. We heard the frightful noise, and had gone to the front verandah, but everything was indistinct. Presently the Malays disappeared. In the morning, at early dawn, we went out and saw the body, which was literally like a cullender. Not a peon had appeared until all was over.

The only other sensation was the Hindoo festival, 'Churuk Poorja,' which took place at Tanjong Kling, about two miles from the college. It was attended by thousands of the inhabitants, of whom many were the descendants of the two European powers which had in succession occupied Malacca, a mixed breed of all colours, with Malays without end.

The actors in the scene belonged to the Madras sepoy of the garrison. A stout post being securely fixed in the ground, of twenty to twenty-five feet high, through the upper end was passed a rope fastened to a long beam in about its centre. From the other extremity of the beam depended a cord four or five feet in length,

to which were attached two hooks. On the ground lay a Hindoo, face downward, whose back was being vigorously pounded and kneaded between the shoulders, and sensation deadened by application of opium and other substances. Then the two hooks were thrust through the flesh thus rendered insensible, and amidst cheers and shouts and the noise of tam-tams (drums), the devotee was raised in the air by his companions at the opposite end of the rope and swung round the post, at a distance from it of perhaps fifteen or twenty feet. He too was furnished with a small drum, on which he beat vigorously, chanting at the same time some words in honour of the particular deity in whose honour the ceremony was instituted.

Meanwhile others were prepared to take his place. Several followed in succession, and the whole affair ceased about dusk.

Notwithstanding the sleepy nature of the place, the time passed in study caused the days to pass rapidly.

To Choo-Seen-Sang the speaking of the Mandarin dialect, to which I had especially applied myself, gave great content. In company with him I had gone through the Four Books, the San-Kwo-Che, the Shang-Lun, and the Hea-Lun, other classical works as well, besides many of lesser importance. At the expiration of eighteen months, I received letters from Canton directing me to return, as I could now continue my studies there, informing me of the arrival from England of Dr. Morrison, and intimating also that a *desk in the office* would be prepared, at which I could pass my leisure time! A month passed before an opportunity offered. This was by a country ship from Calcutta, called the *Bengal Merchant*, Captain Brown; a cabin was vacant on board and taken

for me. I packed up and made farewell visits to my friends in the town, including the Kraals, the venerable chief of which we had followed to his last resting-place some time before. Then came the parting with the missionaries—Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. Kidd, Mr. and Mrs. Collie, with whom my relations had been more those of parent and child.

To this day I recall their invariable goodness and kindness. My Chinese teacher, Moore, a fellow student, Shaow-Tih, and many other Chinese students, went off with me to the ship and loaded my cabin with fresh fruits. The Reverend Mr. Humphreys took me on board. He had been my guardian and my guide, and had exercised his control with the utmost care and consideration. And thus we parted with, I may say, mutual regret. I had come into their midst a stranger from a far distant country, soon after turning my thirteenth birthday, and left them a bouncing boy. During my stay at the College I received occasional letters from my family in the United States, *via* Canton and Singapore, by sampan-pukit, the average time being seven months from their date.

Soon after Moore's arrival, a fearfully pock-marked Chinaman made his appearance from Penang. He had there been a member of the Roman Catholic school and was reported to be a convert to that faith, evidences of which, however, we never saw. He was well spoken of in letters which he brought with him, and he took up his quarters at the College.

It soon became evident that he was no ordinary person. He was familiar with Latin, and our Chinese teachers were one and all struck with his superior attainments in their own language. His name was Shaow-

Tih ; he was from the province of Sze-Chuen, and about twenty-five years of age. He spoke a robust Mandarin dialect, and made himself of great use in preparing copy for wooden blocks for the Chinese printing establishment, as he wrote a beautiful hand. In manner he was rough and abrupt, and his small twinkling eyes keen and penetrating. During about sixteen months that Moore, myself, and Shaow-Tih were at the College together, the latter applied himself to the study of the English language, not lightly but profoundly, and when I left for Canton he had made wonderful progress. Everyone in the College referred to him as 'the reader,' from the attention he gave to his studies.

He accompanied Moore and myself in our walks now and then, or on pony-back, where he was eminently awkward, but we considered him a bit of a bore, from being always in a brown study. On leaving the College at the end of 1826 to return to Canton, I gave him my address there, inviting him to call should he ever visit the provincial city. He did so in the autumn of 1827, and I saw him many times from that to the end of 1829, when through my recommendation to How-Qua, he obtained an appointment in the Le-Fan-Yuen¹ at Peking, as interpreter. The following notice in the 'Canton Register' of October 3 of that year, relates the cause of his departure for the capital :—

Our senior Hong merchant was applied to by Governor Le, and he ferreted out a youth from the province of Sze-Chuen who had been in the Roman Catholic school at Penang, and subsequently at the English College, Malacca. The Peking Government sent down certain Russian papers in Latin, translations of which it had had long ago, to test any native scholar's

¹ Foreign Office.

capabilities. —¹ gave generally the sense in Chinese, and the appointment forthwith took place, at 100 taels a month (about 30*l.* sterling). It is said that —¹ is a pretender to the throne of the last dynasty, but this is probably mere play. However, he was admitted to an interview with Governor Le, provided with a boat and an official flag, and sent off to the Court of the Celestial Empire.

In the summer of 1830, on the occasion of two Englishmen having been brought from the east coast to Canton and lodged in the Consoo House,² two Mandarins were one day sent out by Governor Le to inquire who they were and from whence they had come. Several foreign residents and myself were present. On the right of one of the Mandarins, amongst several others in official garb, to my surprise I saw Shaow-Tih. He was looking fixedly at me, and when our eyes met he carelessly indicated, by a motion and significant glance, the Mandarins, which signalling I understood to mean that I was not to recognise him. A day or two passed, when one evening he called at the Suy Hong. We talked over College days, and I learnt from him that he had only lately arrived from Pekin to procure some foreign books, and was to go back without delay. He returned to the capital and remained there until 1838, the first part of which year he was again at Canton, collected other books, then disappeared suddenly, and when the Imperial Commissioner Lin arrived in 1839, he was found to be attached to his suite. An English translation of a communication addressed by His Excellency, soon after his arrival, jointly with the superior officers of the Canton Government, to Her Majesty the Queen of England, on the subject of the opium trade, was brought to me at the

¹ Shaow-Tih.

² See page 172.

Consoo House to be translated into Chinese, as a test of the proper reading of the original, which turned out to have been made by my old schoolmate Shaow-Tih. He continued at Canton until the end of the year, when I learnt he had returned to Peking, and I never heard of him again. The coincidence of both him and me having been occupied on the communication in question, unknowingly a check upon one another, was a remarkable one.

From Canton I kept up a correspondence with Moore, whose career was chequered with many droll and interesting events. Before he left Malacca, he taught in the College about twenty Klings (natives of the Coromandel Coast). He edited there also a small newspaper, but owing to a leader in which he favoured the manumission of the slaves in the place, the East India Company, thinking perhaps he was premature or injudicious, withdrew their monthly allowance to it of one hundred dollars and thereby killed it. He then became a partner in a commercial house, of which the other members were a Malacca Dutchman and two Chinese, one a Chin-Chew man and the other born no one knew where, but supposed to have been in Malacca. This copartnership lasted fully eight months, when he withdrew from the firm and moved to Singapore, having in the meantime married a Malacca girl of Dutch descent, very handsome and fifteen years of age, besides being of one of the best families in the place. At Singapore the editor of the 'Singapore Chronicle' arranged with him to take over that paper, which he conducted for several years, and finally died there, after, however, I had again seen him, as well as Mrs. Moore and Moore and Moore of them, on my visit to Bombay and Aden, and my return to Macao.¹ But

¹ 1844.

this strange thing took place before he left Malacca, while I was at Canton. I dreamt that my old chum and schoolfellow was dead, and that I was one of his pall-bearers. I wrote to him at once and told him to contradict it. In regular course I had a letter from him, in which he said my dream was rather out, as on the day of it he was married, and that Mrs. M. and himself were regretting that I was not present to act as his bottle-holder.

To the subject of the following lines justice cannot be done but by a much more nimble pen than mine. I have reserved for an old Indian, doubled with an old Chinaman, a place apart in these feeble efforts to revive memories of the past, of which he formed so conspicuous a feature.

This gentleman was George Chinnery, by birth an Irishman, by profession an artist, whose works in portraits, crayon sketches, and paintings in oil may yet have a universal Eastern renown. As a 'story-teller' his words and manner equalled his skill with the brush, while to one of the ugliest of faces were added deep-set eyes with heavy brows, beaming with expression and good-nature. He arrived at Madras in 1802, where he acquired, as he was wont to say, 'his first experience in natural history,' which made our hair stand on end as he related it. Dining one evening with some friends in the broad hall of a bungalow, he occupied a chair at the foot of the table opposite the host. Overhead was the punkah, moved by invisible agency, the punkah wallah being in an adjoining room ; in a corner the topee and cane-stand. Towards the close of the dinner, all the servants having left but one behind the host, Chinnery became aware, as he said, 'of a snake making acquaint-

ance with his ankle by twisting itself about it.' Noiselessly and unseen it had glided in from the verandah behind him on which these reptiles were often found. He signalled silence to every one, and in a voice scarcely above his breath, directed the servant to bring him a bowl of milk and a cane; his manner and look assuring silence, he deliberately placed the former on the floor a short distance from his chair and as quietly lowered the cane close to it, while still holding it by the handle. The odour of the milk attracted the snake, which immediately uncoiled itself from the ankle on the stick. In another moment, 'while in the enjoyment of its unlooked-for feed,' he sprang from his chair, 'jumped on the bowl and on the head of the uninvited guest, destroying it and its dinner in the twinkling of an eye.' So common were poisonous snakes at the time, that it was customary (Chinnery *loquitur*) for every bungalow to be provided with a number of sticks having loose iron rings at the lower end, that anyone going out in the evening could take one with him, so that while crossing a pathway or a lawn he could frighten away these nuisances by shaking the sonorous metal rings. After an uneventful life at Madras, beyond this narrow escape, he removed to Calcutta in 1807. There he took to himself a wife, and to him was born a daughter who subsequently married a gentleman named Brown, of the Honourable East India Company's Civil Service, Bengal Establishment. Calcutta was then the headquarters of the rank and fashion of John Company, and where 'curvature of the spine' was, as Chinnery said, a permanent complaint, 'and some bad cases of it too in my day.' At a reception or ball at Government House there were notable examples. 'When presented to the Governor-General, for instance, the

curvature was often most marked, and at times a matter of doubt if the new-comer would ever again be able to resume the upright position.' But, he would add, 'there were degrees. At a ball once, I undertook to present a young ensign, a griff just out, to some of my friends. Seeing General Blunderbuss coming towards us, I said, "Ah ! here comes Blunderbuss. Wonderful how he has risen in the service. I knew him when he first came out ; a great nob now. He is the Company's Resident at the native Court of Ramchundur Bundur Shah, a mighty native prince who has crores upon crores of rupees, elephants without number, decorated to the very tips of their tusks and the ends of their tails with all sorts of precious jewels ; an army, put through their paces by our officers, of 6,000 men, with a Court equal to that of Arungzebe." General, permit me to introduce young Gum Arabic, a new arrival fresh from Sandhurst. "Happy to see you, Mr. Gum Arabic ; by the way, Chinnery, any gup going on in Calcutta ? I only arrived this morning ; those palkee guddahs of mine the laziest lot." Some one else coming up I turned to my young friend, who was just recovering from so violent an attack of curvature, I thought he would never become straight again. It was quite a relief when we fell in with the jolly Major Blank Cartridge ; he didn't give my friend time, but stretching out his hand on my naming him, "Delighted to see you ; dine with us some evening at the mess of the 178th Bengal Native Infantry ; you'll find a lot of fellows there and a warm reception. Chinn, bring him with you." Chinnery lived at Calcutta until 1825, when, after 'serious troubles,' and being tied, as he would say, 'to the ugliest woman he ever saw in the whole course of his life,' he disappeared and came to Macao.

Threatened by his wife, however, that she would join him there, he packed up and came to Canton, and there I first made his acquaintance. 'Now,' I heard him say, 'I am all right ; what a kind providence is this Chinese Government, that it forbids the softer sex from coming and bothering us here. What an admirable arrangement, is it not ?' he asked. 'Yes, Mr. Chinnery,' I replied, 'it is indeed ;' he rolled up his eyes and exclaimed 'Laus Deo.' At Canton he became a general favourite, his anecdotes of Indian life, his powers of description, his eccentricities, made him a much sought for guest. Mr. B. C. Wilcox, of Philadelphia, then an old resident, and like Chinnery always wearing the high white cravat and corresponding coat collar then so much in vogue, took to him immensely, and they became the best of friends. 'You'll dine with us this evening at half-past seven,' he would say. 'Much obliged,' answered Chinnery, 'I would do so with indescribable pleasure, but at the moment I have not such a thing as a suitable coat.' 'Come then,' replied Wilcox, 'in your shirt ; it will be a novelty ; but come. Suy-pee will find something for us to eat, and you some one to chat with.' I happened to sit near Mr. Chinnery the same evening. When rice and curry were served he transferred to his plate nearly all the rice. Observing it from the head of the table, 'Chinnery,' called out Wilcox, 'you are taking all the rice ; twice as much as you can manage.' 'I always do so,' replied Chinnery, 'that while I am eating one half, the other half will keep it warm.' A splendid dinner it was, as in fact all were at Canton, where the bazaar was of the most diversified kind in all sorts of provisions, tame and wild, in the season, with curries matched only in India, from whence they were introduced. When over,

and the decanters placed at both head and foot of the table, as was then customary, Suy-pee was ordered up. 'You dinner No. 1,' said his master; 'all man contentee.' 'Too muchee chin-chin, all man,' replied the *chef*; then disappeared smilingly and delighted.

This celebrated Chinese Ude entered the service of Russell & Co. soon after Mr. Wilcox left for the United States in 1827 (see page 11). After two years' residence in the Imperial Hong, during which Mr. Chinnery made remittances to his wife ('there goes another thousand rupees,' he would say), and having arranged for a yearly sum 'to keep her quiet,' he took up his quarters at Macao, but for some time after kept a trunk ready packed with which to fly to the provincial city, if, as he would say, 'my Thalia should try to surprise me;' and on one or two occasions he did fly to the haven of safety, and returned when the scare was over. What fun all this created! He would join heartily in it himself, merely saying, 'Was any man ever so tortured as I am?' or, 'Another *false alarm*; may it not be followed by *fire* some day or other? Who was ever so persecuted?' At last came the dreadful news that Mrs. C. was positively coming on in a vessel about to sail. Another ship, however, anticipated that one, by which he learnt that the cabin had been secured by a well-known gentleman named Brown, and consequently Thalia was prevented from coming. Brown was a well-known personage who made many trips between India and Canton, and as a great stickler for 'Hodgson,' all which acquired for him, indifferently, the nicknames of Calcutta Brown, Canton Brown, and Beer Brown, and a very jolly fellow he was. He used to say, 'I have faced more typhoons in the China Sea than half the skippers out of Calcutta,' and

this added to his other sobriquets 'Blow-hard Brown.' These nicknames, *en passant*, were quite common amongst the Chinese about the Factories. From some personal or professional peculiarity, Mr. William Jardine was 'the Iron-headed Rat.' John R. Latimer, 'the Gong,' from the habit of going to and fro in quest of news and to talk. Mr. Oliphant was 'the Idol Devil,' and 'the Devil who worshipped God.' Wilcox, who was very tall, 'the high Devil.' A Captain Samuel Gover, who commanded Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, & Co.'s station ship the *Samarang* at Lintin, 'the fat Devil.' When the missionaries Bridgman and Abeel came out, they were immediately christened 'Old Story-telling Devils.' When the ship which brought Brown anchored in the roads of Macao, and he had landed, away went Chinnery to call upon him. 'Brown,' said he, 'I owe you one ;' when he was interrupted by the latter, who assuming not to be in family secrets, began to apologise for having secured the cabin, thereby depriving him of the great pleasure of cordially welcoming Mrs. Chinnery after so long an absence. 'Excuse me, Chinnery, my business was unusually pressing ;' and, 'Excuse you, Brown !' said C. 'Your hand, my good fellow ; you have played a card I shall *never* forget. You'll breakfast with me to-morrow ; grateful thanks for the immense and never-to-be-forgotten service you have rendered me. Chin-chin and good luck to you ; may your shadow never grow less and your Patna yield you 1,000 per cent. Sharp 12.' There was something quite refreshing in such amusing episodes of a married life ; the treatment of his own by Chinnery was as rich as a play. In the year 1831, being ill, I was the guest at Macao of Mrs. Low, wife of Mr. W. H. Low, the chief of Russell & Co., with whom I was then a juvenile

purser, as the local term was. Mr. Chinnery was frequently at breakfast ; facile in expression, quick in comparison or illustration, he always made himself welcome with his amusing stories of local as well as of Indian life, but spoke of Mrs. C. with unfeigned indifference or ridicule. As, for instance, I heard him say, ' Her beauty, Mrs. Low, even surpasses my own.' Mrs. Davis, the wife of the then Mr. John Francis Davis, the last chief of the Honourable East India Company's Canton Factory, afterwards Sir John, the first governor of the island of Hong-Kong, was a frequent visitor of Mrs. Low. One morning she came to breakfast when Mr. Chinnery was present, and sat opposite to him. No one hesitated to ask after or to refer to Mrs. Chinnery, while he himself was anything but displeased ; it gave him an opportunity to reply. ' Really,' said Mrs. Davis, ' you say Mrs. Chinnery is such a fright. It is not very gallant, at least. Now tell us, is there the least bit of exaggeration in what you say of her appearance ? Be candid.' Dropping his knife and fork and looking steadfastly at her, he replied, ' Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Chinnery's appearance cannot be exaggerated. She was an ugly woman thirty years ago ; what in the name of the Graces must she be now ? ' In 1825 arrived at Canton an American gentleman named W. W. Wood. He and I first fell in with one another in the Ombay Passage, both of us on our way to Canton, he on board the *Isabella* (a bright-sided ship, long since extinct) from Philadelphia, myself from New York in the *Citizen*. We spoke, and for an hour or two were side by side.

He joined Russell & Co. some time after I did, and we occupied an office in common. The poor fellow was awfully pock-marked ; his face resembled a pine cone,

but his expression was one of very good humour and full of intelligence. He was besides well educated and a most gentlemanly young fellow. He was the son of the famous tragedian of Philadelphia. Soon after he joined us, we formed a trio in our special office by the coming in of young Mortimer Irving, a nephew of Washington Irving. Wood was very clever at draughting and sketching ; thus on his visits to Macao, as well as in Canton, he met Chinnery constantly, and being brother chips with the pencil, of similar tastes, besides being a most amusing fellow, and a toss up in respect to looks, they became fast friends. Wood was quite equal to Chinnery in wit and metaphor, while over their mutual disfigurement each one insisted that he was the most marked of the two. Meeting one day at Macao, Chinnery assumed an air of displeasure, held up his clenched hand, and shaking it at him, exclaimed, 'Oh, you wicked man ! I was some one until you came. You are marked, it's true, but I was remarked. Passers-by would say, "There goes old Chinnery ; what an ugly fellow." Poco poco,¹ my title became undisputed. What a triumph ! now you would carry off the palm. Oh, you ugly piece of wood.' There followed, of course, a deal of fun. Wood became one of Chinnery's most welcome friends, and in the latter's studio, where we met so often at breakfast together, nothing could surpass their mutual good feeling. Either one might have said—

Forlorn of thee
Whither shall I betake me ?—where subsist ?

We all came to know that differences between Mr. and Mrs. Chinnery were not exclusively the cause of his

¹ Macao-Portuguese, 'poco-poco,' little by little.

disappearance from Calcutta. There were *differences* with his creditors too. Certain laws, considered so absurd by debtors, restricted their movements, while if the City of Palaces became too hot to hold them and they could manage it, they would take a change of air.

Macao was then the asylum of the East, open to all, bond or free, and thus it became a proverb, Macao is the paradise of Debtors and of Tan-Kas. Wood, looking in one morning, just from Canton, found his friend lying on the sofa in apparently a towering rage. 'Come here,' exclaimed the latter, and taking up a late number of the 'Bengal Hurkaru,' which was lying on the floor by his side, he pointed out an advertisement in it. 'Read that,' he said. 'Was there ever such an insult? It is insufferable.' Wood read, 'Notice! Whereas George Chinnery, an absconding debtor, is hereby required,' &c. 'Well, you know, Chinnery, these things will happen. What with bad luck and losses, you know, debts are hard to avoid, but——' 'What's hard? What do you mean?' roared C.; 'is *that* all you see there? Debts, what on earth are debts? Fiddlesticks for your debts!' (with emphasis). 'Think of George Chinnery, neither Mr. nor Esquire; of George Chinnery, without head or tail; that is too much to bear! Now then, the best news from Canton?' Wood then related something fresh that he had brought down. Our doctor there was a Philadelphian named Bradford, a youngish man, but a careful physician. He had very little to do, so he passed much of his time in wandering from Hong to Hong to pick up news and to chat, and now and then, after giving some one a punch in the side, if the punched one cried out he would say, 'Ah, I see, liver; a little medicine would do you no harm,' and soon after was sent in what we called 'two and one.' 'I re-

ceived my two and one,' said Wood, 'and a day or two after in came Bradford.' 'Ah! well, Wood, you seem all right now; see what it is to follow my prescription.' 'I did no such thing, Bradford,' I replied; 'had I followed it, I should have broken my neck; I threw it out of the window.' Chinnery was immensely tickled with this story, which completely blotted from his thoughts the insufferable insult he had read in the 'Hurkaru.' In 1834 Wood left China for Manila, and there passed the rest of his life, making a trip to Europe and back, and a visit to myself at Macao in the meantime, but always corresponding with Mr. Chinnery. Years passed, eighteen more years from the departure of Wood, when our old friend became seriously ill, and it was too evident that his days were drawing to a close. Patrick Stewart, for many years Resident of Macao, to which place he had come more than twenty years before from Bombay, and Hurjeebhoy Rustomjee, a Parsee, who had passed a long time at Canton, both being old friends of Chinnery, and myself remained with him the last night of his life. He died at half-past four A.M. of May 30, 1852. After seeing his effects placed in his studio we sealed the doors, left his servant Augustine and several Chinese in charge, and I came home to bed at five o'clock. During the whole time that Mr. Chinnery had passed amongst us, twenty-seven years, he had been remarked for two characteristics, one of being an enormous eater, the other of never drinking either wine, beer, or spirits. His sole beverage was tea, oftener cold than hot. Everyone supposed therefore, from his wonderful eating powers, that his stomach would be found in a most deranged state. An autopsy was made by Doctor Watson, our Macao medico, who attended Chinnery in his last illness, the morn-

ing of his death, about ten o'clock, at which Stewart and myself were present. On examining the brain it was evident that he had died of serous apoplexy, while the stomach was wonderfully healthy.

A few days after his death Doctor Watson and I were requested by Judge Caválho, chief judicial officer of Macao, to look through his books, papers, trunks, &c., in case a will might have been left, but there was nothing of the kind. Several camphor wood trunks, however, were found, filled with pen-and-ink sketches and very choice oil-paintings. Amongst the latter was one finished with great care, and which no one of us had seen. It represented, left, the Bund at Calcutta, a ship's boat lying at it, a Lascar crew on board with oars tossed, all ready to go alongside of a vessel lying in the river, with her Blue Peter at the fore and fore-topsail loose. In the distance, right, the City of Palaces, with foliage about it, and on the end of the Bund, centre, a European, with a serious curvature of the spine, a portfolio under one arm, and a sola topee in his hand, bowing towards the city, while at the top of the painting was a scroll, in which were the words, 'thermometer 200°,' evidently 'too hot for me.' At length, there being no claimant for his effects, they were sold by order of the judge, when this painting was purchased by Mr. John Dent, then chief of the old Canton and Hong-Kong house of Dent & Co., in whose possession it probably is now.

The following story of the origin of a world-wide-known London firm was often related at Macao by Mr. Chinnery. In the early part of the century, a boatswain of a British man-of-war, just returned from a long cruise, on coming out of the Pay Office in London with his wages, it raining heavily at the moment, observed a man who

had come into the corridor for shelter, walking up and down, and heard him saying to himself, '50*l.*; ah! if I had only 50*l.* I could manage it; there's a fortune in it.' As he took no notice of the sailor, the latter, struck by his manner and appearance, said to him, 'Mate, what would you do with 50*l.* if you had them?' to which the other replied, 'If I could only raise the amount I would apply it to the making of an article which would surpass in quality every other of its kind, sell right and left; the cost would be small and the profit enormous. No humbug, what I say is true.' After a little further colloquy, the sailor, handing the man 50*l.*, said, 'Here's the money for you. I am off to sea again shortly; if ever able to repay it do so here, where my name and my ship are well known.' The money was accepted, the two exchanged names, and the shower over they shook hands and parted. The man at once commenced work; at the same time, having clothed several persons in the garb of livery servants, they were sent to all the grocers' shops to ask for the same article he was preparing, with orders to refuse the kind that might be offered, it not being the quality required, which was far superior to all others. At the same time advertisements were freely circulated calling attention to the new one.

Forthwith grocers and dealers supplied themselves, and finding that it was superior to any other and became in great demand, laid in stocks of it, and soon its use became universal.

The inventor consequently found himself largely remunerated, and having made a good round sum in the course of three or four years, set out in search of his 'friend in need.' At length finding him, 'Here,' he said, 'are your 50*l.* I have added 50*l.* more, take the 100*l.*

with everlasting thanks. When disposed to quit the sea come to this address, I will make you my partner. The result will be better pay than you will ever get in His Majesty's service.' The offer was accepted, and the two formed the copartnership of the now renowned firm of Day & Martin.

'Se non è vero, è ben trovato.' This story might be verified to-day, or may have been long ago in London. Still, brought from so distant a country as China, if it should have been lying there perdu for three quarters of a century, it would be strange were this a correct version, or even approximately so, while it presents a transaction so honourably carried out, that it well merits the extraordinary success that has been its reward.

In the year 1837 the younger members of the thirteen Factories established the Canton Regatta Club. For pulling matches we had scores of wherries and gigs, and for sailing, three fore-and-aft schooners about twenty-six feet long—the *Mouse*, built for Mr. James P. Sturges ; the *Rat*, for Edward Elmslie, secretary to Her British Majesty's Consulate ; and the *Ferret*, for the writer. All these boats were built in the Macao Passage end of Honam by an entirely bald old man, jocularly known as Mo-Pin—'No Tail.' He turned out work in capital style, particularly in building for Mr. P. S. Forbes the *Atalanta*, a fore-and-aft schooner of fifty tons, on the lines of the far-famed yacht *America*. She won a match in Macao Roads over six other good boats, one being the cutter *Gipsy* of thirty-four tons, belonging to Mr. John Dent, sailed by me, coming in second. The speed of the *Ata-*

lanta was $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour, and of the *Gipsy* $8\frac{1}{10}$, the course triangular, of thirty-five miles, and 'wind blowing furiously from the north.' Our second sailing match in Macao Roads was attended by a sad accident. Ten boats were entered, of which four only ran (the sea being very rough, and the wind within hailing distance of a gale), viz., the *Gipsy*, Jardine's *Thistle* of thirty-three tons, Campbell's *Dream* thirty-one, Livingstone's *Dragon* thirty. The cutter *Fairy*, eighteen tons, started, and kept company for a while, when she went down with all sail set. Her owner, Captain Roper, of Cum-Sing-Mun (Opium station), saved himself by clinging to the mast until rescued, but his companion, Captain Haddock, of the ship *Glenlyon*, and two Lascars, were drowned. I again sailed the *Gipsy*, winning the cup by nine minutes ten seconds. It took us to cover a triangular course of $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles four hours. Boat-building on Honam for Fankwaes was carried on in spite of Mandarins' chops, but there were the Te-Poo's (watch and police), whose duty was to 'look up to and report breaches of the law' to their superiors, but who for a cumsha at New Year 'shuttee eye'—and thus 'No Tail' could work in peace, and everything went on most harmoniously.

Our first races were an out-and-out surprise to the Canton people, as the creation of the club was a nightmare to the Hong merchants. More or less apprehension of accidents is traceable to the Chinese term for competing with boats, viz., Tow-sam-pan, literally 'fighting boats,' while in the ignorance of racing amongst the local Chinese, they inferred battles with oars and boat-hooks. Two days before the initiatory contest I called on Howqua to notify him of the 'dreaded innovation' in our humdrum (?) life. The old gentleman, who was one

of the signers of a letter¹ to the writer begging us not to 'fight boats on the river,' was in a state of mind ! 'More better no go,' he said ; if an accident occurred, 'Man-te-le bobby me too muchee,' than which he could not have expressed himself more clearly even in Queen's English. I told him I could secure there would be no trouble, but this reassured him not ; and, seemingly convinced that we would 'fight boats' all the same, he pathetically murmured, 'Sew-sum, mus take care.' On behalf of the club I then invited him to 'come look see.' The idea of such a thing took away his breath ; between each recourse to the teapot he shook his head dolefully, but when, in a light sort of way, I assured him 'he would enjoy the sight immensely,' a groan escaped him, followed in a sepulchral voice with 'mus take care.' These words he repeated when I bade 'chin-chin' to leave, while, as I passed out to the street, 'mus take care' echoed plaintively along the Hong.

No outsider can at the present day imagine the scare of the security merchants at boat-racing. They were men in a particularly sad state of responsibility to the local government for the conduct of foreigners. They were men of a superior class, whom we all respected and liked for their uniformly courteous manner ; but so certain were we that nothing could arise to damage them, we were not only anxious to convince them of it, but to acquire for ourselves a pleasant and healthy addition to our out-of-door pastimes ; and finally, we relied on the skill and prudence of the members of the club, all English and Americans, and the sole competitors, as a security against accident. A flower-boat, costing an outside price to insure the padron from 'friendly pressing

¹ See *Old Canton*, p. 47.

visits' by the water police, was engaged for non-combatants, friends, and the umpire, and a tiffin, prepared by Suy-pee, our Ude of the Suy Hong. On the table in the spacious cabin, which is *à fleur d'eau*, were arranged the *cups* made by Cutshing of Old China Street. Our umpire was Captain Scott, of the Bombay ship *Sir Charles Forbes* at Whampoa, who was accompanied by many old friends and acquaintances, masters of vessels making yearly voyages from England, India, and the United States. Old Head was stationed at the turning point; precautions were taken by the boats of our Whampoa friends to keep a clear course; but in fact Chinese craft took immense interest in the sport, and themselves warned off intruders. What with our national flags and much other bunting provided by the same friends, displayed on tall bamboos from the flat roof of the flower-boat, the gathering of so many Fankwaes, their numerous boats manned by English and American jacks well got up, with the Lascars in tidy white and fresh turbans, it was indeed a gay scene, as well as an unprecedented one, on the Pearl River by the City of Rams. The first match was between Delano's six-oared gig *The not so Green* and an English boat, the former being entirely manned by the Suy Hong. Old Head's young brother Asae was our coxswain, and we had the honour of winning after a tough contest. The chief matches over, all met in the cabin for tiffin, partaken of with much hilarity; and finally, at the close of day, we landed at Jackass Point, exulting over the successful inauguration of the club. The first sailing match came off the same year in the Macao Passage, around a boat anchored off the Tee-to-tum fort; the *Rat*, the *Mouse*, and the *Ferret* were the competitors, and the latter the

winner. Other pulling matches came off in 1837 and 1838 without accident. In November 1838 a race took place between the same three schooners; the weather was cold and gloomy, the conqueror Robert B. Forbes. In the evening at dinner there were bumpers to the next year's meeting, little thinking that the one just finished would be the last! With March 1839 came in the 'Année terrible'; all our English friends and all the Americans except Delano and eight or nine others left Canton for Macao and the outer anchorages. The Opium War followed, with the cession of the island of Hong-Kong to Great Britain, and *there* the Canton Regatta Club was subsequently re-established.

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